THE LIFE AND ACTS OF THE most famous and valiant Champion,

Sr. WILLIAM WALLACE, Knight of Ellerslie,

Maintainer of the Liberte of SCOTLAND.

With a Preface containing a short summe of the Historie of that time.

J. B.

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EPITAPHIVM GULIELMI VVALLACE.

INvida Mors tristi *Gulielmum* funere *Vallam*,
Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit.
Et tanto pro cive, cinis: pro finibus urna est:
Frigùsque pro lorica obit.
Ille quidem terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit:
At fata factis supprimens,
Parte sui meliore solum, Cœlùmque pererrat,
Hoc spiritu, illud gloria.
At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto
Fuisset, hostis proditi
Attibus Angle tuis, in pœnas parcior isses:
Nec oppidatim spargeres
Membra viri sacranda adytis. Sed scin quid in (ista
Immanitate viceris?
Ut Vallæ in cunctas oras spargantur & horas
Laudes; tuùmque dedecus.

The *Printer* to the READER.

His Historie of Sir *William Wallace*, with the other of the valiant King *Robert Bruce*, which followeth upon the end of it (the former writen in *Latine* by Master *John Blair* Chaplaine to *Wallace*, and turned in Scots meeter by one called Blinde *Harie*, in the dayes of King *James* the fourth: The other written by Master *John Barber* Archdean of *Aberdene*, a learned man in the dayes of King *David Bruce* and *Robert Stewart*) contain the relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the Yle of *Britaine*, foughten most valiantly for the space of 40. years, betwix the two Realmes of *Scotland* and *England*, the one unjustly pursuing, the other constantly defending the liberties of this Countrey: During which broiles, there happened great alterations, both in the generall state of this Kingdome, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular Families, the one for betraying, the other for maintaining their Countries freedome and weale-fare.

That the whole Historie may bee the more cleare, wee have thought good in a short preface to set downe the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the yeare 1285. *Alexander* the third King of *Scotland* being pitifully taken away by a fall of his horse at *Kinghorn*, without any issue of his bodie, and in him the whole posteritie of his father *Alexander* the second, and grand-father *William* the *Lyon* beeing extinct, the right of the Crowne fell to the heires of *David* Earle of *Huntingtowne* and *Garioch* youngest brother to *William* the *Lyon*. He had left three Daughters: the eldest *Margaret*, married to *Alan* Lord of *Galloway*, the second *Isabell*, to *Robert Bruce* (surnamed the *Noble*) Lord of *Annandale* and *Cleveland*: The youngest *Ada* maried *Henrie Hastings*, an *Englishman*; who ha-

ving no juſt title to the Crowne, the contention reſted betwixt the poſteritie of the two elder Daughters: For *Alan* Lord of *Galloway* leaving no ſons by his wife *Margaret*; his eldeſt daughter *Dornagilla* of *Galloway* maried *Iohn Baliol*, a man of great power and lands, both in *Scotland*, *England*, and *France*, and bare to him *Iohn Baliol* afterward King. *Robert Bruce* by his wife *Iſabell* of *Huntington* had *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike* (by mariage of *Martha* heretrix thereof) who contended with *Iohn Baliol*, and died in the time of *Wallace* wars. His eldeſt ſon *Robert Bruce* ſucceeded King of *Scotland*.

Dornagilla of *Galloway* claimed the Crowne as heir to *Margaret* eldeſt daughter to Prince *David*. *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike*, albeit ſon to *Iſabell* the ſecond daughter, yet contended, that in feudall ſucceſſion, the firſt male ought to ſucceed before a woman ſtanding in the ſame degree, as a ſon excludeth his ſiſter from ſucceſſion, although ſhe bee elder: And therefore he and *Dornagilla* of *Galloway*, ſtanding in the ſecond degree frō Prince *David*, hee ought to bee preferred before her. As for her ſon *Iohn Baliol*, hee could claime no right but by her: And likewiſe was a degree further off from Prince *David*. The like praſtike had fallen forth ſome ten yeares before in *Hugh* the fourth Duke of *Burgundy*, whoſe eldeſt ſon *Hugh* (dying before his father) left a daughter *Ioland* Counteſſe of *Nevers*, who claimed to ſucceed to her grand-father *Hugh* the fourth, notwithſtanding *Robert* ſecond ſon to the ſame *Hugh* the fourth, was preferred to her, and ſucceeded Duke of *Burgundy*. If then the ſecond ſon in feudall inheritance ſucceed before the eldeſt ſons daughter; far more ought the Nevoy to ſucceed before the Niece. The right of ſucceſsion beeing thus made doubtfull, the competitours were ſo powerfull, that they drew the greateſt part of the Kingdome in two equall factions: ſo that it ſeemed impoſſible to ſerle the controverſie at home, without running into a moſt pernicious civile war.

The States of *Scotland* to prevent this miſchiefe thought it fitteſt, to ſubmit the arbitrement of the plea to *Edward* the firſt furnamed *Longshankes* King of *England*: and that upon diverſe weightie reaſons: For hee and his father King *Henrie* the third beeing joyned by many allyances and bands of friendſhip to the

two last Kings of *Scotland*, had lived in great amitie and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind dueties. The two competitours also *Bruce* and *Baliol* had as great lands in *England* as in *Scotland*: So that he (and he only) was able to make them to stand to reason. Finally the States of *Scotland* not being able to determine the plea, there was no Prince beside more powerfull, and (in appearance) more like to compose the controversie without great bloud-shed. This motion was (in secret) very greedily embraced by King *Edward*; hopeing in so troublesome water to finde a gainfull fishing, either by drawing the Kingdome of *Scotland* under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage as Lord Paramont and Superiour: considering the difficultie to determine the question at home, and the interest hee had in both the parties being (for a great part of their Estates) his Vassals and Subjects: His great power also, having (beside *Ireland*) a great part of *France* under his dominion, and the *Low-Countries* his assured confederats, gave him great encouragement. Neither wanted he great friendship in *Scotland*, having at that time many of the greatest Noble men in *Scotland* Vassals and Feodaries to himselfe for many lands which they held in *England*, partly for great services done to himselfe and his father, partly lying within *Northumberland*, and the border Shyres then holden by the *Scots* in fee of *England*: partly also by interchange of mariages and successions betwixt the two Nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amitie as if it had beene one Kingdome. And to make the controversie more fearfull, he stirred up eight other competitours beside *Bruce* and *Baliol*: *Florence* Earle of *Holland* (descended of *Ada* sister to *William* the *Lyon*) *Patricke Dunbar* Earle of *March*, Sir *Walter Rosse*, Sir *Nicolas Soulet*, Sir *Roger Mandeville*, Sir *John Cumine* of *Badenach* (these five were descended of younger daughters of *Alan* Lord of *Galloway*) *Sir Williams Vescie*, begotten upon King *Alexander* the second his bastard daughter, but pretended to be reabled, and *John Hastings* Lord *Abergeveny* descended of *Ada* youngest daughter to Prince *David* of *Huntington*.

Having thus prepared matters, hee came to *Berwike*, and met with the States of *Scotland*, to whom hee promised to decide

the controuersie according to equity. Which that it might seem more likely, hee had brought from *France* sundrie of the most famous Lawyers of that age: He chooſed also out of the States of *Scotland* assembled, twelve of the wiſest and most honourable, to whom hee joyned the like number of *English*, as Assessours to him in this arbitrement. At this meeting by the doubtfull answere of the Lawyers, and number of new pretendents hee made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at *Norham* in the borders the yeare following.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the Earle of *Holland* having on foote a great army to take the Crowne of *Scotland* by force (which their owne stories affirme to have landed in *Scotland*, and to have intercepted some strengths) At the meeting of *Norham* King *Edward* dealt secretly, and by fit Agents with the States of *Scotland*, for eschewing of imminent mischiefes, to become his Subjects: he being descended of King *Davids* sister, & so but two degrees further from the Crown of *Scotland*, than *Bruce* and *Baliol* were. This being flatly refused by all, he betook himselfe to his other designe: And first dealt secretly with *Robert Bruce*, promising to decerne in his favours, if hee would take the Crowne of *Scotland* holden of him, and do him homage for it. But hee stoutly refused to subject a free Nation to any overlord, whereupon King *Edward* called for *Iohn Baliol*; who knowing that hee was not so much favoured of the States of *Scotland*, easily condescended to King *Edwards* desire: and being by him declared King of *Scotland*, the States desirous of peace, conveyed him to *Scone*, where he was crowned *Anno* 1291. and all, except *Bruce*, swore to him obedience. Shortly thereafter *Duncan Macduffe* Earle of *Fife* was killed by the Lord *Abernethie* (a man of great power in these times, allyed both with the *Cumines* and *Baliol*.) The Earles brother finding the King partiall in administration of justice, summoned him to compeare before the King of *England* in parliament: Where hee being present, and sitting beside King *Edward* (after he had done him homage) when hee was called upon, though he compeared by a Procutor: But hee was forced to rise, and stand neare barre. This indignitie grieving him greatly, hee resolved to free himselfe of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt

twixt *England* and *France*, King *Edward* sent Embassadors to the Parliament of *Scotland*, to send aide to him, as now being their overlord: There came also other Embassadours from *France*, desiring the ancient league to be renewed. The King and States of *Scotland* renewed the league with *France*, which had remained unviolably kept for the space of five hundreth yeares before. The King of *Englands* sute was rejected: because the pretended surrender and homage was made by *John Baliol* privatly without the consent of the Parliament. A mariage also was concluded betwixt Prince *Edward Baliol*, & a daughter of *Charles* Earle of *Valoys* brother to the *French* King *Philip*. *Edward* having foreseene all these things, had drawne *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike*, with his friends (enemies to *Baliol*) and diverse noble men of *Scotland*, who held lands of him in *England*, to bring such forces as they could make, to assist him in the *French* war: But with all taking truce with the *French* for some moneths, hee suddenly turned his forces, destinate against *France*, towards *Scotland*. His Navie was vanquished at *Berwick*, and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet his land hoast by meanes of the *Bruffian* faction, and the *Englished Scots* noble men, tooke the towne of *Berwicke* with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter, *Dumbar*, *Edinburgh*, and *Striviling*. In and about these Castles, hee had killed or taken captive the greatest part of the *Scots* noble men: So that crossing forth, the blow beeing so sudden, hee found no preparation for resistance. *Baliol* rendered himselfe to King *Edward* at *Montrose*, and was sent by sea into *England*, where hee remained captive, to such time as by intercession of the *Pope* hee was set at libertie, swearing and giving hostages never to returne into *Scotland*. King *Edward* came to *Scoone* and tooke upon him the Crown of *Scotland*, as forefeited by the rebellion of his homager *Baliol*. Hee sent for the Nobles of *Scotland* who remained, that they with such as were his captives might sweare homage to him as to their Leige Lord, and King. These who refused were detained prisoners.

King *Edward* thinking that now all was sure for him in *Scotland*, left *Iohn Plantagenet* (some call him *Warren*) Earle of *Surrie*, and Sir *Hugh Cressingham* Thesaurer, and returned to prosecute the *French* war, taking such of the Nobilitie of *Scotland* as

hee feared, along in his army, with their followers. The great men of *Scotland* beeing in this manner, either imprisoned by King *Edward*, or swome to his obedience, and tyed thereto by reason of their lands holden of the crowne of *England*, the rest, either fled into the Yles and High-lands, or thought it sufficient to defend their owne while better times.

But while men of power neglected the publike cause of the libertie of *Scotland*, *William Wallace*, a Youth of honourable birth (beeing Sonne to *Malcolme Wallace* of *Ellerslie*) but of meane power, having first in private killed many *Englishmen* of the Garisons as hee could over-take them, by these exploits became so encouraged (beeing a man of invincible hardinesse, incredible strength of body, and withall verie wise and circumspect) that hee gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and strategemes, diverse times cutte off great numbers of the enemies. The report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and weale-tare of their Countrey, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely, The Earle *Malcolme Lennox*, the Lord *William Douglasse* (who had beene taken captive at the winning of *Barwicke*, whereof he was Captaine, and sent home upon assurance) Sir *Iohn Graham*, Sir *Neill Gambel*, Sir *Christopher Seton*, Sir *Iohn Ramsay*, Sir *Fergus Barclay*, *Andrew Moray*, *William Oliphant*, *Hugh Hay*, *Robert Boyd*, *Iohn Iohnston*, *Adam Gordon*, *Robert Keith*, *Reinald Crawfurd* younger, *Adam Wallace*, *Roger Kilpatrik*, *Simon* and *Alexander Fraser*, *James Crawfurd*, *Robert Lawder*, *Scrimger*, *Alexander Auchinleck*, *Ruthven*, *Richard Lundie*, *William Crawfurd*, *Arthure Bisset*, *James* and *Robert Lindesay*, *Iohn Cleland*, *William Kar*, *Edward Little*, *Robert Rutherfoord*, *Thomas Haliday*, *Iohn Tinto*, *Walter Newbigging*, *Iardan Barde*, *Guthrie*, *Adam Currie*, *Hugh Dundasse*, *Iohn Scot*, *Steven Ireland*, Master *Iohn Blaire*, Master *Thomas Gray*, and other gentle men with their friends and servants; who (after some valiant exploits happily atchieved, and an armie of ten thousand men led by *Thomas* Earle of *Lancaster* to assist the Earle of *Warren* defeat by *Wallace* at *Bigger*) holding an assembly at the *Forrest Kirke*, choosed *Wallace* to bee Warden of *Scotland* & Viceroy in *Baliols* absence. In which office

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hee so valiantly behaved himselfe, that in a short space hee recovered all the Strengths on the borders, and brought the south parts of *Scotland* to good quiet.

The *English* fearing the losse of all, subtilly tooke truce with *Wallace* for one year, beginning in *Februarie*. In *Iune* following, they proclaimed a Iustice Air to bee holden at *Glasgow* and *Aire* the eighteenth of that moneth: thinking to entrap *VVallace*, and all his friends, and under colour of law to cutte them off at the day appointed. All landed men, according to the custome assembling to this Court, the *Englishmen* condemned them of fellonie, and hanged them presently: among the rest Sir *Reinald Crawfurd* Shyreffe of *Aire*, Uncle to *VVallace*, Sir *Brice Blaire*, Sir *Neil Mongomery*, and many of the Barrons of *Kyle*, *Cunyghame*, *Carrik*, and *Cliddisdale*. These that escaped by flight advertised *Wallace*, who chanced to come later then the rest. Hee assembling such of the Countrey, as detesting so horrible a fact, extremly hated the authours thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entred into *Aire*, set fire into the place, where the *Englishmen* after that fact were securely sleeping, and suffred none to escape. The Garison of the Castle ishing foorth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose, entred the house, and made it sure. The next morning *Wallace* came to *Glasgow* where the Lord *Henrie Persie* had retired from *Aire* the day before: whom hee expulsed thence with great slaughter. This victorie hee so hotely pursued, that immediatly thereafter hee tooke the Castle of *Striviling*, recovered *Argyle* and *Lorn*, with the town of *Saint Iohnston*, and the Countrey about; thence he travailed through *Angus* and *Mernes*, taking in all the strengths untill hee came to *Aberdene*, which hee found forsaken of the *English*, who had fled by sea, with the Lord *Henrie Beaumount*, an *English* Lord, who had maried one of the Heretrix of the Earledome of *Buchan*, named *Cumive*. Thus all the North-Countrey was reduced to the obedience of *VVallace*, except the Castle of *Dundie*. While *VVallace* lay at the siege hereof, newes came of the approach of the *English* armie, led by *Iohn* Earle of *Warren* and *Surry*, & Sir *Hugh Cressingham*, with a great number of *Northumberland* men, and such of the *Scots* as held with *England* to the number of thirtie thousand, *VVallace* (having with him

ten thousand men hardned in armes) met them beside *Striviling* on the North-side of *Forth*, which having no foords, at that place, was passable only by a wooden bridge. This *Wallace* of purpose had caused to be weakened, so that the one halfe of the hoast being past (led by *Cressinghame*) the bridge broke with the great weighe of their baggage. These who were come over, *Wallace* charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part of them in pieces with their Leader *Cressinghame*: the rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The Earle of *Warren* with these who escaped, was assailed by Earle *Malcome Lennox* Captaine of *Striviling* Castle, and beeing hotely pursued by *Wallace*, hardly escaped himselfe, flying into *Dumbar*, a Castle then belonging to *Patrike* Earle of *March*. In this battell foughten the thirteenth of *September* 1297. there perished no Scots men of remarke, but *Andrew Murray* of *Bothwell*. The *English* Garisons hearing of this discomfiture, fled from all places, so that before the last of *Sept.* all the Strengths of *Scotland* was recovered except *Berwicke* and *Roxburgh*.

After these victories, *Wallace* held a parliament in Saint *Johnstoun*, as Wardan of *Scotland*, and setled the whole Countrey, causing the Nobilitie to sweare to bee faithfull to the State, till such time as they might condescend who should bee King. Earle *Patricke Dumbar* refusing to acknowledge the authoritie of this Parliament, was chased out of *Scotland*: and because the yeares by past the ground had not beene manured, and great famine threatned the land, *Wallace* assembled a great hoast, and entred in *England*, where hee remained all the Winter, and Spring following, living upon the enemies, and enriching his Souldiers by their spoile: During which time the *English* durst never encounter him in open field: onely at his first entry King *Edward* with a great armie of raw Souldiers came against him in the plaine of *Stanmoore*: But perceiving the discipline and hardie resolution of *Wallace* hoast, before they came neerer than halfe a myle, drew backe his armie, and retired. *Wallace* for feare of ambush keeped his Souldiers in order and pursued them not. Thus King *Edward* left his Countrey to the mercie of a provoked enemie, and (notwithstanding that he promised battell, yet) keeped himself close, till a peace

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was concluded for five yeares: *Berwicke* and *Roxburgh* beeing rendered to the *Scots*.

Scotland thus enjoying perfite libertie, *Wallace* beeing earnestly requested by the *French* King, to the end that his speciall Captaines might be kept in military exercise during the peace, sailed over into *France* with fiftie valiant men in his companie: Hee was encountered on the way by *Thomas* of *Charters* (commonly called *Thomas* of *Longovile*) who with sixteene saile infested the seas: But boording *VVallace* ship, hee was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him and King *Robert Bruce* for the liberty of *Scotland*. *Wallace* after his landing in *France*, was imployed in war against the *English*, who at that time possessed the Dutchie of *Guian* and *Burdeaux*: them he defeat in sundrie skirmishes. But in few dayes he was called home by his friends in *Scotland*: For King *Edward* understanding *Wallace* absence and pretending that hee had broken the peace in *Guian*, dealt with *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike* and his friends, and with such noble men of *Scotland* as held lands in *England*, or envyed *Wallace* glorie, shewing that it was a shame for them to suffer *VVallace*, a meane gentle man, to rule *Scotland*, while any of the bloud Royall did remaine. So promising his assistance to *Robert Bruce*, hee sent a great armie into *Scotland*; and by helpe of the *Brussian* faction and *Englized* noble men, hee easily obtained the greatest Strengthes of *Scotland*. *Wallace* returning the next Summer, secretly amassing a number of his speciall followers (who had lurked till his backe comming) on a sudden surprized *S. Johnstoun* by a stratageme: and pursuing his victorie hotely, chased the *English* out of *Fife*. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers, came from their lurking holes, by whose assistance hee recovered diverse Strengths. The Lord *William Dowglasse* tooke the Castle of *Sanquhar* by a stratageme, and finding the *English* Captaines of the neareſt Garisons to come to besiege him, hee sent secretly to *Wallace*, who comming with his power, not only raised the siege; but chased also the whole *English* Garisons, out of these quarters. From thence he came to the North parts, which he recovered with small difficultie, except the strong Castle of *Dundie*, to which hee laid a siege.

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The K. of *England* grieved at this fortunate succeſſe of *Wallace* and underſtanding that hee was highly envyed, by the Earle of *March*, the *Cumines* (the greateſt ſurname then in *Scotland*) and divers ancient noble men (to whoſe honour *Wallace* renowne ſeemed to derogate) hee ſtirred up *Robert Bruce* elder, and his faction, perſwading them that *Wallace* was *Bruces* only Competitour for the Crowne. Having ſo made a ſtrong party for himſelfe in *Scotland*, the next Spring hee came with an armie of fourtie thouſand men *Scots* and *Engliſh* to the *Fawkirke*, ſixe myles beneath *Striviling*. the *Scots* armie was very great (being thirtie thouſand ſtrong) If they had been all of one minde. For *Iohn Cumine* Lord of *Cumbernald* (who had an eye to the Crowne) had perſwaded the Lord *Iohn Stewart* of *Boote* (being Tutour and grandfather by the Mother to the Children, of the Lord *Iames Stewart* of *Ranfrow* lately deceaſed) to contend with *Wallace* for the leading of the vanguard, alleadging the ſame belonged to the Lord *Stewarts* houſe by ancient priviledge. *Wallace* refuſing this, they parted one from another in an high chaffe, there remaining with *Wallace* no more but ten thouſand of his old Souldiers. *Cumine* with ten thouſand of his followers, after a ſmall ſhow of reſiſtance, fled treaſonably leaving the valiant *Stewart* incloſed by two battels of the *Engliſh*, by whom (after he had foughten valiantly for a long time) hee was cut off with all his followers. *Wallace* with his battell defended themſelves valiantly, untill they were ſafely retired beyond the river of *Carron*, loſing (beſide ſome others) the noble Sir *Iohn Grahame* the moſt valiant Worthie of *Scotland* next unto *Wallace*. *Bruce* (whom the King of *England* had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to aſſiſt him for recoverie of his right, from the uſurper *Wallace*) perceiving *Wallace* on the other ſide of *Carron*, deſired to ſpeak with him, to whom hee upbraided ſo fooliſh an uſurpation of the Kingdome of *Scotland*, againſt ſo powerfull a faction at home, aſſiſted by ſo mightie a King abroad. I (anſwered *Wallace*) intended never to reignein *Scotland*: But finding my native Countrey abandoned by you and *Baliol*, who have the right to the Crown, have ſet my ſelfe to defend my friends, & neighbors from y unjuſt tyrannie and uſurpation of the King of *England*: who ſetteth you forth

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moſt unnaturally to teare the bowels of your Mother with your owne hands. After diverſe ſpeeches to this purpoſe, the *Bruce* perceiving the fraudfull & tyrannous dealing of King *Eward*, returned to the hoaſt. The next morning *Wallace* underſtanding that the *Engliſh* armie was weakly intrenched, and in great ſecuritie, amaſſing with his owne armie ſuch as had eſcaped, ſet upon them in the dawning before they could be arrayed, and killed many. So that the *Engliſh* King returned at that time without any further exployt. *Bruce* (remembring what hee heard of *Wallace*) deſired K. *Edward* according to his former promiſes to put him in poſſeſſion of ſo much of the Kingdome of *Scotland* as then was under his power, to whom hee anſwered in the French tongue, Have wee no more adoe, but conquere Kingdomes for you? By this ſpeech the Lord *Bruce* conceived ſo great griefe and anger, that within few dayes hee departed this life without ſeeing his eldeſt ſon *Robert Bruce* (afterward King) beeing kept (for aſſurance of his fathers obedience) in *Calice* Caſtle in *France*.

After this unhappie battell, *Wallace* ſtryving to recover ſuch Caſtles and Strengths, as King *Edward* had intercepted, found ſuch oppoſition and backwardneſſe, by his envious emulatours that hee returned to Saint *Iohnſtoun*, and in an aſſembly of the Stats reſigned his charge of Wardan, and with eighteene men paſſed againe into *France*, according to a promiſe at his laſt returne there-from. This fell out in the end of the yeare 1300. The oppoſite faction having gained their deſire, chooſed *Iohn Cumine* Governour: the rather becauſe King *Edward* had promiſed to aſſiſt him to the Crowne of *Scotland*. But hee found him as great an enemie as hee had beene to *Wallace*. For after ſeven moneths truce (obtained by meanes of the *French* King) *Edward* ſent Sir *Ralph Confray* with a great armie to ſubdue the *Scots*, and to put an end to the war: which they expected ſhould be eaſie, *Wallace* being now out of the way. *Iohn Cumine* joyning with the Lord *Simon Fraſer*, making ſome eight or nine thouſand men, came to reſiſt the *Engliſh*, who having waſted the Countrey as far as *Roſling*, (about five myles from *Edinburgh*) expecting no reſiſtance, divided themſelves into three battels, that they might ſpoile farther in the Countrey. The

Scots

Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battell, and easilie discomfite them; the second also (albeit stronger by the joyning of these who had fled) was after a long conflict put to rout. By this the third battell comming to the revenge, put the *Scots* to a great strait, as being sore wounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battels, and having to withstand an fresh enemie of farre greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives (lest they should assist the enemie) and with their weapons to arme their baggage men; and setting forward both with courage and necessitie (seeing no escape) after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight. This was the twentie foure of *March.* 1302.

King *Edward* sore incensed by this evil successe, sent for *Robert Bruce* younger out of *Calice*: whom hee perswaded, that he had for a long time against *Wallace*, defended his fathers right to the Crowne of *Scotland*: that, having put *Wallace* out of the way, hee found the *Cumines* as great enemies; notwithstanding hee intended yet once more to put that enemie out of the way, and so to setle him in his kingdome. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers in *Scotland* to joyn with him, and entring the borders, spoiled the Countrey, and tooke diverse Castles as far as *Dowglasse*. Some report that the Ladie *Dowglasse* (named *Ferrars* an *English* woman) betrayed that Castle to the *Bruce*, who tooke the Lord *William Dowglasse* captive with all his children and goods. The Lord himselfe was kept prisoner in *Berwicke*, and thereafter in *Yorke*, while he died. Meane time King *Edward* had prepared a mighty army both by land and sea: with which he entred *Scotland*, and subdued all before him, while hee came to *Striviling* keeped then by Sir *William Oliphant*: who after a long siege, knowing of no relieffe; yeelded the Castle upon condition, that himselfe and all that were with him should passe with their lives safe: notwithstanding K. *Edward* keeped still all the noble men together with the Captaine Sir *William Oliphant*: and such as would not sweare homage to him (pretending to bee Protectour of *Robert Bruces* right) hee sent prisoners to *London*. Having in this Castle intercepted diverse of *John Cumines* friends, hee procured them to draw him to a parlie with him; in which hee so blinded him with

hopes of the Kingdome, and with feare of utter undoing, that he joyned himselfe and his friends to the *English*, who by this accession easily passed forward with the course of victorie, as far as the outmost bounds of *Rosse*: And in his back coming caried away with him into *England* all Bookes, Regisiters, Histories, Lawes, and Monuments of the Kingdome: and amongst other, the fatall Marble Chaire, whereupon the former Scots Kings used to be crowned at *Scoone*: on which was engraven a prophesie: bearing that, *Where ever this Chaire should be transported, the Scots should command there.* Hee caried also with him all the learned men and Professours of *Scotland* (among other the famous subtile Doctor *John Duns*, surnamed *Scotus*) thinking hereby so to discourage and effeminate the mindes of the *Scots*, that they should cast off all care of recovering their libertie; the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his returne into *England*, he left his Cousing Sir *Aymer de Valence*, Earle of *Pembroke* Viceroy, having fortified all Castles with strong Garisons.

The *Scots* who stood for the libertie of the Countrey, being forsaken by *John Cumine*, sent earnest letters to *France* to move *Wallace* to returne. Hee was then making war upon the *English* in *Guyan*. But hearing the mischiefes of his Countrey, obtained leave of the French King to returne: and secretly amassing some of the remainders of his old friends, recovered diverse Castles and Townes in the North, and having greatly encreased his Armie, besieged Saint *Johnstoun*, till it was rendered. But as hee proceeded in the course of his victories, hee was betrayed by his familare friend Sir *John Menteith*, to the Lord *Aymer Valence*, who sent him into *England*, where by King *Edwards* command hee was put to death, and his body quartered and sent into the principall Cities of *Scotland*, to be set up for a terror to others.

Notwithstanding this cruelty prevailed little for the assuring of King *Edwards* conquest. New enemies arising whence hee least expected: For as he returned from his last journey into *Scotland*, *John Cumine* and *Robert Bruce* meeting together, after long conference of the estate of their Countrey, perceived that notwithstanding hee had promised to each of them apart his helpe to attaine the Crowne of *Scotland*, yet his intention was only to use their assistance to conquere and assure it to himselfe:

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as he well declared by spoiling the Country of all Monuments publike and private. Hereupon they agreed that *Cumine* should quite all his right to the Crowne in favour of *Bruce*, and that *Bruce* should give him all his lands for his assistance. This Contract writen and sealed by both parties, *Bruce* returned into *England* with the hoast, waiting for a fit time to escape from King *Edward*. In the meane time *Wallace* returning, and recovering many places in *Scotland*, sent privilie for *Bruce*, to come home and take the Crowne; and to his brother *Edward Bruce*, a most valiant youth, who comming out of *Ireland*, tooke sundrie Strengths in *Annandale* and *Galloway*. *Cumine* who had kept old enmitie with *Wallace*, not enduring that *Bruce* by his meanes should come to the Crowne, reveeled the Contract betwixt him and *Bruce* to King *Edward*: who at first delayed to cut off *Robert Bruce*, till such time as hee might get the rest of his brethren in his hands. *Bruce* advertised of his danger by the Earle of *Gloeester* (some call him the Earle of *Montgomerie*) his old friend, who had sent him a paire of sharpe spurres and some crownes of Gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this propine, caused by night shoe three horse backward, and posted away from the Court with two in his companie, and on the fifth day (the way being deepe in winter) arived at his owne Castle of *Loghmaban*, where hee found his brother *Edward* with *Robert Fleming*, *Iames Lyndesay*, *Roger Kirkpatrike*, and *Thomas* of *Charteris*, who told him how *Wallace* was betrayed by Sir *John Menteith* & the *Cumines* faction, a few dayes before. Immediatly thereafter they intercepted a messenger with letters from *Cumine* to King *Edward*, desiring that *Bruce* should bee dispatched in haste, lest (beeing a noble man much favoured by the commons) hee should raise greater sturres. The trecherie of *Iohn Cumine* before onely suspected, was hereby made manifest; which so incensed the Lord *Bruce*, that riding to *Drumfries*, and finding *Cumine* at the Masse in the *Grayfriers*, after he had shownc him his letters, in impatience hee stabbed him with his Dagger: the other who were about him doing the like, and not only dispatching him, but also his Cousing Sir *Edward Cumine* and others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out the ninth of *Februarij*,

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in the beginning of the yeare 1306. as wee now account.

The *Bruce* thus rid of one enemie, found a great number as it were arising out of his ashes, even the whole puissant name of *Cumine*, with their allyes; the Earle of March, the Lord of *Lorn*, the Lord *Abernethy*, the Lord of *Brechin*, the Lord *Soules*. The most part of the North, and all *Galloway* followed the *Cumines*, the Lord of *Lorn* was of great power in the *Highlands*. The Earle of *March* and Lord *William Soules* commanded the *Mers*, with *Berwick* and the Borders. All which they yeelded to King *Edward*, and maintained against *Robert Bruce*. At the same time his two brethren *Thomas* and *Alexander Bruce* with *Reinald Crawford* younger, secretly landing in *Galloway*, were taken by *Duncan Macdugall* a great man in *Galloway*, and sent to King *Edward*, who caused them all three so be hanged. On the other side assembled to him (besides these above named) the young Lord *James Douglasse* (who hearing of his fathers death, had returned from *France*, where he was at schooles, & stayed a time with his kinsman *William Lambert* Bishop of Saint *Andrews*) Earle *Malcolme Lennox*, Earle *Iohn* of *Athole* (although of the *Cumines* blood, yet being father in law to *Edward Bruce*) Sir *Neile Cambell* Sir *Gilbert Hay*, Sir *Christopher Seton*, Sir *Thomas Randall*, Sir *Hugh Hay*, *John Somervale*, *David Barclay*, *Alexander* and *Simon Fraser*, Sir *Robert Boyd*, Sir *William Haliburton*, with sundry who had stood with *Wallace* before. With this company hee past to *Scoone*, and tooke upon him the Crowne of *Scotland* in *Aprile* 1306. After this, he gathered an armie, minding to besiege Saint *Iohnstoun*: but finding his power too weake, hee retired to *Methven*, where he was unexspectedly assaulted, and discomfited by Sir *Aymer de Valence*; but with small losse of men, except some who were taken, as *Randall*, *Barclay*, *Fraser*, *Inchmartine*, *Somervale*, and Sir *Hugh Hay*, who were constrained to sweare homage to King *Edward*. The commons discouraged with this hard successe, fearing the *English*, forsooke the new King, who had a few company of gentlemen about him: with whom hee travelled towards *Argyle*, meaning to lurke for a time with his brother in law Sir *Neile Cambell*. But he was encountered by the way by *Iohn of Lorn* cousing to *Iohn Cumine*, and constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his owne folkes. After

this second discomfiture, hee sent his Queene (being daughter to *Gratney* Earle of *Mar*) with his brother Sir *Neil Bruce*, and *Iohn* Earle of *Athole* to the castle of *Kildrummie* in *Mar*. The King of *England* sent his son Prince *Edward* with a mightie host to beseige this Castle. The Queene hearing this, fled to the Girds of *Tane* in *Rosse*: But the Earle of *Rosse* tooke her and her daughter, and sent them captives into *England*. The Castle of *Kildrummie* was traiterously burne by one of the Garison, all that were within it taken and hanged at command of the *English* King.

King *Robert* seeing Winter approach, and finding no retreat in the maine land, retired (with his most entire friends) to his old friend *Angus* Lord of the Yles, with whom he stayed a short time in *Kintyre*, and thereafter sailed over into the Yle of *Rauchrine*, where hee lurked all the Winter, every man esteeming him to bee dead. The next Spring hee landed quietly in *Carrike*, and on a sudden intercepted his own Castle of *Turnbery*, the Lord *Pearsie* flying home out of it into his owne countrey. Sir *James Dowglasse* departing thence secretly, came into *Dowglasse-dale*, and by meanes of *Thomas Dickson* an old servant of his father, hee recovered his owne Castle of *Dowglasse*, and cast it downe, once and againe: Thereafter hee returned to King *Robert* to *Cumnoke*, shewing him that *Aymer de Valence* and *Iohn* of *Lorn* with an armie were comming against him. The King with five hundreth valiant men keeped themselves in a strong place, awaiting while Sir *Aymer* should invade: but tooke no head to *Iohn* of *Lorn*, who fetching a compasse fell upon his backe with eight hundreth *High land* men, and had well nigh enclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his men in three, and appointing where they should meete at night, fled three sundry wayes. *Iohn* of *Lorn* having a *Sloth-hound* pursued still after the King, who putting away all that were in his companie, save one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficultie escaped the *Sloth-hound*. Sir *Aymer* disappointed of this enterprise, shortly thereafter with fifteene hundreth chosen men, very nigh surprized the King in *Glentrole* wood, but the King with his men taking courage to resolutely, defended the place (being very strong) and killed diverse of the first who assaulted them, that the rest fled backe. Thereof

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ger with more courage he went into the fields, and reduced *Kyle* and *Cunyghame* to his obedience. Sir *James Douglasse* also with three-score men lying in an ambush at a straite place in *Cunyghame* called the *Nether-foord*, where Sir *Philip Moubray* was passing with one thousand men against the King (being then in *Kyle*) killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. On the tenth of *May* following, Sir *Aymer* with three thousand men came against the King, then lying at *Gaston* in *Kyle*. King *Robert* hearing of his comming (albeit hee exceeded not six hundreth men) came forth against him at a place under *Loudon* hill; which he so fortified on either hand with dykes and foules, that the enemies could not enclose him on the sides: and so by the stout and resolute valour of so few, Sir *Aymer* was put to flight: which hee tooke so sore to heart, that hee retired into *England*, and gave over his office of Wardan or Viceroy, *John* of *Britaine* Earle of *Richmond* being sent into *Scotland* in his place.

King *Robert* after this past into the North, leaving Sir *James Douglasse* on the borders: who taking his own Castle of *Douglasse* by a stratagem, razed it to the ground, and in few dayes chased all the *English* out of *Douglasse-dale*, *Ettrick* forrest, and *Jedburgh* forrest, and tooke Sir *Thomas Randall* the Kings sisters son (who had followed the *English* ever since his captivitie) and Sir *Alexander Stewart* of *Bonkle*. Sir *Alexander* and *Simon Fraser* meeting King *Robert* in the North, shewed him how *John Cumine* Earle of *Buchan*, *David* Lord *Brechin*, Sir *John Moubray*, and the rest of the *Cuminian* faction, were gathering an army against him. Meane while by the assistance of his friends in these quarters, on a sudden hee surprised the Castle of *Inverneſſe*; the fame of which victory caused many other Strengths to yeeld (all which he overthrew) and greatly increased the number of his friends. In his returning taking sicknesse at *Innerury*, *Cumine* set upon him; The King after his friends had for a time defended him, convalescing somewhat, went out to the fielde, and so hardly assaulted his enemies at *Old Meldrom* that (albeit their number was farre greater) yet they tooke the flight: with the like successe hee set upon the King in *Glenesk* in *Angus*, where being shamefully put to flight, hee fled into *England* with Sir *John Moubray*, and died there shortly, Lord *David Brechin*

Brechin fortified his owne Castle: But *David* Earle of *Athole* forced him to yeeld it and himselfe to the King. Meane time *Philip Fraser* tooke the Castle of *Forfare*: And the King pursuing this victorie, reduced all the North to his obedience: and joyning with Lord *James Dowglasse* returning from the South with his two captives, he tooke S. *Johnstoun* by surprisall: from thence he past into *Lorn*: the Lord whereof had embushed two thousand men on the side of an high steep hill, where the King behoved to enter thorow a narrow passage. But Sir *James Dowglasse* with Sir *Alexander Fraser*, and Sir *Andrew Gray* climbing the hill, came suddenly on their backes, and put them to flight. *John* of *Lorn* fled into *England* by sea. His father Lord *Alexander Macdugall* yeelded himselfe, and the Castle of *Dunstaffage* to the King.

By this means all on the North side of Forth was reduced to obedience. Sir *Edward* his brother in the meane time with long and hard fighting had conquered *Galloway*: *James Dowglasse* by a strategeme surprised the strong Castle of *Roxburgh* on the *Fastings even*, while all the Garison (after the custome of the time) were feasting and playing the ryot. The report whereof so wheted the courage of the valiant *Thomas Randall* (newly restored to his Uncles favour, and made Earle of *Murray*) that having besieged the Castle of *Edinburgh* for some moneths, hee set himselfe by all meanes to carie the same; which hee obtained by a narrow passage up through the Rocke discovered to him: by which he and sundrie stout gentle men secretly passed up, and scaling the wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themselves masters of the place. The Garisons of *Rugline*, *Lanerick*, *Drumfries*, *Aire*, *Dundie*, and *Boot*, hearing this, yeelded up these Castles, which were all razed. The Ile of *Man* also returned to the obedience of the Crowne of *Scotland*. Sir *Edward Bruce* having besieged *Stirmiling* Castle three moneths, agreed with the Captaine Sir *Philip Maubray*, that if the King of *England* did not rescue him within twelve moneths thereafter, the Castle should be yeelded to K. *Robert*. Albeit this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a King *Edward* the second (who some seven years before had succeeded his father *Edward Longshanks*, but far degenerat from his valour) having not only *England* and

Ireland, and many *Englized Scots*, with the Dutchie of *Guian*, *Bourdeaux*, and other parts of *France* subject unto him, but also the *Low-countreys* strictly confederat with him: Yet King *Robert* prepared himselfe to encounter him in the fields, and gathered some five and thirtie thousand men, few, but valiant. The King of *England* had above an hundreth thousand foote, and ten thousand horse: with which multitude intending to destroy the whole inhabitants of *Scotland*, & to divide the land to his followers, he came to *Bannokburn* (some two myls beneath *Striviling*) where on the twentie one of *Iunie* 1314. Hee was encountered by the *Scots*, and after long and hard fighting, his great armie put to rout: himselfe with a small companie fleeing into *Dunbar*, was sent by the Earle into *England* in a fisher Boat, leaving two hundreth Noble men and gentle men killed by the *Scots*, and as many taken; the number of the commons slain and taken, was incredible: of *Scots* was slaine two gentlemen of note, Sir *William Wepont*, and Sir *Walter Rosse*, with foure thousand common Souldiers.

After this victorie, *Striviling* being yeelded, and *Dumbartane* goten by composition, the Earle of *March*, the Lords *Soules*, and *Abernethie*, and others of the *Cumines* allyes were reconciled to the King: who past into the Yles, and brought them to obedience; taking *Iohn* of *Lorn* captive, who died in prison in *Loghleven*. Thus all *Scotland* was freed of the bondage of *England*, except *Berwik*, which was recovered foure years thereafter 1318. And the *Scots* making diverse incursions into *England* under the leading of Earle *Thomas Randall* and *Iames* Lord *Dowglasse* requited the harmes received from them before, and enriched themselves with spoile.

As for the authoritie of these two Histories although they possiblie erre in some circumstances of time, place, and number or names of men, yet generally they write the trueth of the storie of these times both at greater length, and upon more certaine information then these who have written our Chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusall (gentle and courteous Reader) I wish you profite thereby, and all happinesse from GOD. Farewell.

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The end of the Table.

THE ACTS AND DEEDES OF THE moſt famous and valiant Champion, SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, Knight of ELLERSLIE.

The firſt Booke.

CHAP. I.

Our Anteceſſours whom wee ſhould of read,
And hold in minde their fame and worthie deede:
Wee let over-ſlide, through verie ſloathfulneſſe,
And caſt us ever to other buſineſſe:
On vaine gaming is ſet our whole intent,
Which hath beene ſcene into theſe times by went:
Our nert neighbours that came of Brutus blood,
They often-times to Scots wiſht little good:
Though now of late God turn'd their mind and will
That great kindneſſe they have ſhowne us untill.
The hearts of people the Lord hath in his hand,
Hee may them rule, and guid at his command.

And though all leids would have this land in thrall,
Oppon his power, God can against them all.
As wee have seene in our forebeares before,
But of these parables as now I speake no more.
Wee read of one right famous of renowne,
Of worthy blood, that reigned in this Region.
And hence-forth now, I will my purpose hold,
Of VVilliam VVallace, as yee have heard it told.
His fore-fathers who likes to understand,
Of old linage, and true blood of Scotland.
Sir Rannald Crawfurd, right Shyreffe of Aire,
So in his time, hee had a daughter faire.
To young Sir Rannald, Shyreffe of that Towne,
Was Miller faire, of good fame and renowne:
Malcome VVallace her got in marriage,
That Ellerslie then had in heritage.
Auchenbothie, and many other place,
The second Dye hee was to good VVallace.
The which VVallace full hardilie had wrought,
When Walter, heir of VVallace to him sought.
Who likes to heare more knowledge in that part,
Goe read the Line of the first Stewart.
Now Malcome Wallace got with his Lady bright,
Malcome Wallace, a good and gentle knight:
And William too, as Chronicles beares on hand,
Who after was restauer of Scotland.
When it was lost with treason and falsenesse,
Over-set with foes, it fred through Gods grace.
Alexander our worthie king forlorne.
By eventure his life lost at Kinghorne.
Three yeares still the Realme stood desolate,
Where-through there rose a full grievous debate.

Our

Our Prince David Earle of Huntingtowne,
Three daughters had of great fame and renowne.
Of the which three came Bruce, Ballioll, & Haisting,
Two of these three desired to bee King.
The Ballioll claimed of the first gree lineally,
And Bruce the first male of the gree by gree.
To Edward soone into England they send,
Of this great strif, they thought he should make end
Follie it was (indeed it happened so)
Succour to seeke of their old mortall foe.
Edward Lang-shankes had now begun his warre,
Upon Gascoigne, into an awfull feare.
The lands which hee claimed stood in such case,
Hee thought full soone, to make a whole conquese,
To Norhame Kirke hee came withoutten maire,
The Councell then of Scotland met him there.
Full subtilly hee charged them in bandowne,
As their ouer-Lord, to hold of him the Crowne.
Bishop Robert in his time right worthie,
Of Glasgow Lord, said, That wee doe deny:
Any ouer-Lord, but the great God above.
The King was wroth, and home hee did remove,
Yet Iohn Ballioll followed on him so fast,
To hold of him, hee granted at the last:
And contrare right, a King hee made him there,
Wherethrough Scotland repented it full saire,
To the Ballioll our Lords would not consent,
Edward forth-withset downe a Parliament:
Hee called Ballioll to answere for Scotland,
The wise Lords soone caused him breake that band:
An Abbot, and gave ouer his alleadgeance,
King Edward then tooke it in great greedance.

His Hoast hée raised, and came to warke on Twead,
But for to fight, as then, hée had great dread.
To Corspatricke of Dumbar soone hée send,
His counsel askt, for hée the Countrey kend:
Where hée was brought in presence of the King,
By subtill band they pocked up this thing.

Chap. II. The Battell of Barwicke.

Earle Patricke then to Barwicke can persue,
Received hée was, and trusted very true:
The King followed with his men of renowne,
After mid-night at rest was all the Towne.
Corspatrick rose, the keyes well hée knew,
Let Bridges downe, and portculzies they drew.
Edward entred, and caus'd slay hastily,
Of men and women, eight thousand and fiftie.
And children tw, by this false eventure,
Of true Scots escaped no creature.
A Captaine there this false king hath made,
Toward Dumbar, without resting they rade.

Chap. III. The Battell of Dumbar.

Where gathered was great power of Scotlãd,
Against Edward, in Battell for to stand:
The thrée Earles was entred in that place,
Of Mar, Menteith, and Atholl upon case.
In the Castle the Earle gart hold them in,
That to their men without, they could not win:
For yet to them supplying for no moe,
The Battels thon together fast they goe.

And

And many slaine there was, without mercie,
Of true Scots, over-set with subtiltie.
Earle Patricke then, when the fighting was fellest,
To our foe turned, and harming did us maist.
Is none in woꝛld that skaithes may doe maire,
Then well trusted a boꝛne familiare.
Our men are slaine without redemption,
Thoꝛough these deꝛds whole, tint was this Region.

Chap. IIII. How King *Edward* and *Corspatricke* came to *Scone*, and deposed *John Balliol*, and had with them the Heires of Scotland.

King Edward past, and Corspatricke to Scone,
And there he got the homage of Scotland sone:
Foꝛ none was left the Realme foꝛ to defend,
Foꝛ Iohn Ballioll then to Montrose they send:
And him depꝛiued foꝛ aye of his kingrike,
Then Edward himselfe was called a royall like.
The crowne hee tooke upon the selfe-same stane,
That Gathelus sent with his son from Spaine:
When Iber Scot first into Scotland came,
That Kenneth king, the second of that name,
Bꝛought it to Scone, and gart it stable thair,
Where kings were crownd eight hunder yeares and mair
Before the time, that K. Edward it fand,
These jewels he gart turse into England:
In London set in witnesse of that thing,
By conquest then of Scotland made him king.

Where that stone stands, Scotland should master be,
God chose the time, for Margarets heirs to sée.
Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,
All heires with them, and Bruce out of Scotland:
That office then hé képed but short time,
I may not now put all the déedes in Ryme:
On Chronicles, why should I tarry lang?
To VVallace againe now briefly will I gang.
Scotland was lost, when hé was but a childe,
All ouer-set with our enemies wilde.
His father Malcome in the Lennox fled,
His eldest son thither with him hé led.
His mother fled with him from Ellerslie,
To Gowrie past, and dwelt in Kilspindie.
The knight his father thither hath him sent,
Unto his Uncle with a great intent,
In Gowrie dwelt, and had their liuing thair,
An aged man, which receiued them faire:
Then to Dundie VVallace to schoole they send,
While hee of wit full worthily was kend:
Thus hé continued in his tender age,
In armes then did many vassalage.
When Saxon bloud in this Region could reigne,
Marking the will of that unrighteous King.
Many great wrongs they wrought in this Region,
Destroy'd our Lords, and brake our buildings down.
Both wiues and widows they took at their own will
Nunnes and Maidens whom they liked to spill:
King Herods part they play'd here in Scotland,
Of young children that they before them fand.
The Bishoprickes that was greatest of baill,
They tooke in hand of their Archbishops haill:

Not

Not for the Pope, they would no kirke forbeare,
But griped all through violence of weare.
Glasgow they gave, as at their baile was kend,
To Diocie of Durhame to a commend:
Small benefices they would not persue,
But for this thing full many other they slew.
Hanged Barrons, and wrought full meikle care,
It was well knowne within the Barnes of Aire:
There eightene score was put to fellow dead,
But God above hath sent us some remead.
It is remembred farther in the tale,
I will follow upon my purpose haile:
VVilliam Wallace ere hee was man of armes,
Great pitie thought Scotland that took such harms:
Meikell dolour it did him in his minde.
For hee was wise, right worthie wight and kinde,
In Gowrie dwelt still with this worthie man,
As he increast and with abandon than:
Into his heart hee had full meikell care,
Hee saw the Sutheron multiply maire and maire,
And to himselfe oft would he make his moane,
Of his good kin they had slaine many one.
Yet hee was then semly, strong and bold,
And hee of age was seventeene winters olde.
Weapons hee bare, either good sword or knife,
For hee with them hapned full oft to strive,
Where hee found one out of others presence,
After to Scots they did no more offence.
To cut his throat, or sticke him suddenly,
Hee cared not, found hee them openly:
Sundrie wanted, but none knew by what way,
For as to him there could no man ought say.

Little of ſpæch, was courteous and benigne,
Sad of countenance, bee was both old and ying.

Chap. V. How *Wallace* ſlew young *Selbie*, the Conſtables ſon of *Dundie*.

VPon a day to Dundie he was ſend,
Of cruelneſſe full little hæ was kend:
The Conſtable was a fellon man of weare,
And unto Scots hæ did full meikell deare.
Selbie hæ heght, diſpiteous in outrage,
A ſon bee had neare twentie yeares of age:
Into the Towne bee uſed every day,
Thæ menoz foure thereto with him to play,
An hiely ſhrew, wanton in his intent.
Wallace hæ ſaw, and toward him hæ went:
Sæmely hæ was, right big, and well beſæne,
Into a wæde of gwdly gaining græne.
Hæ called on him, and ſaid, Thou Scot abide,
What devil (ſaid he) thæ graithed in ſo good wæd:
An hoyſe mantle it was thy kinde to weare,
A Scots whittle under thy belt to beare,
Rough rulzions upon thine harlots feet,
Give me thy knife, what doth thy geare ſo mæte:
To him hæ went his knife to take him fra,
Faſt by the collar Wallace can him ta:
Under his hand his knife hæ braides out,
Foz all his men that kembed him about:
But helpe himſelfe hæ knew of no remead,
Without reſcue bee ſticked him to dead.
The Squyer fell, of him there was no moze,
His men followed on Wallace wonder ſoze.

The

The preass was thick, and cummered them full fast
Wallace was spædie, and greatly als agast:
The bloudy knife was drawne in his hand,
Hé spared none that he before him fand.
The house hé knew his Eme had lodged in,
Thither he fled, farther hé might not win.
The Good-wife there within the Close saw hé,
And helpe (hé cryed) for Him that died on trée:
The young Captaine hath fallen with me at strife,
In at the doore hé went with this Good-wife.
A Rullet gowne of her owne she him gave,
Above his wæd which covered all the lave.
A suddled Courch over head and necke let fall,
A worne white Hat hé drealed on withall.
For they should not long tarrie at that Inne,
Gave him a Rocke, and then sate downe to spinne.
The Sutheron sought where Wallace was but dread,
They know not well at what gate hé in yéd.
In that same house they sought him busily.
But hé sate still, and span right cunningly.
As of his time hé had not learned lang,
They left him so, and saith their gates can gang:
Waith heavie cheare, and sorrowfull in thought,
No wit of him, as then get could they nought.
The Englishmen all then in barret bowne,
Bade fire all Scots that were into the Towne.
Yet this Good-wife held Wallace untill night,
Made him good cheate, and put him out of sight.
Through a darke gate, she guided him full fast,
In covert went, syne by the water past.
Forbure the gate, for watches that was there,
His mother was into a great dispare.

When

When shée him saw, she thanked heavens King,
And said, Weare son so long where hast thou been?
Hée told his mother of that sudden case,
Then wéeped shé, and said full oft, alace:
O? that thou cease, thou wilt bee slaine with all,
Mother, hée said, God ruler is of all:
Unsufferable are the people of England,
Part of their yre me thinkes wee should gainstand.
His Eme he knew that hée the Squyer slew,
Fo? dread thereof in great langour he d?ew.
This passed over, while diverse dayes were gane.
The good-man d?ead that VVallace should be tane.
The Sutheron are full subtle every man,
A great ditty fo? Scots o?dain'd they than,
By the Law dayes in Dundie set an aire,
Then Wallace would no longer sojourne there.
His mother graithed her in a Pilgrimes w?d,
Himselfe disaguised, syne gladly with her y?d.
A short sw?d under his w?d bare hée,
In all the land full many foes had hée.
Both on their foot with them mo?e tok they nought,
Who spierd, shé said, To S. Margaret they sought:
Who serued her, full great friendship they fand,
With Sutheron folkes, fo? shé was of England.
Beside Lundores the Ferrie ober they past,
Then through the Ochell sped they wonder fast:
Into Dumfermling they lodged all that night,
Upon the mo?ne when that the day was light.
With gentle-women happened them to passe,
Of England bo?ne, in Linlithgow winning was.
The Captaines wife in Pilgrimage had bene,
When shée them met, and had good Wallace sene:
Kind cheere they made, fo? hée was wonder faire,

Not large of tongue, well taught and vebonare.
Forth talking thus of matters that was wrought.
While south over Forth wt her son she them brought
Into Linlithgow they would not tarrie lang,
Their leave they toke, to Dunipace they gang:
There dwelt his Eme, a man of great riches,
A mighty Parson, beght to name, Wallace.
Made them good cheare, and was a full good man,
Welcomed them faire, and to them told hæ than.
Did him to wit, the land was all on steire.
Treated them well, and said, My son so deare,
Thy mother and thou right here with mæ shall bide.
While better bæ by chance what may betide.
Wallace answered, Wester more we will,
Our kin is slaine, and that me liketh ill.
And other many worthy in that art,
Live I, will God, wee shall us wreake on part.
The Parson sighed, and said, My son so free,
I can not know how that redresse may bæ.
What should I speake of frustrat at this tide,
For gift of good he would not with him bide.
His mother and hee to Ellerslie they went,
Upon the morne shee for her brother sent.
In Corsbie dwelt, and was Shyreffe of Aire,
His father was dead, that lived long time there.
Her eldest son that meikell was of maine,
Her husband als at Lochmabane was slaine.
Sir Malcome VVallace his name was but lies,
His boch sinews were cutted in that pryse.
On knees he fought, feill Englishmen he slew,
To him then sought moe fighters than anew.
On either side with speares they bare him downe,
There sticked they that good Knight of renowne.

Unto my tale I left at Ellerslie,
Sir Rannald came unto his Sisker frée:
Welcommed them, and asked of their intent:
Shey prayd that he to Lord Persie would went:
Shée irked of war, shée would no farther flée,
To purchase peace: in rest that she might bée.
Sir Rannald had the Persies protection,
As for all part to take remission:
Then hée caus'd write to his Sisker that tyde,
In that respite Wallace would not abyde.
His mother hée left, shée wéped with heart full sare,
His leave hée tooke, then from his Eme can fare.
Young hée was, and to Sutheron right savage,
Great roome they had, despite and eke out-rage.
Sir Rannald durst not then hold Wallace there,
For great perill hée knew appearing were:
For they had whole the strengths of this land,
What they would do, durst none against them stand
Shyrelfe hée was, and used them among,
Full sore he dread that Wallace should take wrong.
For hée and they could never well accord,
Hée gote a blow, though hée was lade of Lord;
That proffered him any lighlinesse,
But they repared over meikell to that place.
As English Clerkes in prophesie it fand,
How one Wallace should put them from Scotland.
Sir Rannald knew well a more quiet stéd,
Where William might be better from their féd:
With his Uncle Wallace of Richartonn,
Sir Richart heght that good knight of renowne.
These lands whole then was his heritage,
But blinde hée was, so happened through courage.

By

By Englishmen, that did him meikell deare,
In his rising hé worthie was in weare.
Throughh hurt of veines, and minishing of blond,
Yet he was wise, and of his counsel good.
In Februare Wallace was to him send,
Into April hee bowne from him to wend.
But good service hé did him with pleasance,
As in that space was worthy to advance.

Chap. VI. How *Wallace* past to the water of *Irwin*, to take fish.

SOon a time he desired to play,
Into April the thrée and twentie day:
To Irwin water fish to take hé went,
Such fantasie fell into his intent:
To lead his net, a Childe with him there yéde,
But hé ere none was in a fellon dread:
His sword hé left, so did hé never againe,
It did him good, although hé sufferd paine.
Of that labour as then hé was not slie,
Happie hé was, tooke fish aboundantly.
Ere of the day ten houres could over-passe,
Riding there came neare by where Wallace was.
The Lord Persie, that was Captaine of Aire.
From hyne he turned, and could to Glasgow faire.
Part of the Court had Wallace labour séene,
To him they rode five clade in garment gréne.
Saint Martines fish, said, Scot, now wee would have
Wallace againe, then mékly answere gave,
It were reason, mée thinke yé should have part,
Waith should be dealt in all place with frée heart.

Yé

Hæ bade his Boy give them of his weathing,
The Sutheron saip, As now of thy dealing
Wæ will not take, thou wouldst give us over small,
Hæ lighted downe, and from his Boy tooke all.
Wallace said then, Gentle-men if yæ bæ,
Leave us some part, wæ pray for charitie:
An aged Knight serves our Ladie this day,
Good friend leave part, and take not all away.
Thou shalt have leave to fish, and take thæ maire,
All these surely shall in our sitting fare.
Wæ serve a Lord, these fish shall to him gange,
Wallace answering, said, Thou art in the wrang:
Whom thouse thou Scot? in faith thou serv'st a blaw,
To him hæ ran, and out a sword can draw:
VVallace was woe, hæ had no weapons there,
But a pault-staffe which in his hand hæ bare.
VVallace with it fast on the chæke him tooke,
With so good will, while off his fæt him shooke.
The sword flew from him a fote braod on the land,
VVallace was glad, and caught it sone in hand.
And with the sword an ackward stroake him gave,
Under the head, his craige in sunder drave.
By that the rest lighted about VVallace,
Hæ had no helpe, but only Gods grace:
On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great perill was, if they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great yre hæ stroake one,
The shearing sword cut to the collour bone:
Another hee hit on the arme hastily,
While hand and sword both on the land can lye.
The other two fled to their Horse againe,
Hæ stricked him that last was on the plaine.

Thæ

Thæ flew hæ there, two fled with all their might,
After their Lord, but hæ was out of sight.
Taking the Mure, ere hæ and they could twin,
To him they rode anone, ere they could blin:
And cry'd abide, your men are martyred downe,
Right cruelly into this false Region:
Five of your men here at the Water bade,
Fith you to bring, though it no profit made.
Mæ are escaped, but in field slaine are thæ,
The Lord asked, How many may there bæ.
Mæ saw but one that hath overcome us all,
Then lough the Lord, and said, Shame on you fall:
Since one you all hath put to confusion,
Who mones it most, the devil of hell him drowne.
This day for mæ, in faith hæ's not hæ sought,
When Wallace thus the worthy work had wrought,
Their Horse hæ tooke, and geare that was left there,
Gave over the craft, and went to fish na mair.
Went to his Eme, and told him of the deed,
And hæ for woe neare swelt out of his weed.
And said, Son, these tydings fits mæ sore,
If they bæ knowne, thou may get skaith therefore,
Uncle hæ said, No longer will I bide,
These Sutherons Horse let see if I can ride:
Then but a childe in service for to make,
His Emes son with him hæ would not take:
This good Knight said, Deare Cousing I pray thæ,
When thou wants good, come fetch enough from mæ
Silver and Gold, hæ causde one to him give,
Wallace then knæled, and lowly tooke his leave.

The end of the first Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

CHAP. How *Wallace* slew the Churle, with his owne staffe, in *Aire*.

AMong Wallace then fulfilled of hie courage,
In prise of armes destrous of vassallage:
Thy vassallage may never bee forlorne,
Thy deed is knowne, though all the world had sworne:
For thy whole minde, labour, and busnesse,
Was set in war, and very righteousnesse.
And full great losse, of thy deare worthy kine,
The rancour more remaines thy minde within.
It was his life, and most part of his food,
To see them shed the birning Sutheron blood.
To Ochterhouse withoutten more hee rode,
And but short time in peace there he bode:
There was one Wallace that welcommed him well,
Though Englishmen thereof had little feele.
Both meat and drinke at his will had hee there,
In Laglan wood, when that hee made repare.
The Gentleman, full oft was his reset,
With stuffe of house full oft hee can him bet
So hee destr'd the Towne of Aire to see,
His Childe with him, as then no more tooke hee.
Aye next the wood Wallace caus'd leave his horse,
Then on his foot went to the market Crosse.
The Persie was in the Castle of Aire,
With Englishmen, great number and repaire.

And

And all the Towne tueling on their own wise,
To many Scots they did full great suppzille.
All but abasing Wallace among them yede,
The rage of youth made him to have no dzead.
A Churle they had, that great burdens did beare,
Excedingly hé would lift meikle maire:
Than any thzée that they among them fand,
And als by this one spozt hé tooke in hand.
Hé bare a sting into a bustcous pole,
On his bzoad backe, of any would it thole:
But foz a great as fast as hé might dzaw,
When Wallace heard speake of that merry saw:
Then hé desired at that market to bé,
Foz one stroake hé bade him groats thzée.
The Churle granted, of that pzoffer was faine,
To pay that silber Wallace was full bane.
Wallace that sting tooke up into his hand,
Full sturdily befoze him could hé stand.
Wallace with that upon the backe him gave,
While his rig-bone all into sunder dzade.
The Churle was dead, of him I speake na maire,
The Englishmen assembled on Wallace there.
Fell on the field of folkes fighting fast,
Hé unabased, and not greatly agast:
Upon the head one with the sting hit hé,
While bone and bzaine hé made in pieces flé.
Another hé stroake on the vaisnet of steill,
The tzée then rave, and sturdied every deale:
The tzée was lost, the Englishman was dead,
Foz his craig-bone was bzoken in that stead.
Hé dzew a swozd that helped him in néd,
Thzoughout the thickest of the preasse hé yede.

And at his Horse full faine hé would haue béne,
Two griev'd him most that cruell were and kéne.
Wallace returned as man of meikell maine,
And at one stroake the formost hath hé slaine:
A full sore stroake the other got that tide,
With his good sword, hé made him there abide.
In at the Corslet hrimly hé him bare,
The grounden sword out through his body share:
Five slew hé there, ere hé past from the Towne,
Hé got his Horse, to Langlane made him bowne.
And képed the childe, and let him not abide,
Escaped thus, hé can to Langlane ride.
Some followed him on Horse, some upon foote,
To take Wallace, as then it was no boote.
The trées were thicke, that képed him full well,
But there to byde, hé could never a deale.
Good ordinance that effeired for his estate,
His custome was at all times ere and láte:
The Squyer Wallace in Ochterhouse that was,
Both bed and meat, for him they made to passe.
As for that time that hé remained there,
But sore hé longed to sée the Towne of Aire.
Thither hé past upon a market day.
Would God as then, that hé had bidden away,
His Emes servant for to buy fish hé sent,
Sir Reynald Crawfurd the Shyreffe then was kent.

Chap. II. How *Wallace* slew Lord *Persies* Stewart, and was prisoned in Aire.

When hé had tane such good as he had bought
The Persies Stewart right sadly to him sought
An

And said, Thou Scot, to whom buys thou this thing?
To the Shyreffe hee said: By heavens King,
My Lord shall have it, syne goe fetch thee maire,
Wallace by chance was neare by going there.
Hee went to him, and said, Friend I pray thee,
The Shyreffes servant that thou would let him bee.
A lordly man the Stewart was of blood,
And thought Wallace him charged in termes rude.
Goe hence, thou Scot, the meikell devill thee speed,
At thy Shyreffes use thou wænes us for to lead.
An hunting staffe into his hand hee bare,
Therewith hee smote on William Wallace there.
But with his trie little tuyzie hee made,
Fast by the coller him caught without en bade.
A full great knife fast to his heart stroake hee,
Then from him dead shot him right suddenly:
Cater sensyne I trow hee was na maire,
The Englishmen assembled Wallace there.
Fourescore were set in armour birneft bowne,
On market day for Scots to keepe the Towne.
Wallace boldly hee drew a sword of wærre,
Into the tyme the formest couth hee beare.
Out through the bodie clicked him to the dead,
And sundry moe, ere hee past from that stead.
An acward stroake another tooke hee there,
Upon his knee, the bone in sunder share.
The third hee stroake on a peasant of mailzie,
His craige in two, no weeds might availzie.
Thus Wallace fared as wood as a Lyon,
The Englishmen that were on bargane bowne:
They kept the gate with speares rude and lang,
For out of sword might no man to him gang:

Wallace was harnest on his bodie well,
At him they sought with sharpe swords of stele:
And from his strength environed him about,
Out throughe the prease on a side hee brake out:
Unto a wall that stood by the sea side,
For well or woe there must hee nœd abide:
Part of their Speares in pieces there hee share,
Then from the Castle other helpe came maire,
Out over the dyke they glaid on every side,
Brake downe the wall, no succour was that tide:
Then Wallace knew of no wæn. but to die,
To win his death among them thus went hee.
Other part in great pre hewing fast,
His harnest brand it bursted at the last.
Brake in the hilts, away the blade it flew.
Hee wist no wæne, but forth his knife hee drew.
The first hee slew which him in hand hath hint,
And other two hee sticked with his dint.
The remnant to him with Speares hath sought,
Bare him to ground, no further might hee nought.
The Lords bade that they should not him sla,
To pine him more, they charged him to ta.
Into their Innes, although that hee had swone,
Out of the gate by force they have him borne.
Thus good Wallace with Englishmen was tane,
In fault of helpe, for hee was his alone.
Hee could not cease, his courage so him bare,
Frivole Fortune hath brought him in the snare.
These false gods full of unrighteousnesse,
And false Iuno, full of deceitfulnesse.
These feigned gods Wallace never yet knew,
Great righteousnesse ylat aye to mercy drew.

His

His kin might not get him for no kin thing;
Might they have payed the ransome of a king.
The more they bade, the more it was in vaine,
Of their best men that day seven hath hee slaine:
They cause set him into a prison fell,
Of his torments great pitie was to tell.
Evil meat and drinke they cause unto him give,
Great marvell was if hee might long there live.
And eke thereto hee was in prison laid,
While they thought time on him to hold the Law.
Leave I him thus into this painfull stead,
While God above doe send him some remead.
The plaine complaint, and pitteous lamenting,
The wofull weeping that was for his taking.
The tormenting of every creature,
Alace, they said, How shall our life endure?
The flowre of youth into his tender age,
Fortunne of Armes hath left him in thirlage.
Living this day a Thistaine have we none
Durst take in hand, but young Wallace alone:
The land is lost, hee is caught in the snare,
The A-per-se of Scotland is in great care.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* was imprisoned in *Aire*, and escaped.

BArreld Hairing and water they him gave,
Where hee was set into that ugly Cave:
Such food for him was feeble to commend,
Then said hee thus, God God mee now relieve:
My pitteous spirite, and soule over all the lave,
My carefull life, I may not now defend.

Over few Southeron unto the death I drew,
And that I true indeed, and very true:
For sone I will out of this world wend,
If I should now in prison make an end.

Eternall God, why should I thus wise die,
Since my beliefe all whole remaines on the?
And thine owne hand full worthily hath wrought,
But thou remead, no like they ordaine mee,
Mine only Saviour, that died on the tree,
From hels prison with thy blood hath mee bought,
Why wilt thou give thine handy work for nought.
And many other in great paine that I see,
For of my life, nothing else I roughte.

O waried sword, of temper never true,
Thy brushing blade in prison sone mee threw:
And Englishmen over little harmes hath tane,
Of us they have undone moe than anew:
My faithfull Father despitefull they slew.
My brother als, and good men many one,
This is the date shall us overcome each one:
Of this Kingrick, deare God, when shalt thou rue,
Since my power thus suddenly is gone.

All worthie Scots, Almightie God you lead,
Since I no more in worship may you speed:
In prison here mee worthes to mischiefe:
Now fillie Scotland, that of helpe hath great need,
Thy Nation stands into a fellon dread.
Of worldlinesse right thus I take my leave,
Of other paines, God let you never preave.
Though I for woe out of wits should wend,
None other gift I may now to you give.

Adue Wallace, some time was strong and sure,
Thou

Thou muſt of nèd in priſon long endure,
Thy worthy kin may not thée ſave for gold,
Ladies wèpe, that were both myld and mure
In furious paines thy mother that thée bure,
For thou to her was dearer than the gold:
Her moſt deſire was to thée undermould,
In worldlineſſe why ſhould any aſſure?
For thou wert formed forcy on the fold.

Complaine ye powre, thus as your ſcedell tells,
Complaine to Heaven with words that never failed
Complaine your boyce to the great God above,
Complaine for him that ſits in ſyrfull Cells,
Complaine his paine, that thus in dolour dwells:
In langour lyes, for loſing of their love,
His furious paine was fellon for to prove.
Complaine alſo yè Birds as blyth as Bells,
Some happie chance may fall for your behove.

Complaine ye Lords, complaine ye Ladies bright
Complaine for him that worthy was and wight:
Of Saxons ſons that ſuffered meikell deare,
Complaine for him that is in priſon dight.
And for no cauſe (Scotland) but for thy right,
Complaine alſo ye worthy men of weare,
Complaine for him who was your Aſper ſpear,
Few Engliſhmen yet to the death hè dight,
Complaine for him your triumph had to beare,

Cellinus his maſter Javelour was now,
In Engliſhmen, alas, why ſhould wè trow?
Our worthy kin are pyned on this wiſe,
Such rule but right is litle till allow.
Me thinkes wè ſhould in barret make them bow,
At our power, and ſo wè doe feill ſyſe,

From their danger God make us for to rise,
That well hath wrought before these times now.
For they marke aye to waite us with surprise.
What should I more of Wallace torments tell,
The Flur hee tooke into that prison fell.
Neare to the death likely hee was to drawn:
They charged the Jaylour there he should not dwel
But bring him forth soone of that ugly Cell:
In judgement where that hee should thole the Law,
This man went downe and suddenly hee saw:
As to his sight, Death had him snapped well snell,
Then said to them, Hee hath payed that hee aw.
When they presumed hee should bee very dead,
They causde servants withoutten longer plead,
With short advyse unto the wall him bare,
They cast him over, out of that ballfull stead:
Of him they trowed there should bee no remead:
In a draffe-midding, where hee remained there;
His first Nurse of the new Towne of Aire,
To him shee came, which was full will of read,
And purchast leave, away with him to fare:
Into great yre they grantsod her to goe,
Shee tooke him up withoutten words moe:
And on a Cart unseemely they him cast,
Out over the water they led him with great woe,
To her owne house withoutten any hoe:
Shee warmed water, and als her servants fast,
His body washt, while filth off him was past:
His heart was wight, and sighstered to and fro,
And his two eyes at last cast up also.
His Foster-mother him loved attonet the lade.
Got milke to warme, his life if shee might save.

With

With all her cure great kindneſſe could him kyth,
Her daughter had of twelue wækes a knaue,
Her childes papes in VVallace mouth it gaue
The womans milke comfoꝛted him full ſwyth:
Then in a bed they bꝛought him foꝛ to lyth.
And covertly they kept him in that cave,
Him foꝛ to ſave, well ſecretly they might.

In their chamber thay kæped him that tyde,
Shæ raiſde grath up a baird in the houſe ſyde.
With tapeſtrie cloaths honoured with great ſlight.
And that the voyce on every land ſhould light:
That hæ were dead, thꝛoughout the land ſo wyde,
In pꝛeſence aye ſhæ wæped under ſight,
But goodly meates ſhæ graithed either night.
And ſo befell into that ſelfe-ſame tyde,
While farthermoꝛe that VVallace woꝛthed wight,

Thomas Rymer withoutten faile was than,
With the Miniſter, which was a woꝛthy man:
Hæ uſed oft to that religious place,
The people dæmed of meikell wit hæ can,
And ſo hæ did, although they bleſſe oꝛ ban:
Which happned ſoth in many diverſe place,
I cannot ſay, by wꝛong, oꝛ righteouſneſſe,
In rule of war, whither hæ tint oꝛ wan,
It may bæ dæmde by diviſion of grace.

This man that day at the Market had bæne,
Of VVallace knew this carefull caſe ſo bæne.
His Maſter aſked, What tydings that hæ ſaw?
His man anſwered, Of little heard I mæne:
The Miniſter ſaid, That hath bæne ſeldome ſæne:
Where Scots and Engliſh aſſembled on a row,
Was never yet ſo far as I could know.

But

But either a Scot would doe a Sutheron tæne,
Or hée to him, as aventure might saw.
Wallace ye know, was tane into that stead,
Out over the wall I saw them cast him dead:
Out of their prison famisht for want of food,
The Minister said, with heart heavie as lead,
Such deed to them, mee thinke should soffer head:
For hée was wight, and come of gentle bloud,
Thomas answered, These tydings are not good:
If that bee soth, my selfe shall never eat bread,
For all my wit, here shortly I conclude.
A woman then of the new towne of Aire,
To him shée went, when hée was lying there:
And on her knees right lowly them besought,
To purchase leave, shée might hence with him fare:
In lightlinesse they granted to her there,
And over the water into her house him brought:
To bury him, as goodly as she mought.
Then Thomas said, Yet shall I live na maire,
If that be true, by God that all hath wrought:
The Minister heard what Thomas said in plaine,
Hée charged his man to spæd him fast againe:
To see the house, and warily to espy,
What words hee heard amongst them bustly,
The man went out, at bidding was all baine,
To the new Towne to passe, hee did his paine:
To that ilke house, and went in suddenly:
About hee blinked unto the bowd him by.
The woman rose, in heart shee was not faine,
Who lyes here, he did demand in plaine?
VVallace she said, full worthy that hath beene,
Then weeped she, that pitie was to seene.

The

The man thereto great credence gave hé nought,
Toward the bord hé bowned as hé beſt thought,
On knées ſhe fell, and cryed for Jeſus ſhéne,
Let ſlander be, and from your thought it ſtéme.
The man anſwered, By him that all hath wrought,
I would his wel-fare, and caſt into his thought:
Might I on life once ſé him with mine éne,
Hé ſhould be ſafe, though England would him ſtéme
Shé led him up to Wallace by the gréſs,
Hé ſpake with him, then faſt againe can préale,
With glad bodward their mirthes to amend,
And came againe, and told them whole to end.
Hé told to them, the firſt tydings was lies,
Then Thomas ſaid, Forſooth ere hé deceiſe:
Many thouſand on field ſhall take an end,
From this Region hé ſhall the Sutheron ſend.
And Scotland thriſe hé ſhall bring to a peace,
Into this Region great God ſhall ſend him grace.

All worthie men, that have good wit to waill,
Beware that yé doe not miſdeeme my tale.
Perchance yé ſay, to Bruce was none ſuch like,
Hé was as good where déedes were to aſſaile,
As of his hands, and bolder of Battell,
But Bruce was known right heire of his Kingrick:
For hé had right, we call no man him like,
But Wallace thriſe this Kingricke conquell haill,
In England fat fought battell on that like.

Chap. IIII. The Battell of *Lawdon* hill.

I will returne to my purpoſe againe,
When Wallace was relieved of his paine.

The

The Countrey dæmde all whole that hée was dead,
His dearest King knew not of his remead:
While whole hée was, likely to goe and ryde,
Into that place hée would no longer byde.
His true keeper hée sent to Ellersly
After him there hee durst not let her bée.
Her daughter als, her servants and her Childe,
Hée made them passe unto his mother milde.
When they were gone, no weapons there hee saw,
To helpe him with, what eventure might fall:
A rouisty sword in a nooke hée saw stand,
Withoutten belt, hose, buckler, or yet brand.
Long time before it had bæne in that stead,
An aged man it left, when hée was dead:
Hée drew the blad, and found it would well byte,
Though it was fonle, hée tooke it with him tyte:
God helpe his man, for thou shalt goe with mée,
While better come, will God come may that bée,
To Sir Rannald as then hée would not fare,
Into that passage, for Surheron made repare,
At Richartoun full faine hée would have bæne,
To get him horse, and part of armour thæne:
Then afterward as hée bowned to fare,
Three Englishmen hée met ryding to Aire.
At their voyage in glasgow forthhad bæne,
One Long-sasse, that cruel was and kæne:
A bold Squyer, with him good Yeamen two.
VVallace drew by, and would have let them goe,
To him they ride, and said despitefully,
Thou Scot abide, I trow thou bée a spy:
Or else a thiefe, from presence would thée byde,
Then VVallace said with sober words that tyde:

Sir,

Sir, I am ſicke, for Gods love let me goe,
Long-caſtle ſaid, For ſooth it bees not ſo:
A fellon freike thou ſæmeſt in thy face,
While men thæ know, thou ſhalt with mé to Aire.
Hint out his ſwoord that was of noble hew,
VVallace with that at his lighting him threw.
Upon the craige with his ſwoord hath him tane,
Through braine and hyre, in ſunder brake the bane:
By hæ was fallen, the two were lighted downe,
To venge his death, on VVallace made them bowne.
The one of them upon the head hæ gave,
The rouſtie blad unto the craige him clave:
The other fled, and durſt no longer byde,
With a rude ſtep VVallace could after glyd.
Out through the ribs a ſicker ſtroke gave hæ,
While Liver and Lunges men might at once ſæ.
The horſe hæ tooke, both weapons and armour,
Then thanked God with glad heart in that houre:
Silver they had, all with him hath hæ tane,
Him to ſupport, for ſpending had hæ nane.
Into great haſte hæ rode to Richartoun,
A glad aſſembly was at his lighting downe:
When VVallace met with Sir Richart that knight,
For him had mourned, while fæble was his ſight.
His two ſons of VVallace was full faine,
They had him loſt, yet God him ſaved againe.
His Eme Sir Rannald to Richartoun came faſt:
The woman told, by Corsbie as thæ paſt.
How VVallace eſcaped, then on their way yéed,
Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dreid.
While hæ him ſaw, in heart he thought full long,
Then ſuddenly in armes he him throng.

Hé might not speake but kissed him tenderly,
His troubled spryte was in an extasie:
The glad teares brast from his eyes two,
Ere that he spake, a long time held him so:
And at the last, right friendfully, said hé,
Welcome Neyoy, welcome deare son to mé:
Thanked be hé that all the world hath wrought,
That fairly thée out of prison hath brought.
His mother came, and other friends anew,
With full glad will, to see these tidings true.
Good Robert Boyd, that worthie was and wight,
Would not them trow, while he them saw with sight
From sundrie parts they came to Richartoun,
Fæle worthy folkes, that were of great renowne:
Thus leave I them in mirth, gladnesse, & pleasance,
Thanking great God of this so happy chance.

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* revenged the slaughter of his father, and of his brother, on *Lowdon* hill.

Aboyous Iulie, when the flowers are swæt,
Digestable, engendring with the heat,
Both flowre and frute, bushes and boughes braid,
Abowndantly in everie slonk and laid.

All

All beastiall their right course to endure,
Well helped are by working of Nature.
On foot ascending to the heavens hight,
Conserved well by the Maker of might:
Fish in the flood resorteth really,
To mans food, the world to occupy.
But Scotland so was wasted many a day,
Through war, such skaith, that labour was away:
Victuall grew skant, ere August could appeare,
Through all the land, the food happed full deare.
But Englishmen that riches wanted nane,
By carriage brought their victuall in good wane,
Stuffed houses with wine and good vernage,
Enjoy'd this land as their owne heritage:
This Kingricke whole they ruled at their will,
Messengers then such tydings told them till.
And told the Persie that Wallace living was,
And from their prison in Aire escaped hes.
They trowde it well, that Wallace past that stead,
For Long-castle and his two men were dead:
They waried the chance that Wallace was so past,
In every part they were full greatly agast.
Through prophecie that they had heard before,
Lord Persie said, What needes words more:
But bee bee fast, bee shall doe great marvell:
It were the best for King Edwards availe:
Might hee him get to bee his stedfast man,
For gold or land, his conquest might stand then.
We thinke by force hee may not gotten bee,
Wise men forseeth by his escape may see,
Thus deeme they him in many diverse case,
We leave them thus, and speake of good Wallace.

In

In Richartoun hee would no longer bide,
For friend counsel, or ought that might betide.
And when they saw that it availed nought,
His purpose was, to venge him if hee mought:
On Sutheron blood, that had his Elders slaine,
They let him worke his owne will into plaine.
Sir Richart had three sons, as I you told,
Adam, Richard, and Simon that were bold.
Adam eldest, was growne into courage,
Forward, right faire, and eighteene years of age.
Large of person, right hardy, wise, and wight,
Good King Robert in his time made him Knight.
Long time after in Bruces warres abode,
On Englishmen many good journey made.
This gud Squyer with VVallace bowned to ryde,
And Robert Boyd, which would no longer byde.
Under thirlage of fredges of England,
To the false king hee never had made band.
Cleland was there, neare Cousing to VVallace,
Then bode with him in many perilous place.
And Edward Little his Sister son so deare,
Full well graithed into their armoure cleare:
With their servants to Richartoun they rode,
To Mauchline Pure, and short time there abode.
For friends them told was bounden in thirlage,
That Fenwicke sent was for the carriage:
Within short time hee will bring it to Aire,
But of Carleill they had receibed it there.
That pleased VVallace in heart right greatumly,
Wit yee they were a gowly companie.
Toward Lowdoun they bowned them to ryde,
And in a shaw, a little there beside.

They

They lodged them, for it was neare the night,
To watch the way as goodly as they might:
A good true Scot which Hostler house held there,
Under Lawdoun, mine Author can declare.
Hee saw them come, hee went to them on hye,
Both meat and drinke hee brought them privily.
And to them told the carriage men in plaine,
Their fore-ryder to Aire was past againe.
Left them to come with power of great availl,
They trowed by then they were in Anandaill.
VVallace then said, We will not sojourne here,
For change no weed, but our each dayes geare.
At Corsintoun the way was split that tyde,
For that same way behoved they to ryde.
And from the tyme that he off prison fare,
Good Summer weed daylie on him hee bare:
Good light harnesse from that time used hee ever,
For sudden strife, from it hee would not sever:
An Habergion under his Gowne hee bare,
A good steele cap in his Bonnet but maire:
Two glooves of plate, with cloath was covered well,
In his Doublet a close coller of steele.
His face hee keped, for it was ever bare,
With his two hands, the which full worthie were.
Into his weede, if hee came in a thrang,
Was no man then on foot might with him gang.
So growne of strength, of power strong and sture,
His terrible dints were fearfull to endure.
They trusted more of VVallace him alone,
Than an hundreth of England might bee tane.
Thess worthy Scots made there no tarying,
To Lowdoun hill past in the day dawning.

Deuiſed the place, and put their horſe away,
And thought to win, or never home to ga.
Two ſcourriour ſent to viſie well the plaine,
But they right ſone returned in againe:
To VVallace ſaid, That they were comming faſt,
Then to the ground all knæling at the laſt:
With humble hearts, praying with all their might,
To God above, to helpe them in their right.
They graithed them in Harneſſe haſtily,
There ſonzied none of good that companie:
Then Wallace ſaid, Hære was my father ſlaine,
And my brother, which doth mæ meikell paine,
So ſhall my ſelfe, or venged bæ but dread,
The traitour is hære, the cauſer of the dæd:
Then hecht they all to byde with heartly will,
By that the power was taking Lowdon hill
The Knight Finwicke conuoyed the carriage,
Hæ had on Scots made many thrawd voyage.
The Sunne was riſen leiming ouer lands light,
The Engliſhmen ſaw, that they came to the hight:
Neare him they rod, and ſone the Scots ſaw,
Hæ told his men, and ſaid to them on raw:
Ponder is Wallace that eſcaped our priſon,
Hæ ſhall againe bee drawne through the Towne.
His head I know might better pleaſe the king,
Than gold, or land, or any earthly thing.
Hæ made his ſeruants byde with the carriage ſtill,
Thought to demaine the Scots at their own will.
Nineſcore hæ led in harneſſe birneſt bright,
And fiftie were with Wallace in the right.
Unrebuted the Sutheron were in weare,
And ſaft they came full awfull in effeire.

A manner of dyke of stones they had made,
Narrowed the dyke wherethrough the thickest rade:
The Scots on foote tooke the gate them before,
The Sutheron saw, their courage was the more:
In pridfull wyse they thought over them to ride,
But otherwise it hapned in that tide.
On either side together fell they glade,
The Scots on foot great rowme about them made.
With prunzing spears through plates of fine steele,
The Englishmen that thought to venge them weill:
On harnest horse about them rudely rade,
That with unease upon their feete they bade.
Wallace the formost in the birne bee bare,
The grounden speare throughout his body share.
The shaft hee shooke it off the frushing tree,
Devoyded it soone, since no better might bee:
Drew swords then, both beadie, sharpe and lang,
On either side full cruelly they dang.
Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,
The Englishmen environed them about.
Through force they thought out through them for to ride
The Scots on foot that boldly could abide:
With swords share through halse and habricke good,
Upon the fields shot out the Sutheron blood.
From horse and man through harnelle birnell bān,
A sore assailzie forsooth there might bee seene:
They trusted no life, but to the letter end,
Of so few folke, great noblenesse might bee kend:
Together bade defending them so fall,
Durst none dissever, while that the prealle bee past:
The Englishmen, that were right wise in weare,
By force ordained in sunder them to beare.

Their chiefe Captaine, as fierce as any Boare,
Through maltalent and very proper care.
On a great Horse into his glittering geare,
Out ouer calls a fellon Asper speare:
The Knight Fenwicke, that cruell was and kéne,
Of Wallace father hée at the death had béne,
And of his brother, that doughty was and deare,
When Wallace saw that false Knight was so neare:
His courage grew in yre as a Lyon,
To him hée ran, and strickes field bare downe.
As hée rod by, an ackward stroake him ta,
Both thigh and arson in sunder made hée ga.
From the Courser hee fell on the far side.
With a sharpe sword hée stroake him in that tide:
Ere hée was dead, a great prease came so fast,
Ouer him to ground they bare Boyd at the last.
VVallace was neare, and turned in againe,
Him to rescue, while hée rose off the plaine.
Mightily did him wear, while he a sword hath tane,
Throughout the stowre these two in fear are gane:
The remnant upon them followed fast,
In their passage feill Sutheron made agast,
Adam Wallace, the heir of Richartoun,
Stroake on Bewmount, a Squyer of renowne.
On the peasant, with his sword birnisht bare,
The birnisht blade his halse in sunder share.
The Englishmen saw their Chiftane was slaine.
Boldly abode, as men of metkell maine.
Rich Horse ramping rushed strickes under féete,
The Scots on foot made many lose the sweet:
Might men lighted, themselves for to defend,
Where Wallace came their dæds was little kend:

The

The Southeron part forefruſhed were that tyde,
That in that ſtoure they might no longer byde:
Wallace indæde he wrought right worthily,
The Squyer Boyd, and all their Chevalry.
The Engliſhmen toke plaine part for to flée:
Little and Cleland made of their enemies die.
On horſe ſome part to ſtrengths can them found,
To ſuccour them with many working wound.
An hundreth dead in field was leaved there,
And thæ Yeomen of Wallace dead but maire.
Two was of Kyle, and one of Cunninghame.
With Robert Boyd to Wallace came from hame.
Foureſcore eſcaped from field on Sutheron ſide,
The Scots in place that boldly could abide:
Spoiling the field of gold and other geare,
Harneſſe and Horſe, which they næved in weare.
The Engliſh knaves they made the carriage lead,
To Clyds Forreſt, while they were out of dread.
And band them faſt with widdies ſad and ſaire,
On bowing trées, then hanged they them there.
Hæ ſpared none that able was for warre,
But women and Prieſts he made them aye forbeare.
When this was done, to Dinner ſone they went,
Of ſtuffe and wine that God had to them ſent.
Ten ſcore of horſe they wan that carriage bare,
With victual & wines as meikel as they might fare
And other ſtuffe, that they of Carleill led,
The Sutheron part out of the field they fled:
With ſorrow ſought to the Caſtle of Aire,
Before the Lord, and told him of that care:
What good they left, and who in field were ſlaine,
Through wight Wallace, that was of meikel maine.

And how hé had made all his ſervants hang,
The Perſie ſaid, If that Squyer laſt lang,
Out of this land hé ſhall exyle us cleane,
So deſpitefull in world was never ſéene.
In our priſon here laſt when that hé was,
Over ſlouthfully our Képer let him paſſe.
Then this our hold I finde well may not bé,
Wé muſt make bying our victuall by the Sea.
But loſe our men it helpeth us right nought,
Our Kin may ban that ever wé hither ſought.
Leave I them now blaming their ſorie chance,
And more to ſpeake of Scots-mens governance.

When Wallace had well vanquiſht into plane,
That falſe tyrant, that had his father ſlaine:
His brother als, which was a doughtie knight,
Other good men before to death had dight:
Hé cauſde provide, and parted their victuall,
With ſtuffe and horſe that was of great availe.
To friends about right privilie they ſend,
The remnant full gladly there they ſpend.
In Clyds wood they ſojourned there thrée dayes,
No Sutheron was that durſt perſue thoſe wayes.
But hé tholed death that came in their danger,
The word of Wallace walked far and neare:
Wallace was knowne on life living againe,
Though Engliſhmen thereof had meikell paine.
The Lord Perſie to Glaſgow could hé fare,
With wiſe Lords, and held a councel there:
When they were met, moe than ten thouſand,
No Chiftaine was that time durſt take in hand:
To lead a Range on Wallace to aſſaile,
Aſked about, What was their beſt counſell:

Sir

Sir Aimer VVallange, that falſe traitor and ſtrong,
In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among:
Hæ ſaid, My Lords, my counſell will I give,
But doe ye not, from ſkaith ye may not live.
Yé muſt take peace withoutten tarrying,
As for a time, wé muſt ſend to the King:
The Perſie ſaid, Of our trewes hæ will none,
An awfull Chiftaine truely hæ is one,
Hæ will doe more in faith ere that hæ blin,
Sutheron to ſlay hæ thinkes it is no ſin:
Sir Aimer ſaid, Trews it behoves you take,
While afterwards for him proviſion make:
I know hæ will doe meikell for his kin,
Gentrice and truth aye reſts him within.

Chap. II. How the *Engliſhmen* tooke peace with *Wallace*.

His Uncle Sir Rannald may make the band,
If he will not, recognuiſe all his land.
Unto the time that they the worke have wrought,
Sir Rannald was more to their counſell brought:
They charged him to make Wallace at peace,
For hæ ſhould paſſe to London ere hæ ceaſe.
To king Edward, and byde in his priſon,
While they aſke to have peace for his ranſome:
Sir Rannald ſaid, Lords, ye know right well,
At my counſell hæ will not doe a deale:
His worthie kin deſpitefully yee ſlew,
In priſon them near to the death him drew:
Hæ is at large, and will not doe for mé,
Though yé the refore, ſhould now make mé to die.

Sir Aimer said, These Lords counsel to send,
Wæ to the King, to make a finall end.
Of his conquest, forsoth hæ will it have,
VVallace nor thou may not this countrey save.
Might Edward king geb him for gold or land,
To hæ his man, then might hæ kæpe Scotland.
The Lord have cease, thou sailest to that knight,
Farre more in truth, than it is any right.
The wrong conquest our King desireth aye,
Of him and us, it shall bee sæne one day.
VVallace hath right, both force, and faire fortune,
Yæ heard how hæ escaped our prison.
Thus said the Lord, and prayed Sir Rannald faire,
To make this peace, thou Shyrreffeart of Aire.
As for a time wæ may advised bee,
Under my seale I shall hæ bound to thee.
The Englishmen that they shall doe him nought,
Nor to no Scots, but it hæ on them sought.
Sir Rannald knew he might not them gaine-stand,
Of Lord Persie he had received that band:
Persie was trew, and aye of great travaile,
Sober in peace, and cruell in battell.
Sir Rannald him bowned on the morne but bade,
VVallace to sæke in Clyds Forrest hæ rade:
So hæ him fand bowning to his Dinner,
When they have sæn this good knight coming neer
Well hæ him knew, and told them what hæ was,
Marvell hæ had, what made him hither passe.
Mate him goodcheare, of meates good and fine,
King Edward selfe could not get better wine:
Then they had there vernage and bennison,
Of beefe all into great fusion.

Then

Then after meat he shewd them of this déd,
How he had become into so meikell dread:
Nevoy he said, work part of my counsell,
Take peace a while, and for the more battle:
But thou doe so forsoth thou hast great sin,
For they are set to undoe all thy kin,
Then VVallace said to good men him about,
I will no peace for all this fellon doubt.
But if it please better to you than mee,
The Squyer Boyd him answered soberly,
I give my counsel, ere this good knight be slaine.
Take peace a while, although it doe us paine.
So said Adam, the heir of Richartoun,
And Cleland als to their opinion.
With their consent VVallace this peace hath tane,
As his Eme wrought, while ten moneths were gane
Their leave they took with sad comfort in plaine,
Fand God to brogh they should meet whole againe.
Boyd and Cleland past to their places hame.
Adam VVallace to Richartoun by name:
Forth with Sir Rannald can William Wallace ride,
In his houshold in Corsbie for to bide.
This peace was cryed in August moneth mylde,
These gods of battell furious and wylde.
Mars and Juno ever doth their businesse,
Causers of warre, ape worker of wickednesse.
And Venus als which goddesse is of love,
And old Saturne his course for to approve.
These foure showes of diverse complexion
Battell, Debate, Envie, and Destruction.
I cannot déeme of their melancholy,
But Wallace could not well in Corsbie lye.

Him had rather in travell for to bee,
Right for hee longed the Towne of Aire to see.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* slew the Buckler player in the Towne of *Aire*.

SIR Rannald past from home upon a day,
Fifteene hee tooke, and to the Towne went they:
Covered his face, that no man might him know,
Nothing hee cared how few enemies him saw.
In sober weed, disguised well were they,
An Englishman on the gate saw hee play:
At the Scrimmage, a Buckler on his hand,
Wallace near by in fellowship could stand,
Lightly hee said, Scot, darest thou not prieve?
Wallace said, Yea, so thou dare give mee lieve?
Smite on hee said, I defie thy Nation,
Wallace therewith hath tane him on the crowne:
Through buckler, brand, and through the harns also,
Unto the shoulder the sharpe sword made hee go.
Lightly returned to his owne men againe,
The woman cryed, Our Buckler-player is slaine.
The man is dead, what needes words maire?
Fiftie men of Armes about him sembled there.
Eight score at once upon fifteene they set,
But Wallace come with the foremost hath met:
With yre and will on the head hath him tane,
Through the bright helme in sunder burst the bane.
Another breathly on the breast him bare,
His birnisht blad throughout his bodie share.
Great rome hee made, his men was fighting fast:
And many a grome they made full sore agast.
For they were wight, and well used in weare,

Of Englishmen right boldly downe they beare:
On their enemies great martyrdome they made,
Their hardie Chiftane, so well among them glade,
What Englishmen that bade into his gate,
Contrare to Scotland made never more debate.
Feill fræks on fold were felled under fæte,
Of Sutheron blood lay sticked on the stræte:
New power came from the Castle that tide,
Then Wallace fled, and drew toward a side,
With right good will hæ would eschew suppryse,
For hæ in war was worthie, wight, and wise.
Harns and heads in sunder hewde he fast,
By force out through the thickest preale hæ past.
Wallace returned behinde his men againe,
At the rescew feill Sutheron hath hæ slaine.
His men all then hæ out of perill brought,
From their enemies, with all the power he mought.
Unto their horse they went but more abode.
For danger then to Laglane wood they rode,
Twentie and nine they left into that stead,
Of Sutheron men, that brittined were to dead.
The remanent againe turned that tide,
For in this wood they durst not him abide:
Toward the Towne they drew with all their main,
Cursing the peace they tooke before in plaine.
The Lord Persie in heart was greatly grieved,
His men suppressed againe to him relieved.
And feill were dead into their Armour cleare,
Three of his kin that were to him full deare.
When hæ heard tell of this their great grievance,
Their selfe was cause of this mischievous chance.
Mourning hæ made, though few Scots it kend,
An Herauld then to Sir Rannald hæ send.

And to him told of their full ſudden caſe,
And charged him to take ſoberance of VVallace:
Hæ ſhould him hold from Market, Town and Faire
Where hee might beſt bee, out of their repaire.
The Sutheron knew that it was wight VVallace,
That them oberſet into that ſudden caſe:
Their trewes for this they would not breake a deale
When Wallace had this chance eſchewed well:
Upon a night from Laglane home hæ rade,
In chamber ſone their reſidence they made.
Upon the morne when that the day was light,
With VVallace forth went Sir Reynald the knight
Shew him the writ that Lord Perſie had ſent,
Deare ſon, hæ ſaid, this is my whole intent,
That thou would grant while that this trews were
No ſkaith to do to any in England borne. (worn
But where I paſſe daylie thou bide with mee,
Wallace anſwered, God Sir, that may not bee,
Right loath I were deare Uncle, you to grieve,
I ſhall doe nought, while time I take my leave.
And warne you als, or that I from you paſſe,
His Eme and hæ on this accorded was.
Wallace with him made this continuance,
Ilke wight was blyth for to doe him pleaſance.
In Corsbie hæ reſted them among,
There ſeventæne dayes, ſuppoſe he thought it long.
Though they him pleal'd as a Primate or king,
Into his minde remained another thing:
Hæ ſaw his enemies maſters in this Region.
Might not him pleaſe, though he were king wcrown
Thus leave I him with his deare friends ſtill,
Of Engliſhmen now ſpeake ſome part I will.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *VVallace* wan the Peele of *Gargumoke*.

IN September, that humble Moneth ſweete,
When by paſt was of the Summer the heat,
Wittaile and fruit are ryped in abundance,
As God ordained to mans ſuſtenance,
Sagitarius with his Aſper Bow,
By each Signe the veritie to know:
The changing courſe which makes great difference
And leaves had loſt their colour of pleaſance:
All worldly thing hath nought but a ſeaſon,
Both herbe & fruit moſt from the hight come down.
In this ilke time a great councel was ſet,
In Glaſgow towne, where many Maſters met:
Of Engliſh Lords, to ſtatute this Countrey,
And charged they all Shyreffes there to bee.
Sir Rannald Crawfurd behoved that time be there,
For hæ thrugh right was borne Shyreffe of Aire.
His deare Nevoy with him that time hæ tooke,
VVilliam VVallace, as witneſſe beares the Booke.
For hæ no time ſhould far bee from his ſight,
Hæ loved him with heart, and all his might:
They graithed them without longer abode,
VVallace ſome part befors the Court out rode.

Over-

Overtwke the childe, Sir Rannalds sum should lead
With him two men, that worthie were indéede.
Softly they rode, while they the Court should knaw,
So suddenly that time himselfe hee saw,
The Persies summe in which great riches was,
The horse was tyred, and might no further passe.
Five men were charged to kæpe it well that tide,
Two were on foot, and three on horse can ride:
The master-man at their servant can speare,
Who awe this summe: the truth to mæ you leare:
The man answered withoutten words mair,
My Lord, hæ said, It is the Shyreffes of Aire.
Since his it is, this horse shall with mee gang,
To serve our Lord, or else I thinke great wrang:
Though a subject indæd, would passe his Lord,
It is not leisome by no righteous record.
They cutted the brace, and let the harnesse fall,
Wallace was near when hee such robberie saw.
Hé spake to them with manly countenance,
In faire forme, hæ said, but variance:
Yé doe us wrong, and it is time of peace,
Of such robberie it were good time to cease.
The Sutheron shrew in yre answerde him to,
It shall bæ wrought as thou mayst sæ us do:
Thou gets no mends, what næds words maire,
Sadly advised, Wallace remembred there.
Of the promise hæ made his Eme before,
Reason him ruled, as then hæ did no more.
But past away to mæt his Eme againe,
Séeing this reaffe, was moved with great paine:
The horse yet tooke they, for aventure might fall,
Bound on the sum, then forth the way can call.

Theis

Their tyred summer they left there on the plaine,
Wallace returned toward the Court againe.
On the Pure syde soone with his Eme hee met,
And told how they the way had for him set:
And were not I was bound in my leadgeance,
Wee parted not thus for all the gold in France.
The horse they reft, which should your harnesse bear
Sir Rannald said, That is but little deare:
Wee may get horse, and other things in plaine,
If men be lost, wee get them never againe.
Wallace then said, as wisely, God mee save,
Of this great misse amends shall I have.
And neither let for peace nor yet pleasance,
With witnesse heere I give up my leadgeance:
For cowardly you are like to lose the right,
Soone after then your owne death will bee dight.
In wrath therewith suddenly from him hee went,
Sir Rannald was wise, and cast in his intent:
And said, I will byde at the Meirnes all night,
So Englishmen of us shall deeme no unright:
If any bee dead before us upon case,
Then wee in Law may byde the righteousnesse:
His lodging tooke, at the Meirnes still hee bade,
Full great murning for his Nevoy hee made.
But all for nought, what might it him availe,
As into war he wrought not his counsell.
VVallace rode forth with his two Yeomen past,
The summer man hee followed wonder fast:
By Cathcart hee over-hyed them againe,
Then knew they well that it was hee in plaine.
By horse and weed had argued them before,
And then to them returned withoutten more.

VVallace

VVallace to ground from his Courser can glyde,
A birnisht brand hee braided out that tyde:
The masser-man with so good will stroake hée,
Both hat and head in sunder made bee flée,
Another fast upon the face hée gave,
Todead on ground but mercie sone him draue:
The third he hit with great yre in that stead,
Fey on the field, hée hath him left for dead.
VVallace slew thrée, by that his Yeomen wight,
The other two derfly to death had dight:
Then spoilyied they the Harnesse of they wend,
Of silver and gold they got enough to spend.
Jewels they toke the best were chosen there,
Good horse and geare, then on their way can fare,
Then VVallace said, At some strength would I bée,
Over Clyde that time was a good Bridge of trée,
Thither they past in all their goodly might,
The day was gone, and comming was the night,
They durst not well neare still by Glasgow byde,
In the Lennox hée toke purpose to ryde.
And so hée did, then lodged there that night,
As they best might, while that the day was light:
To an Diskillarie hee went, and sojourn'd there,
With true Scots that his neare friends were:
The councel met right gladly on the morne,
But feill tydings were brought to Perse before,
His men were slaine, his treasure als was reft,
With feill Scots, and them no Jewels left:
They deemed about of that derfe doubtfull case,
The Sutheron said, Forsooth it is VVallace:
The Shyrreffes court was comming to the Towne,
And he was one for Scot of most renowne.

They

They gart sone Sir Rannald in that rage,
But hæ was still then at his Harbarage.
Some wise men said, Thereof nothing hee kend,
The men were slaine here at the Townes end.
Sir Rannald came by nine houres of the day,
Before the Persie, and his men brought were they.
They followed him of fellonie that was wrought,
The allyse to him of this could say right nought.
They dæmed about thereof that fellon case,
Before the Judge there hæ denyed Wallace.
And so hæ might, hæ wist not where hæ was,
From this councell my purpose is to passe.

OF Wallace to speake in wildernesse so wyde,
The Lord God bæ his governour and guyde.
Still at that place foure dayes hæ sojourn'd haile,
When tydings came to him from that councell.
Then statute they in each stead of the West,
In these bounds VVallace should have no rest.
His deare Uncle a great oath made him sweare,
That hæ but leave, no friendship should him beare.
And many other full woe was that day,
And Robert Boyd stole off the Towne away:
And Cleland als, before with him had bæne,
They had far rather sæ him with their æne,
Living on life, as they knew him before,
Than of pure gold, a million and more.
Boyd wæped sore, and said Our Lord is gone,
Amongst his foes is set all him alone.
Then Cleland said, False Fortune changes fast,
Great God since wæ with him had ever past.
Edward Little to Annandaile is went,

And wist right nought of this new iudgement:
Adam VVallace bode still in Richartoun,
So fell it thus with VVallace of renowne:
Hæ with his power parted marvellously,
By fortune of chance ouer-turnes doubly.
Their piteous mone as then could not be bet,
They wist no whit where that they should him get:
Hæ left the place where hæ in lodging lay,
To Earle Malcome hæ went upon a day:
The Lennox whole hæ held into his hand,
To king Edward then had hæ not made band:
The land was strait, and masterfull to win,
Good men of armes that time was it within.
The Lord was traist, the men sicker and true,
With weake power they durst him not persue:
Right glad hæ was of VVallace companie,
Welcommed him fair with worship reverently:
At his owne will desired if hæ would,
To byde there still, maker of his houshold.
Of all his men hæ should whole Chiftane bæ,
VVallace answered, It were enough for mæ.
I can not byde, my minde is set on plaine,
Wrokken to bæ, or else to die in paine.
Our west Countrey, their statute is so strang,
Into the North my purpose is to gang:
Steven of Ireland into the Lennox was,
And wight VVallace hæ ordained him to passe:
And others als, that borne was of Argyle,
Wallace still there made residence a while.
While men it wist, and semblod soone him till,
Hæ charged none, but at their owne good-will.
Though they were strangers he could not them dread
But received them alwin his wars to lead.

Some part of them was then in Ireland borne,
That Makfadzean had erryed out before:
King Edwards man hee was sworne of Ireland,
Of right low birth, suppose hee tooke in hand.
To VVallace there came one that hight Fawdoun,
Of melancholy, and evil of complexion.
Heavie of stature, and dour countenance,
Sorrowfull was aye, in dread without pleasance.
Wallace received what men would come him till,
The bodily oath they made him with good-will,
Before the Earle all in one concord,
And him received as their Captaine and Lord.
His speciall men that came with him from hame,
The one hight Gray, the other Kerly by name:
In his service came first in all their maine,
To Lowdoun Hill, where that Fenwick was slaine:
Hee them commanded aye next him to persue,
For hee them kend right hardy, wise and true.
His leave hee tooke right on a fair manner,
The good Earle then hee bade him gifts seir:
Wallace would none, but gave of his feill syse,
To poore and rich on a goodly wyse.
Humble hee was, hardy, wise and free,
And of riches hee held no propertie.
Of honour and worthip hee was a mirrour kend,
As hee of gold had aboundantly to spend:
Upon his foes hee wan it worthily,
Thus VVallace past, and his good Chevalry,
Sixty hee had of likely men at wage,
Through the Lennox hee led them with courage.
About Lekkie hee lodged them in a valle,
A strength there was, which they thought to assaile.

On Gargunnoke there bigged was a Peill,
That stuffed was with men and victuall weill.
Within a Dyke close chamber, and an Hall,
Captaine thereof to name heght Thirlwall.
They led Wallace where that this bigged was,
Thought to essay further ere hee would passe.
Two spyes he sent to visie all the land,
Right loath he was the thing to take in hand.
The which by force that should goe him againe,
Rather hee had through aventure hee slaine:
Their men went forth, when it was large midnight
About the house they spyed all at right.
The watch-men heavie were, and fallen on sleepe,
The bridge was drawn, that the entry should keepe.
The labourers late reklesly went in,
These men returned withoutten noyse or din,
To their master, and told what they had seene,
Then graithed hee soone these men of armes keene:
Sadly on foot unto the house they sought,
And entred in, for letting had they nought.
Might men essayed with all their busie cure,
A locked bar was drawne athort the doore.
But they might not it breake out of the wa,
Wallace was grieved, when hee such tarry saw:
Home part annoyed wrathly to it hee went,
By force of hand it raised out of the spent.
Three ells of breadth als of the wall pulled out,
Then marvelled all his men that were about.
How hee did more than twentie of them might,
Then with his foot the gate hee strake up right.
While brace and bands hee bursted all at anes,
Frayedly they rose that were within those wanes:

A watch-man had a fellon ſtaffe of ſteele,
At Wallace ſtroake, but hée kept him right well.
Rudely from him hée reft it in the throng,
Dang out his braine, then in the Dyke him ſtong.
The remnant by that were on their féete,
Thus VVallace ſone can with the Captaine méet:
The ſtaffe hée had heavie, and forged new,
With that VVallace upon the head him drew:
While bone and braine all in ſunder yeed,
His men entred that worthie were indéed:
In hands hint, and ſticked all the lave,
Wallace commanded, they ſhould no wearmen ſave.
Twenty and two they ſticked in that ſtead,
Women and Bairns, when that the men were dead,
Hée cauſ'd hée tane, and kept in cloſe full well,
That they thereout might have thereof no feill:
The dead bodies they put ſone out of ſight,
Tooke up the bridges ere that the day was light,
In that place bode foure dayes ere hée would paſſe,
Wiſt none thereout how that the manner was:
Spoyled that ſtead, and tooke them gaining geare,
Jewels and gold, away with them they beare.
When hée thought time, they ſtyed in the night,
To the nert wood they went with all their might,
The Captaines wife, women, and children thrée,
Paſt where they would, for VVallace left them frée.
In that Forreſt hée liked not to bide,
They bounded them over Forth for to ride:
The Moſſe was ſtrong, to ride it was no boote,
Wallace was wight, and lighted on his foot.
Few horſe they had, little thereof they rought,
To ſave their lives, feill ſtrengths oft they ſought.

Steven of Ireland was their guide that night,
Toward Kinkardin, syne rested thereat right.
In that forrest which was both long and wide,
Which from the Holle grew to the water side:
After the Sun, VVallace walked about,
Upon Teth side where hee saw many a rout,
Of wylde beasts wavering in wood and plaine,
Some at a shot a great Hart hath hee slaine.
Flew fire off Flint, and graithed thereat right,
Suddenly their fresh Hennison they dight:
Victuall they had, both bread and wine so cleare,
With other stuffe enough at their dinneire.
The staffe of stale hee gave Keirlie to keepe,
Then past they over the water of Teth so deepe.
Into Statherne they entred suddenly,
In covert past, or Sutheron should them spy:
Whom that they found of Scotlands adversurs,
Without respect was come their fatall houres,
Whom ever they met, was at the English fay,
They slue all downe, withoutten moze delay.
They spared none that was of English bloud,
To death hee yæd, though hee were never so good.
This was the grace that Wallace to them gave,
They saved none, Knight, Squyer, nor yet Knave.
But wasted all by worthinesse of weire,
Of that party that might beare Bow or Speare.
Some part by slight, some part by force they slew,
But VVallace thought they walked never anew.
Silver they tooke, and als gold as they fand,
Other good geare fell lightly red from hand.
Cutted throats, syne in Peit-pots them kest,
Out of sight, for that they thought was best.

At

At the Black-furd as they would then passe ouer,
A Squyer came, and with him beirnes foure:
To Downe should ride, and wend that they had bæn
All Englishmen, that hæ before had sæne:
Tydings to speire, hæ boved them among,
Wallace therewith a good sword out hæ swong:
Upon his head hæ stroak with so great yre,
Through bone and braine in sunder stroak the lyre:
The other foure in hands soone were hint,
Deerly to death sticked or they would stint.
The horse they tooke, and what they liked best,
Spoyled them bare, syne in a Bog them kest.
Of this matter no more tarry they made,
But forth their way passed without abade.
Their warlicke Scots all with one consent:
So North ouer Erne out through the land they went
In Methwen wood their lodging tooke that night,
Upon the morne when that the day was light:
Wallace rose up, and went to the Forrest syde,
Where that hæ saw full wylde beasts abide.
Of wylde and tame walking abundantly,
Then Wallace said, This countrey liketh mæ.
Wear men may doe with food that they should have,
But want they meat, they rek not for the lave.
Of dainty faire Wallace could never kæp,
But as it came, welcome was meat and slæp.
Sometime hæ had great sufficience within,
Now want, now have, now lose, now sometime win:
Now light, now sad, now blyth, and now in baile:
In hastе, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haile.
Now waile and weill, now cold weather now heit:
Now moist, now drouth, & wavering wind, now weit

So fares with him for Scotlands right full eben,
In fell debate, seben yeares and moneths seben,
When hée wan peace, and left Scotland in plaine,
Then Englishmen made new conquest againe,
In frustrate termes I will not tarrie lang,
VVallace againe unto his men can gang,
And said, Heere is a land of great abundance,
Thanked bée God of his hie purbeyance.
Seben of you feirs, grathy soone, and goe with mée,
Right fore I long Saint-Iohnstoun for to sée.

Chap. II. How *Wallace* past to *S. Iohnstoun*, and slew the Captaine, and wan *Kinclevin*.

STeven of Ireland, as God of Heaven thée save,
Master and leader I make thée of the leave:
Kéepe well my men, let none out of thy sight,
While I gang hither, and come with all my might.
Byde mée seben dayes into this Forrest strong,
Yée may get food, suppose I dwell so long,
Some part ye have, and God will send you maire,
Thus turned hée and to the towne can fare:
The Maire képed the Port of the village,
VVallace knew well, and sent him his message.
The Maire was brought, saw him a goodly man,
Right reverently hée hath received them than.
At him hée asked, All Scots if that yée bée,
VVallace said, Yea, and it is peace trow mée.
I grant hée said, that likes us wonder well,
True men of peace must aye séeme friendship feill.
What is your name, pray you tell mée it,
VVilliam Malcome, hée said, since yée would wit.

In

In Etricke Forrest hath my winning bene,
There was I borne among the shawes shene.
Now I desire this Northland for to se,
Where I might finde better dwelling for me:
The Maire said, Sir, I aske it for none ill,
But feill tydings oft-times is brought us till:
Of one Wallace, that borne was in the West,
Our kings men he holds at great unrest.
Martyres them downe, great pitie is to se,
Out of the trewes forsoth I trow he be:
VVallace said then, We heare speake of that man,
Tydings to you of him tell nought I can:
For him he gart an Innes well graithed be,
Where none should come, but his own men and he.
The Stewart Keirlie brought them in fusion,
Good thing enough the best was in the towne.
Als Englishmen to drinking would him call,
And commonly he dealt not therewith all,
In their presence he spended reasonably,
Yet for himselfe he payed aboundantly,
On Scots men he spended meikell good,
None with his will upon the Sutheron blood:
Soone he conceived in his wit privily,
Into that Towne who was of most partie.
Sir Iames Butler an aged cruell knight,
Keeped Kinclevin, a Castle wonder wight.
His son Sir Iohn that dwelt into that Towne,
Under Captaine to Sir Gerrard Heroun:
The women als he visyit at the last,
And so on one his eyes began to cast:
In the Southgate a fellon ferlie faire,
Wallace to her made privately repaire:

So fell it thus, from the Towne ere hée paſſ,
At an accord they happened at the laſt.
Wallace with her in ſecret made him glad,
Sutheron wiſt not that hée ſuch pleaſance had:
Oft on the night he would ſay to himſell,
This is far worſe than any paine of hell.
That thus with wrong theſe devils brooke our land,
And I with force may not againſt them ſtand:
To take this Towne my power is too ſmall,
Great perill als of my life may befall.
Set it on fire, it will undoe my ſell:
Or loſe my men, there is no more to tell.
The gates are cloſed, the dykes are deepe with all,
Though I would ſwim, forſooth they can not all,
This matter here therefore I will let ſlide,
For at this time I may no longer bide:
All men him told the Captaine was to paſſe,
Home to Kinclevin, whereof right glad hée was.
His leave hée tooke at heires of the Towne,
To Methwin wood right gladly made them bowne.
His horne hée blint, and blithly bowned to blaw,
His men him heard, and there ſoone can they draw:
Right blyth hée was, for they were haill and feire,
Many at him for tythings would not ſpeire,
Hée them commanded for to make ready faſt,
In good aray out of the wood they paſt.
Toward Kinclevin they bowned them that tyde,
Then in the baile that neare was them beſide:
Faſt upon Tay his buſhment can hee draw,
In a derne wood hée ſtelled them on raw.
Set Scurriours out, the Countrey to eſpy,
But ſoone or noone there came fore-ryders by.

The watch turned to see what was his will,
Hee them commanded in covert bold them still.
And wee shaill forth, the house will knowledge have,
And that may some be warning to the lave.
All force in war doth nought but grievance,
VVallace was few, but happie was his chance:
Made him feill syse his adversours to win,
By that the court of Englishmen came in:
Foure score and ten well graithed in their geare,
Harnesse on horse, as likely men of weare:
Wallace saw well that number was na ma,
Hee thanked God, and then the field can ta.
The English marvell greatly what they should bee,
But fra they saw, they made them for mellie:
In rest they cast sharpe Speares in that tide,
In over they thought, out over the Scots to ride.
Wallace and his went over them againe,
At the first rush feill Sutheron were slaine:
VVallace stroak one with his good speare of stele,
Throughout the coist that shaft srushed ilked dele,
A birnisht brand in hande then hint he out,
Thrise upon foote he throng through all the rout:
Sterne horse they sticked, should men of armes beare
Fey under foot was foyled men of weare.
Butler lighted, himselfe for to defend,
With men of armes, which were full worthie kend.
On either side feill freiks were fighting fast,
The Captaine baid, though hee was sore agast:
Part of the Scots through worthinesse they slew,
VVallace was woe, and toward him hee drew:
His men then dred, the Butler bold and kene,
On him he sought, with eye and proper teene:

Upon the head hé stroake in matalent,
The birnisht blade throughout his basnet went.
Both bone and braine he bursted through his wæd,
Thus Wallace hand delivered them of that dræd.
Yet feill on fold was fighting fellonly,
Steven of Ireland, and all the Chevalrie,
Into that stoure did worthily and well,
And Keirlie als with his good staffe of stæle.
The Englishmen fra their Chiftaine was slaine,
They left the field, and fled in all their maine,
Thræscore were slaine, ere they would leave ỳ stead
The slæand folke they wist of no remead.
But take the house, they fled in all their might,
The Scots followed, that worthie were and wight.
Few men of Fence was left that place to kæpe,
Women and Preists upon the wall can wæpe,
For well they weined the slæars was their Lord,
To take them in, they made them readie ford:
Let downe the Bridge, cast up the gates wide,
The frayed folke entred, that durst not byde.
Good Wallace ever followed them so fast,
While in the house hé entred at the last.
The gate hé woze, while comming was the rout,
Of English and Scots hé held no man thereout.
The Englishmen that winned in that stead,
Withoutten grace they brittined them to dead,
The Captaines wife, women and Preists two,
And young children, forsooth they saved no moe.
Held them in close, after this sudden case,
Mr Sutheron men should sledge them in that place.
Tooke up the Bridge, and gates closed fast,
The dead bodies out of sight they cast,

Within

Within the house and outwith that were dead,
Five of his owne to burie hé caus'd lead.
In that Castle seven dayes still bode hé,
In every night they spoyled busily.
To Short-wood shaws led wines and victual wight,
And houshold geare, both gold and silver bright:
Women and they whom to hé granted grace,
When he thought time, they put out of the place.
When they had tane, what liked them to have,
Strake downe the gate, and set on fire the lave:
Out of the windows the Stancheours all they drew
Full great yron-worke into the water threw.
Buirdin dores and lockes in their yre,
All worke of trée they burnt into the fyre.
Spilt what they might, brake brig & bulwark down
To Short-wood shaws, in haste they made thé bown
Chosed a strength, where they their lodging made,
In good effeir a while still there hé bade.
Yet in the Towne of this no wit had they,
The countrey-folke, when it was light of day:
Great smoak saw rise, and to Kinclevin they sought
But wals & stone, more good there found they nought
The Captaines wife S. Iohnstoun Towne she yard,
And to Sir Gerrard told this fellon dæd,
Als to her son what hapned was by case,
Then dæmed they all that it was wight VVallace.
Before time there hé spyed had the Towne,
Then charged they all should be readie bowne,
Harnest on horse into their armour cleare.
To sæke Wallace, they went all forth in feare:
A thousand men well garnisht for the weire,
Toward the Wood, right awfull in effeire.

CHAP.

Chap. III. Short-wood Shawes.

TO Short-wood ſhaw, and ſet it all about,
With five ſtailes, that ſtelwart were and ſtout
The firſt they made, a ſellon range to lead,
Where VVallace was, full worthie aye indéde.
The ſtrength they tooke, and bade them hold it ſtill,
On every ſide aſſailyie who ſo will.
Sir Iohn Butler into that forreſt went,
With two hundred, ſore moved in his intent,
His fathers death to venge him, if hée mought,
To VVallace ſoone with men of armes hée ſought.
A Cleugh there was, whereof a ſtrength they made,
With thorne trées, and boldly there abade:
From the one ſide they might ith to the plaine,
Then through the wood to the ſtrength paſſe againe.
Twentie he had that noble Archers were,
Againſt ſeven ſcore of Engliſh bowmen faire:
Three ſcore of ſpears near hand them bode full right,
If Scots iſſued to helpe them at their might:
On Wallace ſet a bicker bold and kéene,
A Bow hée bare, was big, and well beſéene:
And arrows als, both long and ſharp with aw,
No man there was that Wallace Bow could drawe,
Right ſtrong hée was, and in full ſober géar,
Boldly hée ſhot among thoſe men of wear.
An angle head into the hawks hée drew,
Then at one ſhote the formoſt ſoone hée ſlew,
Engliſh archers, that hardy were and wight,
Againſt the Scots bickered with all their might.
Their awfull ſhot was fellon for to byde:

Of VVallace men they wounded feill that tyde:
Few of them was ſicker of archery,
Better they were, and they got even party:
In field to byde, either with ſword or ſpear,
VVallace perceived his men toke meikeill dear:
Hæ gart them change, and ſtand not in that ſtead,
Hæ caſt alwayes to ſave them, from the dead:
Full great travell upon himſelfe toke hé,
Of Sutheron archers feill men gart hee die.
Of Long-caſtle Shyre, bow-men were in that place,
A ſore archer aye waited on VVallace:
At an open where hé uſed to repaire,
At him hé drew a ſicker ſhot and ſaire.
Under the chin through a Coller of ſteele,
On the left ſide, and hurt his halſe ſome deale:
Aſtonied he was, but not greatly agaſt,
VVallace him ſaw, and followed him full faſt,
And in the turning with good will hath him tane,
Upon the craige, in ſunder broke the bane.
Then feill of them no friendſhip with him fand,
Fifteene that day he ſhot dead with his hand:
Wy that his Arrowes waſted were and gone,
The Engliſh Archers forſooth they wanted none:
Out with they were their power to renew,
On every ſide they could to them perſew.
William Lorane came with his bouſtreons ſtaill,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to aſſaile.
Nebuy he was as it was knowne plaine,
To the Butler before that they had ſlaine:
To venge his Eme he came with all his might,
Three hundreth led of men in armes bright,
To lead the range, on foot he made him ſord.

Wallace

VVallace to God his confidence couth remord,
Then comfort them with manly countenance.
Fæ lée, hæ said, good sirs, their ordinance:
Here is no choise, but either doe or die,
Wée have the right, the happier may it bée.
That wæ shall scape by grace out of this Land,
Lorane by that was readie at his hand:
By this it was after noone of the day,
Feill men of wit, to councell soone yæde they.
The Sutheron cast sharply on every side,
He saw the wood was neither long nor wide.
Lightly they said, Hæ should it hold so lang,
Five hundreth made on foot throughout to gang.
Had men of armes, that eager were of will,
About the *Scots* with many shout full shill.
With bow and speare and swords stiffe of stéle,
On either side no friendship could they féle:
VVallace in yre a buirly brand can draw,
Where feill Sutheron were sembled on a raw:
To send his men with his deare worthy hand,
The folke were fey that he before them fand:
Throughout the thickest of the great preasse hæ past,
Upon his enemies hæ went wonder fast:
Against his dint no wædes might availe,
Whom so hæ hit, was dead withoutten faile.
Of the fiercest full braithly dang hæ downe,
Before the Scots that were of great renowne.
To hold ȳ strength, they preast with all their might,
Then Englishmen that worthie were and wight:
Sir Iohn Butler relieved in againe,
Sundered the Scots, and did them meikell paine.
The Loarne als that cruell was and kéene,

A ſore eſſay forſwth there might bee ſæn,
Then at the ſtrength they might no longer byde,
The range ſo ſtrong came upon either ſide.
In the thickeſt wood they made their fell defence,
Againſt their foes ſo full of violence:
Right feill Sutheron there left their life in wed,
To a new ſtrength VVallace and his men fled:
On his adverſaries they made full fell debate,
To helpe themſelves, none other ſuccour they wate:
The Sutheron als were ſundred then in twin,
But they againe together ſone can win.
Full ſubtilly their ordinance they made,
The range againe they bowned but more abade.
The Scots were hurt, and part of them were ſlaine,
Then VVallace ſaid, We labour all in vaine:
To ſlay commons, it helpes us right nought,
But their Chiftaines that have them hither brought:
Might wee work ſo, that one of them were ſlaine,
So ſore eſſay they could not get againe:
By this the Hoaſt approaching was full neare,
Thus they them held full manly upon feare:
Then VVallace ſaw the Sutheron were at hand,
Him thought no time longer for to ſtand.
Right manfully hee graithed hath his geare,
Sadly hee went againſt theſe men of weare:
Throughout the ſtoure full faſt fighting hee ſought,
With Gods grace to venge him if hee mought:
Upon the Butler awfully ſtroke hee,
Safeguard hee got under a bowing tree.
The branch in two hee ſtroke above his head,
Als to the ground hee felled him in that ſtead,
The whole power upon him came ſo faſt,

That they by force rescued him at the last,
Lorane was woe, and thither fast can draw,
Wallace returned, so suddenly he him saw:
Out at a side full fast to him he yeed,
He got no girth for all his burnisht weed:
With yre him stroke on his gorget of stele,
The trenching blade it pierced every deale:
Through plate and stuffe might not against it stand
Deerly to death he left him on the land:
Him have they lost, though Sutheron had it sworne
For his crage-bone was all in sunder shorne.
The worthy Scots did nobly that day,
About Wallace, while he was wone away.
He took the strength against their foes will,
Aboundantly in bargane bade them still.
The sery soone rose the bold Lorane was dead,
Sir Gerrard Heroun tranoynted to that stead,
And all the hoast assembled him about,
At the north-side then VVallace issued out,
With his good men, and bowned them to go,
Thanking great God that they were parted so:
Seven of his men that day to death were dight,
To Gargill wood they went that selfe same night.
In the field left of the Sutheron fyre score,
And Lorane als, that mourning was the more.
The range in haste they raised soone againe,
But when they saw their travell was in vaine.
When it was past, full meikell moane was made
To ryde the wood both dale, slonke, and slaid.
For Butlers gold VVallace tooke care before,
But they found nought, would they seeke evermore
His horse they got, but nought else of his geare,

With dolefull mone return'd these men of weare.
To Saint-Johnstoun, with sorrow and great care,
Of VVallace forth, me likes to speake no mare.
The second night the Scots could them drain,
Right privately againe to Short-wood-shaw.
Tooke up their good which was put out of sight,
Cloathing and stuffe, both gold and silver bright.
Upon their feet, for hesse was tane them fra,
Ere the Sunrose to Methwen-wood can goe.
The two dayes ober their lodging still they made,
Bot the third night they moved but more abade.

Chap. IIII. How *VVallace* was sold to the *Englishmen* by his Lemman.

TO Elchok Parke full suddenly they went,
Therein that strength to bide was his intent:
Then Wallace said, He would goe to the Towne,
Arrayed him well into a Priests gowne:
In Saint-Johnstoun disguised can he fare,
To this woman, the which we spake of aire:
Of his presence she right rejoyced was,
And aye in dread how he away should passe.
He sojourn'd there from none was of the day.
While neare the night, ere that he went his way,
He trysted her when he should come againe.
On the third day, then was she wonder faine:
Yet he was seene with enemies as he yeed,
To Sir Gerrard they told of all his deed:
And to Butler that would have wroken beene,
When they cam'd take that woman faire and sheene.

Accused her sore of reset into that place,
Full oft the swore, that she knew not Wallace.
Then Butler said, We wot well it was hee,
And but thou tell, in baill fire thou shalt die:
If thou wilt helpe to bring yong Kebald downe,
We shall thee make a Lardie of renowne,
They gave to her both gold and silver bright,
And said, She should be wedded to a Knight:
Whom she desired, that was but marriage,
Thus temped they her through counsel, & great wage.
That she them told, what night hee should bee there,
Then they were glad, for they desir'd na mair.
Of all Scotland but Wallace at their will,
Thus ordained they that pointment to fulfill:
Feill men of armes they graithed haistily,
To keepe the gates, wight Wallace to espy,
At the set tryst, hee entred in the Towne,
Witting nothing of all this false treasoun.
To her chamber hee went but more abade,
She welcomed him, and full great pleasance made.
What that they wrought, I cannot graithly say,
Right unperfect I am of Venus play.
But haistily hee bowned him to gang,
Then shee him tooke, and askt, If hee thought lang?
She asked him, that night with her to bide,
Sone he said, Nay, for chance that may betide:
My men are left at mis-rule all for mee,
I may not sleepe this night, while I them see,
Then weped she, and said full oft, Alace!
That I was made, woe worth the cursed case,
Now have I lost the best man living is,
O feeble minde! to doe so foule a mille.

O warled wit! wicked, and variance,
That mée hath brought in this mischiebous chance.
Alace, she said, in world that I was wrought,
If all this paine on my selfe might bée brought:
I have served to bee burnt in a glied,
When Wallace saw she neare from wit couth weid.
In his armes hée caught her soberly,
Who hath done ought, he said, dear heart? have I?
No, I, quoth shée, hath falsly wrought this traine,
I have you sold, right now ye shall be saine:
She told to him her treason to an end,
As I have said, what nèds more legend.
At her he askt, if she forthought it sore?
Yea, Sir, she said, and shall doe evermore.
My warled weird in world I must fulfill,
To mende this misse, I would burn on an hill:
Hée comfort her, and bade her have no dread,
I will hée said, have some part of thy wèd:
Her Gowne on him he tooke, and Curches als,
Will God, I shall escape this treasen false,
I thée forgive withoutten words mire,
Hée kissed her, then tooke his leave to fare:
His burly brand helped him oft innèd,
Right privately bid it under his wed.
To the south-gate the gainest way hée drew,
Where that hée found of armed menanew.
To them hée told dissimulate in countenance,
To the chamber, where hée was in perchance:
Spèd fast, hée said, VVallace is locked in,
For him they sought withoutten noise or din;
To that same house about they can him cast,
Out of the gate then Wallace got full fast.

Right glad in heart, when that hee was without,
Right fast hee ȝæd, a sture pace and stout:
Two men beheld, and said, Wæ will goe sæ,
A stalwart Quеane, forsoth, yond sæmes to bæ.
They followed him thzough the south inch they two,
When Wallace saw with them there came no moe:
Againe hæ turned, and hath the formost slaine,
The other fled: then Wallace with great maine,
Upon the head with his swozd hath him tane,
Left them both dead: then to the strength is gane.
His men hæ got, right glad when they him saw,
To their defence in haste hæ caus'd them dzaw:
Devoyded him sone out of the womans wæde,
Thus scaped hæ out of this fellon dzeade.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *VVallace* escaped out of *Saint-Iohnstoun*, and past to *Elchoke* Parke: and how hee slew *Fawdoun*.

The darke Region appeared wonder fast,
In November, when October was past:
The dayes fall thzough right course ward short,
To banisht men, that is no great comfort.

With

With their power to seir place that worthy gang,
Heavie they thinke, when that the night is lang:
Thus Wallace saw the nights messenger,
Phœbus had lost his fiery brands cleare:
Out of the wood they durst not turne that tyde,
For adversaries that in their way would byde:
Wallace then told anew were on his hand,
The Englishmen were ost the Towne command:
The more they brak where they trowd Wallace was
When they him missed, they bowned hence to passe.
In this great noyse the woman got away,
But to what stead, I cannot graithly say:
The Sutheron sought right sadly for that stead,
Through the south inch, & found their two men dead.
They knew by that VVallace was in the strength,
About the Parke they set on breadth and length,
With fyre hundreth well graithed in their armes,
All likely men to wreake them of their harmes:
An hundreth men charged in armes strong,
To kæpe an Hound, that they had them among:
In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,
Sicker of sent, to follow them that fled:
She was so used in Eske and Liddisdaile,
While shæ had blood, no flæing might availe:
Then said they all, VVallace might not away,
Hæ should be theirs, for ought that hæ doe may.
The host they left in diverse parts that tyde,
Sir Gerrard Hercoun in the staill can byde:
Sir John Butler the range hæ tooke him till,
With thræ hundred which were of hardie will:
Into the wood upon VVallace they yæd,
The worthy Scots that were in meikell dread.

Sought to a place, for to have issued out,
And saw the staill environed them about.
Againe they went with hideous stroaks and strong,
Great noise and din was raised them among:
Their cruell death right marvellous to ken.
Where fourty macht against three hundred men:
VVallace so well upon him tooke that tide,
Through the great preasse a way he made full wide
Helping the Scots with his deare worthie hand,
Fetill foe men he left fey upon the Land.
Yet Wallace lost fifténe into that stead,
And fourtie men of Sutheron there were dead:
The Butlers folke so frushed were indéed,
The hardie Scots to the strengths through they yéed:
Upon Tay syde they hasted them full fast,
In will they were the water to have past.
Better him thought perill for to bee,
Upon the Land, than wilfully to sée.
His men to drowne, where rescue might be none,
Againe in yre to the field are they gone.
Butler by then had put his men in array,
On them he set with hardy awfull essay,
On either syde with weapons stiffe of stéele,
Wallace againe no friendship let them féele.
But doe or die they wist no more succour,
Thus fend they long into that stalward stour.
The Scots Chiftane was young and in a rage,
Used in war, and fights with high courage:
Hé saw his men of Sutheron take such wrong,
Them to revenge all dreadlesse hé did gang:
For many of them were bléding wonder sare,
Hé could not sée none helpe appearing there.

But

But if their Chiftane were put out of their gate,
The bzim Butler ſo boldly made debate:
Thzough the great pzeaſſe right faſt to him he ſought
His awfull dæd avenge it if hée mought.
Under an Oke with men about him ſet,
Wallace might not a graith ſtroak on him get,
Pet ſhed hée them: a full rude ſtep hée made,
The Scots went out, no longer there they bade,
Steven of Ireland that wozthie was and wight,
To helpe VVallace hée did full pzeaſſe and might:
With true Keirlie, doughtie in many deed,
Apon the ground feill Sutheron they gart bléd.
Sixty were ſlaine, of Engliſhmen in that place,
And nine of Scots were tint into that caſe:
Butlers men were ſo deſtroyed that tide,
Into the ſtour they would no longer bide.
To get ſupply, hee went into the ſtaill,
Thus loſt hee there an hundzed of great availl.
As they were beſt arraying Butlers rout,
Betwixt parties then VVallace iſſued out.
Sirtæne with him they graithed them to goe,
Of all his men hée had leaved no moe.
The Engliſhmen have miſſed him, in hy
The Hound they toke, and followed haſtily.
At the Gaskwood full faine they would have bæn,
But this Slouth-hound that cruell was and kéne,
On VVallace foot hée followed wonder faſt,
While in their ſight approached at the laſt.
Their hozſe was wight, and ſojourned right long,
To the next wood they had two miles to gang.
Of upward ground they yéd with all their might,
Good hope they had, foz it was near the night.

Fawdoun

Fawdoun hé tyred, and said, Hé might not gang,
VVallace was woe to leave him in the thrang:
Hé bade him goe, and said, The strength was near,
But hé therefore would not the faster steare:
Wallace in yre on the craige can him ta.
With his good sword, and stroke his head in twa:
Dreadlesse to ground hé dushed to the dead,
From him hé lap, and left him in that stead:
Some démes it to evil, and some to good,
But I say here into these termes rude:
Better it was he did, as thinkes mé,
First, to the Hound it may great stopping bé.
Als Fawdoun was holden of great suspition,
For hé was holden of bruckle complexion.
Right strong hé was, and had but little gone,
Thus Wallace wist, had hé béene left alone:
And he were false, to enemies hé would ga,
If hé were true, the Sutheron would him sla.
Might hé doe nought, but lose him as it was:
From this question now shortly will I passe.
Démes as yé list, yé that can best, and may,
But I rehearse, as mine Authour doeth say.
The stars as then began for to appeare,
The Englishmen were comming wonder neare,
Five hundreth whole were in their Chevalrie,
To the next strength then VVallace can him hye:
Steven of Ireland unwitting of Wallace,
And good Keirly bode still near hand that place.
At the Pure side into a scroggie slaid,
By east Duplin, where they this tarry made,
Fawdoun was left beside them on the land,
The power came, and suddenly him fand:

For their sleuth-hound the graith way to him yeed
Of other tred as then she toke none hæd.
The sleuth stopped at Fawdoun still shé stood,
No further would, from time she found the blood.
The Englishmen dæm'd, for other they could not tell
But that the Scots had foughten among them sell.
Right woe they were, for losed was their sent,
Wallace two men among the Host in went:
Dissembled well, that no man should them ken,
Right in effeir, as they were Englishmen,
Keirly behele unto the bold Heroun,
Upon Fawdoun as hé was loking downe:
A subtle stroake upward him tooke that tyde,
Under the cloak the grounden sword can glyde:
By the good Hailzie, both craige and haise-bane,
In sunder stroke, thus ended that Chiftaine.
To ground hé fell, feill folke about him throng,
Treason they cryed, a traytour us among:
Keirly with that sled out at the Host side,
His fellow Steven thought it no time to byde:
The fray was great, and fast away they yéd,
Both toward Erne: thus scaped they that dread:
Butler was woe, of wéping might not stint,
Thus reklesse this good knight have they tint.
They dæmed all that it was VVallace men,
Dreile himselfe, though they should not him ken;
Hé is right near, wé shall him have but faile,
The feeble wood may little him availe.
Fourtie there past againe to Saint-Iohnstoun,
With dead corps to burying made them bowne.
Parted their men, and diverse wayes yéd,
A great power at Dupline still there bade:

To

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If hé were true, the Sutheron would him sla.
Might hé doe nought, but lose him as it was?
From this question now shortly will I passe.
Démes as yé list, yé that can best, and may,
But I rehearse, as mine Authour doeth say.
The stars as then began for to appeare,
The Englishmen were comming wonder neare,
Five hundreth whole were in their Chevalrie,
To the next strength then VVallace can him hye:
Steven of Ireland unwitting of Wallace,
And good Keirly bode still near hand that place.
At the Pure side into a scroggie slaid,
By east Duplin, where they this tarry made,
Fawdoun was left beside them on the land,
The power came, and suddenly him fand:

For their Sleuth-hound the graith way to him yeed
Of other tred as then she tooke none hæd.
The Sleuth stopped at Fawdoun still hæ stood,
No further would, from time she found the blood.
The Englishmen dæm'd, for other they could not tell
But that the Scots had foughten among them sell.
Right woe they were, for losed was their sent,
Wallace two men among the Host in went:
Dissembled well, that no man should them ken,
Right in effeir, as they were Englishmen,
Keirly beheld unto the bold Heroun,
Upon Fawdoun as hæ was looking downe:
A subtle stroake upward him tooke that tyde,
Under the cloak the grounden sword can glyde:
By the good Hailzie, both craige and haise-bane,
In sunder stroke, thus ended that Chiftaine.
To ground hæ fell, feill folke about him throng,
Treason they cryed, a traytour us among:
Keirly with that fled out at the Host side,
His fellow Steven thought it no time to byde:
The fray was great, and fast away they yæd,
Both toward Erne: thus scaped they that dread:
Butler was woe, of wæping might not stint,
Thus reklessie this good knight have they tint.
They dæmed all that it was VVallace men,
Or else himselfe, though they should not him ken,
Hæ is right near, wæ shall him have but faile,
The feeble wood may little him availe.
Fourtie there past againe to Saint-Johnstoun,
With dead corps to burying made them bowne.
Parted their men, and diverse wayes yæd,
A great power at Dupline still there bade:

To

To Dalreach the Butler paſt but let,
At ſundrie parts the gate was unbeſet:
To kæpe the wood, while it was day they thought,
As VVallace thus in the thick Forreſt hæ ſought,
For his two men in minde he had great paine,
Hæ wiſt not well if they were tane or ſlaine:
Or ſcaped whole by any jeopardie:
Thirtæne were left, with him no moe had hé:
In Gask-hall there their lodging have they tane:
Fire they got ſone, but meat then had they nane,
Two ſhæpe they tooke beſide them in a fold,
Ordained their ſupper into that ſæmely hold:
Graithed in haſte, ſome meat to them was dight,
So heard they blow rude hornes upon hight,
Two ſent hæ forth, to ſæ what it might be,
They bode right long, but no tydings got hæ,
But bouſteous noiſe, ſo brimly blowing faſt,
So other two into the wood forth paſt:
None came againe, but bouſteouſly can blow,
Into great yre hæ ſent them forth in row:
When that alone Wallace was leaved there,
The awfull blaſt abounded meikell mare:
Then trowde he well they had his lodging ſeene,
His ſword hee drew of noble mettell kéene,
Then forth hæ went, where that he heard the horne,
Without the hoyſe Fawdown was him before,
As to his ſight, his head into his hand,
A croſſe he made, when that hee ſaw him ſtand:
At Wallace in the head hæ ſwakked there.
And hæ in haſte ſone hint it by the haire,
Then out againe at him could it caſt,
Into his heart hæ was greatly agaſt.

Right

Right well hee trowed it was no spite of man,
It was a devil, that such malice began,
He will no availe, there longer to abide,
Up through the hall this wight Wallace can glyd.
To a close staire, the buirds raise in twine,
Fyftene foote long hee lap forth of that Inne:
Up the water then suddenly can hee fare,
Againe hee blenked what appearance was there.
Him thought hee saw Fawdoun that ugly syre,
Upon the house, and all the rest on fyre.
A great rose tree hee had into his hand,
Wallace as then no longer hee would stand.
Of his good men full great marveill had hee,
How that they were tint through his fantasie.
Trusting right well all this was soth indeed,
Suppose that it bee no point of the Creed.
Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
That time that hee parted from heaven to hell.
By such mischiefe if his men might be lost,
Drowned or slaine amongst the English host:
Or what it was in likenesse of Fawdoun,
Which brought his men to such confusion.
Or if the man ended in evil intent,
Some wicked spite againe for him were sent,
I can nought speake of such divinitie,
To Clerkes I will let all such matters bee.
But of VVallace on forth I will you tell,
When hee was went, out of this danger fell.
Yet glad hee was that he escaped sa,
But for his men great mourning can he ma.
Plait by himselfe to the Maker above,
Why hee suffered his soule such matters prove.

Hee will not well if it were Gods will,
Right or wrong his Fortune to fulfill:
Had it pleased God he trowed it might not bee,
He should bee set in such perplexitie:
But great courage in his minde ever drave,
On Englishmen thinking a mends to have.
As hee was thus walking by him alone,
Upon Erne side, making a piteous moane:
Sir Iohn Butler to watch the Fords right,
Out from his men of Wallace had a sight,
The mist was went, and to the mountaines gone,
To him he raid where that hee made his moane,
On loud hee speird, What art thou walks this gate?
A trueman, Sir, though my voyage be late:
Erands I passe from Down unto my Lord,
Sir Iohn Stewart the right who will record:
In Down is now, new commed from the King,
Then Butler said, This is a seicouth thing:
Thou leid hee said, thou hast beene with Wallace,
I shall thee know, ere thou come from this place.
To him hee start the Cursour wonder wight,
Drew out his sword, then made him for to fight.
Above the knee good VVallace hath him tane,
Throuth thie and brane in sunder straike the bane
Derfly to ground the Knight fell on the land,
VVallace the horse soone seased in his hand,
An actward stroake then tooke him in that stead,
His craige in two, thus was the Butler dead.
An Englishman saw their Chiefetaine was slaine,
A speare in rest hee cast with all his maine.
On VVallace drave from the horse him to beare,
Warly he wrought as worthy man of weare.

The

The speare hé wan withoutten moze abaid,
On hoꝛse hee lap, and thꝛough a great rout raide,
To Dalreach then hé knew the Furd full well,
Befoꝛe him came feill stuffed into steele.
Hé strake the first but bade in the blasoun,
While hoꝛse and man all fleit the water dowine,
Another swne dowine from the hoꝛse hé bare,
Stramped to ground and dꝛown'd withoutten mare
The third he hit on the harnesse of steele,
Thꝛoughout the coist the speare it raife like deele:
The great power after him then can ride,
He saw no wisedome there longer to abide:
His birnisht bꝛand, bꝛaithly in hand he bare,
Whom he hit right, they followed him na maire.
To stuffe the chase feill freekes followed fast,
But VVallace made the gayest aye agast.
The Mure he tooke, and thꝛough their power rade,
The hoꝛse was good, but yet he had great dꝛead,
Foꝛ failing him, ere hé wan to a strength,
The chaise was great stailed on bꝛeadth and length:
Thꝛough strong danger they bad him aye in sight,
At the Blacke-furde there VVallace down can light
The hoꝛse stuffed, the way was deepe and lang,
A large long while wightly on foot can gang.
Oꝛ hé was hoꝛsed, ryders about him cast,
Hé saw full well long time hé might not last.
Had men indéed upon him can renew,
Without recoverie twentie that night hé slew.
The fiercest aye rudely rebuted hee,
Keeped his hoꝛse, and right wisely can flée.
While that he came the mirkest Mure amang,
His hoꝛse gave ouer, and would no further gang.

VVallace

Wallace on foot took him with good intent,
The horse he slew, or that he further went.
That Englishmen of him should have no good,
And left on foot, for well he understood:
For Sutheron men on him should have no sight,
In high hather hee past with all his might.
Throughout ye darke mure then from them hath he sought
But suddenly there came into his thought:
Great power did walke at Striveling bridge of tree,
Sighing hee said, No passage is for mee:
For fault of food, and I have fasted lang,
On war-men now me thinkes no time to gang.
At Cambuskenneth I shall the water till,
Let God above doe with mee what hee will.
Into this Land I may no longer bide,
Tarry hee made some part on Forths side.
Tooke off his weed, and graithed him but maire,
His sword he bound, that wonder sharply share:
Among his geare, on his shoulders aloft,
Thus in hee went, to great God praying oft,
Of his good grace his cause to take in hand,
Over the water he swam to the south land,
Arrayed him well, the season was right cold:
For Pisces was into his dayes old.
Overthart hee cast, to the Torwood hee yeed,
A widow dwelt, which helped him in need,
Hither hee came or day began to daw,
To a widow and privilie can caw:
They spiered his name, but tell them would he nought
While she her selfe near to his language sought.
From time she knew that it was wight VVallace,
Rejoyced she was, and thanked God of grace:

She

Shee spiered soone, If hée was his alone,
Mourning he said, As men now habe I none:
Shée speared soone, where that his men should bee,
Faire Dame, he said, Goe get some meat to mée:
I habe fasted since yesterday at mo3ne,
I d3read full so3e my men they be so3lo3ne.
Great part of them I saw to the death b3ought,
Shée got him meat in all the haste she mought.
A woman hée called, and als with her a childe,
And bade them passe againe these wayes wilde.
To the Gaskhall, tydings fo3 to speare,
If part was left of his men into feare,
And she should finde an ho3se soone in her gate,
He bade them sée if that place stood in state.
Thereof to heare he had full great desire,
Because he thought it was all into fire.
They passed out withoutten tarry maire,
Him fo3 to rest, Wallace remained there.
Refreshed hée was with meat and d3inke, and heate,
Which caused him th3ough naturall cou3se to sléepe.
Where hée should sléepe at the woman hée speared,
The widow had th3ée sons that were leared:
First two of them shée sent to kéepe Wallace,
He gart the third goe soone to Dunipace:
And tell his Eme, that hée was hapned there:
The Parson came to sée of his welfare,
Wallace to sléepe was laid in the wood side,
The two young men without him near could bide.
The Parson came near hand, the manner saw,
They beckened to him what 3ead hée should d3aw.
The Bone was thicke that Wallace sléeped in,
About hée went, and made but little din.

So at the laſt of him hée had a ſight,
Full priuately where that his bed was dight:
Hée him beheld, then ſaid unto him ſell,
Here is a marvell who likes it for to tell:
This is a perſon of worthineſſe of hand,
Trowes to ſtop the power of England.
Now falſe Fortune, the miſworker of all,
By eventure hath giuen him a fall:
That hée is left without ſupply of ma,
A cruell wife with weapons might him ſla.
VVallace him heard, with that the ſléep ouer-paſt,
Fiercely hée roſe, and ſaid to him als faſt:
Thou lieſt, falſe Prieſt, were thou a foe to mé,
I would not dread ſuch other ten as thée:
I have had more ſince yeſterday at morne,
Then ſuch ſixty were aſſembled mé before:
His Eme him tooke, and went forth with Wallace,
Hée told to him all his moſt painfull caſe:
This night hée ſaid, I was left mine alone,
In fell debate, with enemies many one:
God at his will hath aye my life to keepe,
Ouer Forth I ſwam, that awfull is and dépe:
What I have had in warre before this day,
Priſon and paine, (to this night) is but play.
So beat I am with ſtroakes ſad and ſore,
The chill water then burnt mée meikell more:
After great blood, through heat & cold was wrought,
That of my life almoſt nothing I rought.
I moane farre more the tynſell of my men,
Nor of my ſelfe, might I ſuffer ſuch ten:
The Parſon ſaid, Deare ſon thou mayſt ſée well,
Longer to ſtrive, it helpeth never a deale.

Thy

Thy men are loſt, and none will with thée riſe,
For God his ſake make as I ſhall deviſe:
Take a Lordſhip whereon thou mayeſt live,
King Edward will great lands to thée give:
Uncle, hée ſaid, Of ſuch words na mare,
This is nothing but æking of my care:
I like better to ſée the Sutheron die,
Than gold or land, that they can give to mée:
Truſt thou right well of warre I ſhall not ceaſe,
Untill the time I bring Scotland to peace:
Or die therefore the plaine to underſtand,
So came Keirly, and good Steven of Ireland:
The widowes ſon to Wallace hée them brought,
From they him ſaw, of no ſadneſſe they rought:
For perfect joy they wæped with their æne,
To ground they fell, and thanked heavens King:
As hée was glad for reſcue of them two,
Of their feirs living were left no mo.
They told to him that Sir Gerrard was dead,
How they had well eſcaped of that ſtead.
Through the Ochell they had gone all that night,
To Airth Ferry when that the day was light:
How a true Scot through kindneſſe of Wallace,
Brought them ſone over, then kend them to that place
As Keirly wiſt if Wallace living were,
Neare Dunipace that he ſhould finde him there:
The Parſon gart good purveyance for them dight,
Into Tor-wood they lodged all that night.
While the woman that VVallace north had ſend,
Returned againe, and told him to an end.
What Engliſhmen in the way thée ſaw dead,
Feill was fallen fey in many ſundrie ſtead.

The horse the saw, that VVallace had bereft,
And the Gaskhall standing as it was left:
Withoutten harme, nor touched of a stone,
But of his men, good tydings got she none.
Therefore shé grieved greatly in that tyde,
In the Forrest hee would no longer byde.
The Widow gave him part of silver bright,
Two of her sons that worthie were and wight:
The third thee left, because he lacked age,
In weare as then might not win vassalage.
The Parson then got them good horse and geare,
But woe shé was, his minde was so in weare:
Thus tooke shé leave without longer abode,
To Dundaffe Mwre the samine night shé rode:
Sir Iohn the Grahame, which Lord was of that land
An aged Knight, had made none other band:
But purchast peace in rest shé might byde still,
Tribute shé payed full sore against his will.
A son shé had, both wise worthie, and wight,
King Alexander at Barwicke made him Knight.
Where showing was of battell to have béene,
Betwixt the Scots and the bold Persie keene.
This young Sir Iohn right noble was in weare,
On a broad sword his father gart him sweare:
Shé should bé true to Wallace in all thing,
And shé to him while life in them might reigne:
Three nights there Wallace was out of dread,
Rested him well, so had hath meikell need:
On the fourth day shé would no longer byde,
Sir Iohn the Grahame bowned with him to ryde,
And shé said nay, as then it should not be,
A plaine part yet I will not take on me.

I have

I haue tint men thrꝛough mine owne rekleſſe déed,
A burnt childe als moꝛe ſoꝛe the fire ſhould dꝛead:
Friends ſome part I haue in Cliddiſdaile,
I will goe ſée what they may mee availe.
Sir Iohn anſwered, I will your counſel doe,
When ye thinke time, ſend pꝛiuatly me to:
Then I ſhall come with my power in haſte
He him betaught unto the holy Ghaiſte,
S. Iohn to beꝛgh they ſhould méet whole and ſound,
Out of Dundaffe he and his foure couth ſound:
In Bothwell Mure that night remained hee,
With one Crawford that lodged him pꝛiuilie.
Upon the moꝛne to the Gilbanke he went,
Receiued he was of many with glad intent:
Foꝛ his deare Eme young Auchenlek dwelt there,
Bꝛother he was to the Shyꝛeffe of Aire.
When old Sir Rannald to his dead was dight,
Then Auchenlek wedded that Ladie bꝛight:
And childꝛen got, as ſtoꝛies beares recoꝛd,
Of Leſmahago, foꝛ he held of that Loꝛd,
But he was ſlaine, that pitie was the maire,
With Perſies men into the Towne of Aire.
His ſon dwelt ſtill, then nineteene yeares of age,
And bꝛoked whole his Fathers Heritage:
Tribute he paied foꝛ all his lands bꝛaid,
To Loꝛd Perſie, as his bꝛother had made.
I leaue Wallace with his deare Uncle ſtill,
Of Engliſhmen yet ſome thing ſpeake I will.
A meſſenger ſone thrꝛough the Countrey yeed,
To Loꝛd Perſie, and told this fellon deed,
Kinclevin was burnt, bꝛoken, and caſten downe,
The Captaine dead of it, and Saint Iohnſtoun.

The Lorane als in Short-wood-ſhawes ſhéne,
Into the land great ſorrow hath béene ſéne:
Through wight Wallace that all this déd hath done
The Towne hé ſpyed, and that forthought us ſone.
Butler is ſlaine, with doughtie men and deare,
In aſper ſpæch the Perſie then can ſpeare,
What word of him, I pray thee gratthly tell,
My Lord, hé ſaid. Right thus the caſe befell:
Wé know for truth hé was left him alone,
And as hé fled, hé ſlew full many one.
The horſe wé found, that him that gate could beare,
But of himſelfe no other word wé heare.
At Striveling bridge wé wot hé paſſed nought,
To death in Forth hé may for us hé brought.
Lord Perſie ſaid, Now truely that is ſin,
So good of hand hé is this world within.
Had hé tane peace, and been our Kings man,
This whole Empyre hé might have conqueſt than.
Great harme it is, our Knights that are dead,
Wé muſt gare ſé for others in their ſtead:
I trow not yet that VVallace loſſed bee,
Our Clerkes ſayes, Yee ſhall gare many die,
The Meſſenger ſayes, All that forſooth hath béene,
Many hundreth that cruell was and kéene:
Since hé began, are loſſed without remead,
The Perſie ſaid, Forſooth hé is not dead.
The Crowkes of Firth hé knowes wonder well:
Hé is on live, that ſhall our Nation feill.
When hé is ſtrelled, then can hé ſwim at will,
Great ſtrength he hath, both wit and grace theretill
A meſſenger the Lord charged to wend,
And his command in writ hé with him ſend.

Sir

Sir Iohn Stewart great Shyreffe then hé made,
Of Saint-Iohnstoun, and all the Lands braid:
Into Kinclevin there dwelt none then againe,
There was nought else, but broken walls in plaine:
Leave I them thus ruling the lands there,
And speake I will of Wallace good welfare:
Hé send Keirly unto Rannald that night,
To Boyd and Blaire, that worthie were and wight:
And Adam als, his Cousen good VVallace,
To them declared hé of his painfull case,
Of his escape out of that companie,
Right wonder glad was that good Chevalrie.
From time they knew that Wallace living was,
Good diligence they made to him to passe.
Master Iohn Blaire was one of that message,
A worthie Clerke, both wise and als right sage:
Learned hé was before in Parise Towne,
Amongst Masters in Science of good renowne.
VVallace and hé at home in Schole had bene,
Soone afterwards as veritie was séene:
Hé was the man that chiefly undertooke,
That first compyld to dyte the Latine Booke
Of Wallace life, right famous of renowne,
And Thomas Gray Parson of Libbertoun.
With him they were, and put in historiall,
Mickle one or both mickell of his travell,
And therefore here of them I make mention,
Master Iohn Blaire to VVallace made him bowne.
To see his health, his comfort was the more,
As they full oft together were before.
Silver and gold they gave him for to spend,
So did hé them freely when God it send.

Of good well-fare as then hee wanted none,
Englishmen with hee was left him alone:
Where he should be, was none of them couth say,
Drowned or slaine, or else escaped away.
Therefore of him they tooke but little heed,
They knew him not, the lesse hee was in dread,
All true Scots great favour to him gave,
What good they had, hee needed not to crave.
The peace lasted that Sir Rannald had tane,
Those three moneths it should not bee out-gane,
Whole Christmas then Wallace remained there,
In Lanerke oft to sport hee made repare:
When that hee went to Gilbanke from the Towne,
If hee found men was of that Nation:
To Scotland they did never grievance more,
Some sticked they, some throats in sunder shore.
Feill were found dead, but none wist who it was,
Whom hee handled, hee let no further passe,
There Hesilrig dwelt, that cursed knight to waile,
Shyrefe he was of all these lands haile:
Of fellon out-rage despitefull in his deed,
Many of him therefore had meikell dread.
Marvell hee thought who durst his people sla,
Without the Towne hee caus'd great numbers ga,
When Wallace saw that they were moe then he,
Then did he nought, but salust courteously.
Als his foure men buris them so quyetly.
No Sutheron could deeme them unhonestly:
In Lanerk, a gentle-woman there,
A maiden mylde, as my Booke will declare.
Eighteene yeares old, and little more of age,
Als borne she was to part of heritage.

Her

Her father was of worship and renowne,
And Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lammingtowne.
As feill were then into the Countrey calde,
Before time they Gentle-men were of alde:
But this good man and als his wife was dead,
The Maiden wist then of none other remead:
But still she dwelt in tribute in the Towne,
And purchast had king Edwards protection:
Servants with her, of friends at her will,
Thus lived she without desire of ill.
A quyet house, as she might hold in weare,
For Hesilrig had done her meikell deare.
Slaine her brother, which eldest was and heire,
All suffered she, and right lowly her bare.
Amiable, so benigne, ware, and wise,
Courteous and sweete, fulfilled of all gentrice:
Well ruled of tongue, right haile of countenance,
Of vertue she was worthy to advance.
Humbly her held, and purchast a good name,
Of every wight she keped her from blame.
True righteous folke a great favour her lent,
Upon a day to the Kirke as she went:
Wallace her saw as he his eyes can cast,
The print of Love him prunzied at the last.
So asperly through beautie of that bright,
With great unease in presence bide he might.
Hee knew full well the kindred of her blood,
And how she was in honest use and good:
Whiles would he thinke to love her over the lave,
And other while he thought on his disdave:
How that his men were brought to confusion,
Though his last Love, he had in Saint-Johnstoun.

Then

Then would hée thinke to liue and let ouerslide,
But that thought long in minde could not abide:
Hée told Keirlie of his new luft and baill,
Then asked hée him of his true counsell:
Walter, hée said, As farre as I can feele,
Of likelinesse it may bée wonder well:
Since so yée loue, take her in marriage,
Goodly shée is, and als of heritage:
Suppose that yée in loving feill a misse,
Great God forbide it should be so with this.
To marry thus I cannot yet attend,
I would of warre first sée a finall end:
I will no moze alone to my loue gang,
Take hèed to mée, foz dzead I suffer wzong:
To pzoffer loue thus sone I would not pzieue,
Might I leave off, in warre I thinke to liue.
What is this loue? Nothing but foolishnesse,
It may reaue mée both wit and stedfastnesse.
Then said hée thus, This will not graithly bee,
Amours and wars at once to reigne in mée.
Right soth is it, stood I in blisse of loue,
Where dèds were, I should the better pzoue.
But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought,
It letteth war, that in wise men is wzought.
Unlesse it be, but only till one deed,
Then hée that thinkes of loue foz to speed.
Hée may doe well hath hée Fozune and grace,
But this stands all into another case:
A great kingdome with feill foes ouer-set,
Right hard it is any mends foz to get.
Against them, and kèpe the obseruance,
Which belongs to loue, and all her fziuole chance.

Example

Example I have, which me forthinketh sore,
I hope in God it shall be so no more.
The truth I know of this, and her Linage,
I know nought her, therefore I losse a gage:
To Keirly hée thus argued in this kinde,
But great desire remained in her minde:
For to behold that fréely of fassoun,
A while hée left, and came not in the Towne:
On other thing did make his wit to baike,
Proving that hée might of that labour slaike:
When Keirly saw hée suffered paine for thy,
Deare Sir, hée said, Yée live in sluggarie:
Goe sée your Love, and yée shall get comfort,
At his counsell hée walked for to sport,
Unto the Kirke, where shée made residence,
She knew him well, but as for Eloquence:
She durst not well, in presence to him kyth,
Full sore she dread that Sutheron should her myth:
For Hesilrige had a matter new begun,
And her desired in marriage to his son:
With her Maiden this VVallace she besought
To dyne with her: and privatly shée him brought:
Through a Garden, shée had gart worke anew,
So Englishmen nought of their méeting knew:
Hée kissed this Maide, with gladnes and pleasance,
Sone her besought right heartly acquantance:
Shée answered him, with humble words and wise,
Were mine acquaintance worthy for to prise:
Ye shall it have, as God mé save in saule,
But Englishmen doe gar our power faile:
Through violence, of them, and their bairnage,
That hath well neare destroyed our Linage.

When

When Wallace heard her complaint pitteouslie,
Grived in heart hee was right greatumly.
Both yre and love him set into a rage,
But nought for thy hee lobered in courage.
Of this matter hee told as I said aire,
To that goodly how Love constraind him saire:
Shee answered him reasonably againe,
And said, I shall to your service bee bane:
With all pleasance in honest causes baile,
And I trust nought yee would set to assaile.
For your worship, to doe mee dishonour,
And I a Maide, and stand in many stoure.
From Englishmen to save my woman-heid,
And cost have made to keepe mee from their feid.
With my good-will I will no Lemmen bee,
To no man borne: therefore I thinke should yee:
Desire me not, but into goodlinesse,
Perchance yee thinke I were too low percase:
For to pretend to bee your righteous wife,
Into your service I would use all my life.
Here I beseech for your worship in Armes,
Yee charge me not with no ungodly harmes.
But mee defend for worship of your blood,
When Wallace well her true tale understood.
As in a part him thought it was reason,
Of her desire therefore to conclusion:
Yee thanked her, and said, If it might bee,
Through Gods will that our Kingdome bee free,
I would you wed with all heartie pleasance,
But at this time I may not take such chance.
And for this cause none other now I crave,
A man in warre may not all pleasance have.

Of

Of their talke then, can I tell you na mare,
To my purpose what band that they made there.
Conclude they this, and to the dinner went,
The soze griebance remained in his intent,
Losse of his men, and lustie paine of Love,
His leave hé toke, at that time to remove.

Chap. II. How *Wallace* past to *Lochmabane*, and how they cutted his horse tailes, and how he shave the blood-letter.

Then to Gilbanke he past ere it was night,
Upon the morne with his foure men him dight,
To the Corhead without resting hé rade,
Where his Nevoy Thom Holiday him abade,
And Edward Little als, his Cousen deare,
Which was so blith, when he wist him so neare.
Thanking great God hé sent him safe againe,
For many dreamed he in Stratherne was slaine.
Good cheare they made, all out those dayes thré,
Then Wallace said, That hé desired to sé
Lochmabane Town, & Englishmen that were there;
On the fourth day they bowned them to fare,
Sirtene hé was of goodly Chevalrie,
In the Knockwood hé leaved all but thré:
Thomas Holiday went with them to the Towne,
Edward Little and Keirly made them bowne,
Toan Miller Thomas Holiday led them right,
And gave command their dinner should be dight.
To heare a Masse in good intent they yéd,
Of Englishmen they thought there was no dread.

One

One Clifford came, was Emes son to the Lord,
And three with him, the truth for to record:
To their Innes soone, after VVallace was past,
Who ought these horse? in great bathing he askt,
The Good-wife said for to have pleased him best,
Three Gentle-men are come out of the west:
Who devil them made so gayly for to ride?
In faith with me a wed there must abide:
These lewd Scots have learned little good,
Loe, all these horse are shent for fault of blood:
Into great scorne withoutten words more,
The tailes all of these three horse they shore.
The Good-wife cryed, and piteously can greete,
So VVallace came, and could the Captaine meet:
A woman told him, they had his horse shent,
For proper yre he grew in matalent,
He followed fast, and said, Good friends abide,
Service to take for thy craft in this tide.
Marshell thou art without command of me,
Reward againe me thinkes I should pay thee:
Since I of late new came out of the west,
In this Countrey a Barbour of the best:
To cut and shave, and that one wonder good,
Now shalt thou feele how I use to let blood:
With his good sword the Captaine hath he tane,
While horse againe he marshelled never ane:
Another soone upon the head strake he,
While chafts and cheekes upon the gate can flee.
By that his men the other three had slaine,
Their horse they tooke, and graithed them full bane,
Out of the Towne for Dinner had they none,
The wife shee prayed that made so pitteous moane.

Then

Then Englishmen fra their Chiftaine was dead,
To Wallace fought from many fundrie ſtead:
From the Caſtle came cruell men and keene,
When VVallace hath their ſudden ſembly ſeene.
Toward ſome ſtrength he bowned him to ride,
For then him thought it was no time to bide:
His horſe bled faſt, that gart him dreading have,
Of his good men, he would have had the lave.
To the Knockwood withoutten more they rade,
But into it no ſojourning hé made:
That wood as then was neither thicke nor ſtrang,
His men he got, then lighted he to gang:
Toward an hight, and led their horſe a while,
The Engliſhmen were then within a myle:
On freſh horſe riding full haſtily,
Seven ſcore as then were in that companie.
The Scots lap on, when they that power ſaw,
Toward the South them thought it beſt to drawe:
Then Wallace ſaid, It was no wit in wear,
With our power to byde them bargan hear.
Ponare men good, therefore I will that wee,
Innermore ſeeke, while God ſend us ſupply.
Haliday ſaid, We ſhall doe your counſell,
But ſore I dread that theſe hurt horſe will faile.
The Engliſhmen in birniſht armour cleare,
By then to them approached wonder neare.
Horſed Archers ſhot, and would not ſpare:
Of Wallace men they wounded too full ſare.
In yre he grew, when that he ſaw them bleed,
Himſelfe he turned, and on them ſone hés yeed:
Sirteen with him that worthy were in weare,
Of the foremoſt right ſharply downe they beare:

At that returne fiftæne in field was slaine,
The lave they fled unto their power againe:
Wallace followed with his good Chevalrie,
Thomas Holiday in weare was full busie:
A buthment saw that cruell was and kæne,
Two hundred haile of well graithed Englishmen.
Unkell he said, our power is too smaw,
From this plaine field I counsell you to drawe,
Too few wee are against yon fellon traile,
Wallace returned full soone at his counsell:
At the Cor-head full faine they would have bæne,
But Englishmen have well their purpose sæne.
In plaine battell them followed hardily,
In danger thus they held them awfully:
Hew of More-land on Wallace followed fast,
Hé had before made many Scots agast.
Holden hé was of weare the worthiest man,
In North England was with them living than.
In his armour well forged of fine stæle,
A noble Cursour bare him both fast and well:
Wallace returned beside a buirly Dake,
And on him set a fellon sicker stroak.
Both coller bone and shoulder blade in two,
Through the mid coast the good sword gart he goe:
His speare he wan, and als his Courser bright,
Then left his owne, for losed was his might.
For lacke of blood hé might no further gang.
Wallace on horse the Sutheron men among,
His men relieved that doughtie were in dæde,
Him to rescue out of that fellon dreade:
Cruell stroakes forsoth there might bé sæne,
On either side till blood ran on the græne.

Right

Right perillously the sembly was to se,
Hardly and hote, continued the maillie.
Shewing rescue of Scots and English als,
Some carved bone in sunder, and some the hals,
Some hurt, some hint, some dung unto the dead,
The hardy Scots so stirred in that stead:
With Haliday on fot that boldly abade,
Among the Sutheron a full great rowme they made
V Vallace on horse, hint him a noble speare,
Out through them rade, as good Chiftaine in wear.
Thre slew he there, ere that his speare was gane,
Thus his good Sword in hand then hath he tane:
Dang on derfly with strokes sade and sore,
Whom that he hit, grieved the Scots no more.
Fra Sutheron men by naturall reason knew,
How with a stroke a man aye he slew:
Then marvelled they he was so metkell of maine,
For their best men in that kinde had he slaine.
That his great strength againe helped him nought,
For none other in contrare V Vallace sought.
Then said they all, Live he in strength untane,
This whole Kingdome he will win him alane:
They left the field, and to their power fled,
And told their Lord, how evil the formost sped.
Which Graystock beght, was new come in the land
Therefore he trowed none durst against him stand:
Wonder he thought when as he saw that sight,
Why his good men for so few tooke the slight.
At that returne twentie in field were tint,
And Moreland als therefore he would not stint:
But followed fast with three hundreth but dread,
And swore he would be venged on that deed.

The Scots wan horse, because their owne did faile,
In fleeing then chosed the most availe:
Out of the field this wight VVallace is gone,
Of his good men he had not lossed one:
Five wounded were but lightly forth they rode,
Wallace a space behinde them aye abode.
And Haliday proved well in many place,
A fitter son hee was to good Wallace:
Warlike they rode, and held their horse on end,
For they trowed well the Sutheron would offend:
With whole power at once upon them set,
But Wallace cast their purpose for to let:
To breake their ray, hee visit them fast fast,
The Englishmen so greatly were agast:
That none of them durst rush out of the staile,
All in a ray together held them haile.
The Sutheron saw how that aboundantly,
Wallace abode near hand their Chevalrie:
By Morelands horse they knew him wonder well,
Past to their Lord, and told him everilke deale:
Loe, Sir, they said, forsoth this same is hee,
That with his hands caused so many die.
Hath his horse grace upon his feet to byde,
Hee doubts not through five thousands for to ryde.
Wee reed you cease, and follow him no more,
For dread that wee repent it syne full sore:
Hee blamed them, and said, Men may well see,
Towards yee are, that for sorew would flee:
For their counsell yet leave would hee them nought,
Into great yre hee sadly on them sought:
Waiting a place where he might bargane make,
Wallace was woe upon him for to take:

An

And hée so few to byde them on a plaine:
At Quinsberie hée would have bæne full faine:
Upon himselfe hée toke so great travaill,
To send his men, if that might him availe:
A sword in hand, right manly him to weare,
Ay waiting fast, if hée might get a speare:
Now here, now there, before them to and fro,
His horse gave over, and might no further goe:
Right at the skirt of Quinsberie befell,
But upon grace, as mine Authour will tell:
Sir Iohn the Grahame that worthie was and wight
To the Corhead came on the other night:
Thirtie with him of noble men at wage,
The first daughter hée had in marriage
Of Haliday, was Nevoy to VVallace,
Tydings to speire Sir Iohn passed off that place:
With men to speake, where they a tryst had set,
Right neare the stead where Scots and English met:
And Kirkpatricke that cruell was and keene,
In Eskdale wood that halfe a yeare had bæne:
With Englishmen he could not well accord,
Of Torthorwald hée Barron was and Lord:
Of kin hée was to VVallace mother deir,
On Crawford syde, that meikell had to steir.
Twentie he had of worthy men and wight.
By then Wallace approached to their sight:
Sir Iohn the Grahame when hée the counter saw,
On them hée rade, and stood but little aw.
His good-father hée knew right wonder well,
Gart downe his speare and sunzeit not a deill:
Kirkpatrick als with worthy men of weare,
Fifty in front at once downe they beare.

Through the thickest of thée hundreth they rade,
On Sutheron síde full great slaughter they made:
Them to reskew that was in fellon throng,
Wallace on foote the great power among:
Good rowme hée got through helpe of Gods grace,
The Sutheron fled, and left them in that place.
Horses they wan, to stuffe the chase good spéde,
Wallace and his that doughtie were in déd
Graystocke tooke flight, on sterne horse and stout,
An hundreth held together in a rout.
VVallace on them full sadly can persue,
The fléeing well of Englishmen hée knew.
That ay the best would passe with their Chiftaine,
Before him fand hée good Sir Iohn the Grahame:
Aye stryking downe whom ever hée might by,
Then Wallace said, This is but waste folly.
Commons to slay where Chiftaines goes away,
Your horse are fresh, therefore doe as I say.
Good men yée haue are yet in noble state,
To yon great rout, for Gods love hold your gate:
Sunder them soone, wée shall come at your hand,
When Sir Iohn had this tale well understand:
Of none other, from thence forth tooke he héed,
To the formost he followed well with spéed.
Kirkpatrick als considered this counsell,
They charged their men aye follow on the staill:
At his command full soone with them they met,
Sad stroaks and sore sadly upon them set.
His Uncle als hée knew right wonder well,
Cast downe his speare, and sounzied not a deall.
Kirkpatricke als with worthie men of weare,
Thirtie on front at once downe they beare:

Through

Thrǫugh the thickeſt Sir Iohn the Grahame rade,
On Sutheron ſide full great ſlaughter they made:
Good rowme hæ gat thrǫugh helpe of Gods grace,
The Sutheron fled, and left them in that place,
Horſes they wan to ſtuffe the chaſe good ſpæd,
VVallace and his that doughtie were indæd.
Grayſtocke fled faſt on ſterne horſe and ſtout,
An hundreth held together in a rout.
VVallace on them ſadly could perſue,
The flæing well of Engliſhmen hæ knew.
Wallace on horſe he hint a noble ſpeare,
And followed faſt as good Chiftaine in weare.
Thrǫ hæ flew he there, ere that his ſpeare was gane,
Then his good ſwǫrd in his hand hath hæ tane.
Dang on derfly with ſtrokes ſad and lǫre:
Whom that hæ hit, grieved the Scots no mǫre.
Upon the lave fighting full wonder faſt,
And many greome they made full ſǫre againſt.
The Engliſhmen that buſie were in weare,
Aſſayled ſǫre them from the Moſſe to bear.
Right perillous the aſſembly was to ſæ,
Hardie and heat continued the mellie,
Showing the reſcue of Scots and Engliſh als,
Some carved bones in ſunder, ſome the hals:
Sir Iohn the Grahame to Grayſtock faſt he ſought,
His Penſane then it helped him right nought.
Upon the craige a graith ſtroke gave him right,
The burely brand was braid, and birniſht bright.
In ſunder carved the maillzies of fine ſteele,
Thrǫugh braine and bone it rushed ever like deale.
Dead with that dint to the ground down him drave.
By that VVallace aſſembled on the lave.

Derfly

Deerly to death fell frekes there hée dight,
Rose never againe, whom ever hée hit right:
Kilpatricke came, Tom Haliday, and their men,
Their doughtie déeds were noble for to ken:
At the Knockhead the bold Grayſtocke was ſlaine,
And many moe, which were of meikell maine:
To ſave their lives, part in the wood they paſſ.
The Scottiſhmen they ran together faſt. (met,
When Wallace with Sir Iohn the Grahame was
Right goodly hée with humbleneſſe him gréet:
Pardon hée aſked of the reproove before,
Into the chaſe, and ſaid hée ſhould no more:
Information make to him that was ſo good,
When that Sir Iohn VVallace well underſtood:
Doe away, hée ſaid, thereof as now na mare,
Yée did full right, it was for our well fare:
Wiſer in war yée are all out than I,
Father in armes yée are to mee for thy,
Kirkpatricke then that was his Couſen deare,
Hée thanked him right on a good manner.
Eight ſcore were ſlaine, or they would leave ỳ ſtead
The fléeing folke they knew of no remead.
Not one was loſt of all their Chevalry,
Sir Iohn the Grahame to them came happily.
The day was done, approaching was the night,
At Wallace then they aſked counſell right:
Hée anſwered thus, I ſpeake but with your leave,
Right loath I were any goodly men to grieve.
But this I ſay in tearmes ſhort for mée,
I would aſſaile, if yée thinke it may bée:
Lochmabane houſe which now is left alone,
For well I wot that power in it is none.

Carla-

Carlaveroke als yet Maxwell hath in his hand,
And we had these, they might be both a wand
Against Sutheron, that now hath our Countrey,
Say what ye will, this is the best thinkes me:
Sir Iohn the Grahame gave first his good consent,
Then all the lave right with a whole intent:
To Lochmabane right hastily they ryde,
When they came there not halfe a myle beside:
The night was darke, to councell are they gone,
Of Mone, or Star appearance was there none:
Then Wallace said, We thinke this land at rest,
Tom Haliday, thou knowest the Countrey best.
I heare no noyse of feill folkes heare about,
Therefore I trow we are the lesse in doubt,
Haliday said, I will take one with me,
And ride before, the Countrey for to se:
Watson he called, with me make the bowne,
With them thou wast aye neighbour in this Towne
I grant I was with them against my will,
And mine intent was aye to doe them ill:
Unto the gate peartly they two forth rade,
The Porter came withoutten longer abade:
At Iohn Watson then tythings could he speire,
Open he bade, the Captaine commeth neare:
The gate but more unwisely up he drew,
Tom Haliday sone by the craigs him threw:
And with a knife he sticked him in that stead,
In a darke hole downe dreadlesse cast him dead.
Iohn VVatson hath hint the keyes in his hand,
The power then with VVallace was comand:
They entred in, before them found no mo,
Except women, and simple servants two:

In the kitching long ſcudlers had they beene,
Sowne they were ſlaine. When the Ladie had ſéne:
Shée cryed for grace, for him that died on trée,
Then VVallace ſaid, Madame, your noyſe let bée:
To women yet wée doe but little ill,
And young children wée like not for to ſpill:
I would have meat, Haliday, what ſayes thou?
For faſting folke to din good time were now,
Great purveyance, was ordained them before,
Both bread, and aile, good wine, and other ſtore.
To meat they bowned, for they had faſted lang,
Good men of Armes into the Cloſſe cauſde gang:
Part fléing folke on fot they from them glad,
On the Knockhead, where great mellie was made:
Aye as they came Iohn Watſon let them in:
And done to death withoutten noyſe or din.
No man left there, that was of England borne,
The Caſtle well they vewed on the morne:
For Iohnſtoun ſent a man of good degrée,
Second daughter forſoth wedded had hée.
Of Halidayes deare Nevoy to Wallace,
Great Captaine then they made him of that place.
They left him there into a good array,
They iſhed forth upon the other day:
Women had leave in England for to fare,
Good VVallace, & Sir Iohn the Grahame could care
To the Corhead, and lodged there that night,
Upon the morne the Sun was at the hight:
After dinner they would no longer byde,
Their purpoſe tooke in Crawford Mure to ride,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, with Wallace ỳ was wight
Tom Haliday againe returned right.

To

To the Corhall, and remained but dread,
No Sutheron wist principall who did this déed:
Kirkpatricke past to Eskdale woods wide,
In saftie there he thought bee should abide.
Good Wallace and Sir Iohn the Grahame in feare,
With them fourtie men of Armes cleare.
Through Crawfurd Mure as they then took their way
On Englishmen their minde remained aye.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* wan the Castle of *Crawfurd*, and slew the Captaine thereof.

From Crawfurd-Iohn the water down they ryde,
Neare hand the night, they lodged upon Clyde:
Their purpose tooke into a quyet maile,
Then Wallace said, I would we might assaile:
Crawfurd Castle with some good iespardie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, how say ye best may bée?
This good Knight said, If the men were without,
To take the house there is but little doubt:
A Squyer then ruled that Lordship haile,
Of Cumber-land borne, his name was Mortindale;
Then VVallace said, My selfe will passe in feare,
And one with mée, of harbery for to spiere:
Follow on dright if that wée misser ought,
Edward Little with his Master forth sought.
To an Ostellarie, and with a woman met,
Shée told to them that Sutheron there were set.
If yée be Scots, I counsell you passe by,
For if they may, ye will get evil harberie.
At drinke they are, so have they bén right long,
Great word there is of Wallace them among:

They

They trow that he hath found his men againe,
At Lochmabane feill Engliſhmen are ſlaine:
The houſe is loſt, that makes them bee full woe,
I hope in God, that they ſhall ſone tyne moe:
VVallace ſpiered of Scotland if that ſhee bee:
Shee ſaid, Yea, and thinkes yet to ſee:
Sorrow on them, through helpe of Gods grace,
Hee asked her, Who was into that place?
No man of fence was left that houſe within,
Twenty are here making great noyſe and din:
Alace, ſhe ſaid, If that might I once ſee,
The worthie Scots in it moſt maiſter bee.
With this woman hee would no longer ſtand.
A breaken hee made, Sir Iohn came at his hand.
VVallace went in, and ſaid, Benedicitie,
The Captaine ſpiered, What bellamy may thou be?
That comes ſo grim, ſome tydings to us tell,
Thou art a Scot, the devil thy Nation quell:
Wallace braid out a ſword, withoutten moze,
Into the breaſt the brime Captaine hee boze:
Throughout the Coſte, ſticked him to the dead,
Another hee hit acward upon the head:
Whom ever hee ſtrake, hee burſted bone and lyze,
Feill of them dead fell flatling in the fyze.
Haſty payment he made them on the flooze,
And Edward Little keped well the dooze.
Sir Iohn the Grahame full faine would have been in
Edward him bade at the Caſtle begin:
For of theſe folke wee have but little dread,
Sir Iohn the Grahame fait to the Caſtle yéed:
VVallace rudely ſuch routs on them gave,
That twenty men deifly to death hee drave:

Fifténe

Fifténe bé ſtroake, and fifténe hath hé ſlaine,
Edward ſlew fiue which was of meikell maine:
To the Caſtle VVallace had great deſire,
By that Sir Iohn had ſet the houſe on fire:
None was therein that great defence could mae,
But woman ſoze faſt wéping into wae.
Without the place a bold Bulwarke was made,
VVallace went ouer withouttenlonger bade:
The woman ſoone hé ſaued from the dead,
Weake folke hé put and childzen from that ſtead:
Of purueyance hé found little oz none,
Befoze that time their victuall was all gone:
Yet in that place lodged they all that night,
From Oſtlarie bzought ſuch good as they might:
Upon the mozne houſes they ſpoiled faſt,
All things they bought, out of that place they caſt:
Tré-wozk they burnt, that was within the wanes,
And wals bzake down, that ſtalwart were of ſtanes
Spoyld what they might, then would no longer byde
Unto Dundaffe the ſame night they did ride,
And lodged there with all mirth and pleaſance,
Thanking great God, that ſent them ſo good chance:

The end of the fifth Booke.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

Of the Spouſage of *VVallace*, and how *Heſilrig* ſlew *VVallace* wife in the Town of *Lanerke*, and how *VVallace* ſlew *Heſilrig* for the ſame cauſe, and put the *Engliſh-men* out of *Lanerke*.

When paſſed were the Octaves of Februare,
And part of March by right degeſtion,
Appeared then the laſt moneth of Ver:
The ſign of Summer, with his ſweet ſeaſõ
By that VVallace from Dundaffe made him bowne
His leave hæ toke, and to Kilbank can fare,
The rumour roſe through Scotland up and downe,
With Engliſhmen that Wallace living were.

Into April when cloathed is but wæne,
The able ground through working of Nature,
And woods have on their worthie wæds græne,
When Nymphis in building of her boure,
With oyle and balme fulfilled of ſwæt odoure,
Caneittis in trace as they were wont to gang,
Walking their courſe in every caſuall houre,
To glad the Hunters with their merrie ſang.

In this ſame time to him approached new,
His luſtie paine of which I ſpake of aire:

By

By loves case hé thought for to persue.
In Lanerke Towne, and hither can hé fare:
At residence a while remained there.
In her presence, as I have said before,
Though Englishmen grieved at his repaire,
Yet hé delighted the thing that set him sore.

The fire of Love him ruled at such wise,
Hé liked well with that gowdy to bé:
Whiles hé would thinke of dangers for to rise,
And other whiles out of her presence flé,
To cease of warre it were the best for mé.
Thus win I nought but sadnesse on like side,
Shall never man this cowardnesse in mee sé,
To war I will, for chance that may betide.

What is this Love? It is but great mischance,
That mé would bring from armes verily:
I will not change my worship for pleasance,
In war I thinke my tyme to occupy,
Yet her to love I will not let for thy,
More I shall desire my worship to reserve,
From this day forth, then evermore did I,
I feare of warre whither I live or sterve.

What shall I say, VVallace was plainly set,
To love her best in all the world so wide.
Thinking hé should of his desire to get,
And so befell by concord on a tide:
That she was made at his command to byde:
And this began the stinting of this strife,
The band began with graith witnesse beside,
Mine Authour sayes, she was his wedded wife.

Now

Now liue in peace, now liue in good concord:
Now liue in play, now liue in whole pleasance,
For she by chance hath both her loue and Lord:
Yée thankes Loue, that did him so advance,
So evenly held by favour the ballance:
When héeat will may lay her in his armes,
Shée thanked God of her high happie chance,
For in his time hée was the flowre of Armes.

Fortune him shew her double figured face,
Feill syse or then hée had béene set above:
In prison now, delivered now through grace,
Now at uneasse, now at unrest, and rufe,
Now well at will, willing his pleasant love,
And thought himselfe out of adversitie,
Desiring aye his manhood for to prove,
In courage set upon the Kaiges hie.

The verie truth I cannot graithly tell,
Into this life how long that they had béene:
Through naturall course of generation fell:
A childe was cheved these two lovers betweene,
Which goodly was a Maiden bright and shéene,
So farther forth became time to her age:
A Squyer shaw that then full well hath séene,
This life lait man got her in marriage.

The other Maid wedded a Squyer wight,
Which was well knowne come in of Balliols blood,
And their heires by lyne succeeded right:
To Lammingtoun and other lands good,
Of this matter the right who understood,
Hereof as now I will no more proceed,

Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
Of other thing my purpose is to reed.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying,
Further of them as now I speake na maire,
But V Vallace forth into his war can reigne,
Hee might not cease, great courage so him beare,
Sutheron to slay, for dread hee would not spair:
And they oft syse feill causes to him wought,
From that time forth which moved him so saire,
That never in world out of his minde was brought.

Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy whole pleasãce
Now leave thy blisse, now leave thy childish age:
Now leave thy youth, now follow thy hard chance,
Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage,
Now leave thy Love, for thou shalt tyne a gage,
Which never in earth shall be redeemed agatne,
Fellon Fortune, and all her fierce outrage.
Goe live in warre, goe live in cruell paine.

Fye on Fortune, fye on thy frivole whæle:
Fye on thy trust, for here it hath no leise,
That so transfigured V Vallace out of his wæle,
When hee trusted for to have lived best,
His pleasance here to him is but a jest,
Through thy feirs cours that hath none bap to hoe,
Him thou overthrew out of his liking rest,
From great pleasance, in warre, travell and woe.

What is Fortune, who drawes the dait so fall,
Hee wot there is both well and wicked chance,
But this false world with many double call,
In it is nought but verie variance:

It is nothing to heavenly governance:
Then pray we all to the Maker above,
Which hath in hand of Justice the Ballance,
That hee us grant it of his deare lasting Love.

Hereof as now further I speake na mare,
But to my purpose shortly will I fare.

TWelve hundreth year thereto ninetie and seven
From Christ was borne the righteous King of
VVilliam VVallace into good liking goes, (heaven
In Lanerke Towne among his mortall foes,
The Englishmen that ever stout have bœne,
With Hesilrig that cruell was and keene:
And Robert Thorne a fellon subtill knight,
Hath found the way by what meanes best he might,
How that they should make conteare to VVallace,
By argument, as he came upon case.
On from the kirke that was without the towne,
While their power might be in Armes bowne:
Sir Iohn the Graeame that worthy was and true,
To Lanerke Towne good VVallace could persue,
Of his welfare as he full oft hath seene,
Of men hee had in companie fifteene:
And VVallace nine, they had no feires moe,
Upon the morne unto the Masse they goe:
They and their men graithed in goodly græne,
For the season such use full long hath bœne.
When sadly they had sayd their devotion,
One argued them as they went through the Towne:
The strongest man that Hesilrig then knew,
And als hee had of lightly words anew.

Yee saluit them as it were but in scorne,
Dew gaird, gwd day bone Seneour, and gwd morne
Whom scornes thou (quoth Wallace) wha learde thē?
Why Sir (quoth he) came yē not ower the sea,
Pardon mee then, for I weend yē had beene,
An Amballade to bring an uncouth Queene,
Wallace answered, Such pardon as wē have,
In us to give, thy part thou shalt not crave.
Since yē are Scots, yet saluit shall yē be,
Gwd even daucht Lord Wallauch Benochadie:
More Sutheron men to them assembled neare,
Wallace was loath as then to make a steire:
One made a tit, and crept at his long sword,
Hold still thine hand (quoth he) and speik thy word
With thy long sword thou makes meikill boast,
Thereof (quoth he) thy Dame made little taxt.
What cause hast thou to wear that gowlly greene?
Wy most cause is, but for to make thē keene:
What should a Scot doe with so faire a knife?
He said, The Priest that spangled thy wife.
That woman long hath called him so faire,
While that his childe worthed to bē thine heire.
Yē thinke (quoth he) thou dridest mee to scorne,
Thy Dame was saiped ere ever thou was borne.
The power then assembled on him about,
Two hundreth men that stalwart were and stout:
The Scottish saw their power was command,
Sir Robert Thorne and Hesilrig at hand.
Great multitude with weapons birnisht beene,
The worthie Scots that cruell were and keene:
Among the Sutheron such dints gave that tyde,
While blood on hand vnwed from wounds wide:

Wallace in stour was truelly fightand,
Of a Sutheron he smote off the right hand,
And when the Carle of fighting might na maire,
With his left hand in yre held a Buckler,
Then from the stumpe the blood sprang out full fast,
In Wallace face abundantly can it cast,
Into great part it marred him of his sight,
Sir Iohn the Grahame a stroak hath tane him right
With his good sword, upon the Sutheron syde,
Dearfly to death drove him into that yde:
The perill was right awfull, hard and strong,
The stour endured marveillous and long:
The Englishmen yet gathered wonder fast,
The worthie Scots the gate left at the last.
When they had slaine, and wounded many one,
To VVallace Innes the gainest way are gone.
When passed some, defended them right well,
Yee and Sir Iohn with swords of tempred steele:
Behinde their men, while they the gate had tane,
The woman then which was full will of wane:
The perrill saw with felton noyse and din,
Set up the gate, and let them enter in.
Through to a strength, they passed off that stead,
Fiftie Sutheron upon the gate lay dead.
This faire woman with businesse and might,
The Englishmen did tarry with a sight:
Whilst that VVallace into the wood was past,
Then Carrlane Craigs they persued full fast.
When Sutheron saw that chaped was Wallace,
Againe they turned, the woman tooke on case.
Put her to death, I cannot tell you how,
Of such matters I may not tarry now.

When

Where great dule is but redæming againe,
Renewing of it is but æking of paine.
A true woman had serued her full lang,
Out of the Towne the gainest way can gang,
To Wallace told how all the deed was done.
The painfull woe sought to his heart full swne:
Were not for shame hee had shot to the ground,
For bitter baile that in his breast was bound:
Sir Iohn the Grahame both wise gentle and free,
Great mourning made, that pitie was to see:
And als the lave that were assembled there,
For poore sorrow with heart wæped full saire:
When Wallace felt their courage was so small,
Hee kenned him for to comfort them all.
Cease men hee said, this is a hatefull bane,
For we cannot chevis her life againe,
Vneasea woord hee might bring out for teen:
The baitfull teares burst braithly from his eene,
Sighing he said, Shall never man mee see,
Rest into ease while this deed wroken bee.
The sakelesse slaughter of her both blith and bright,
That I avow to the Maker of might:
Of all that Nation I shall never forbeare,
Young nor old that able is to weare.
Professis nor women I thinke not for to slay,
In my default, but if thy cauling mae:
Sir Iohn hee said, let all this mourning bee,
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die:
Where men may weepe, their courage is the lesse,
It slaikes the eye of wrong they should redresse,
Of their complaints as now I speake na mair,
Of Auchenlcke in Kilbanke dwelling there.

When he heard tell of Wallace veration,
To Cartland wood with ten men made him bowne:
Wallace he fand some part within the night,
To Lanerke Towne in the haste they them dight,
The watch as then of them had little dread:
Parted their men then diverse wayes yeed.
Sir Iohn the Grahame and his good companie,
Unto Sir Robert Thorne full fast they hye:
Wallace and his to Hesilrig they past,
In an high house, where he was sleeping fast:
Stroke at the doore with his foot hardily,
While bare and braits in the flowre gart he lye.
The Shyrefe cryed, Who makes this great deray
Wallace he said, which thou hast sought this day.
The womans death will God thou shalt deare by,
Hesilrig thought it was no time to lye.
Out of the house full faine he would have beene,
The night was mirke, yet Wallace hath him seene:
Fiercely him strake as he came in great yre,
Upon the head brittit through bone and lyre.
The shearing sword, glaid to the shoulder bone,
Out over the staire among them he is gone.
Good Auchinleke trowed not that he was dead,
Thrise with a knife he strake him in that stead:
The scry about rose rudely in that stræte,
Feill of the lade were fulzeit under fete:
Young Hesilrig and wight Wallace is met,
A sicker strake Wallace hath on him set:
Derfly to death over the staire dang him downe,
Many that night he slew in Lanerk Towne.
Some grieffes lap, and some sticked within,
Effeired they were with hideous noyse and din:

Sir

Sir Iohn the Grahame had set the houſe on fyre,
Where Robert Thorne was burnt up bone and lyre
Twelue ſcore they ſlew that were of England borne,
Women they leaued and prieſts on the morne.
To paſſe their way of bliſſe and goods bare,
And ſwore that they againe ſhould come na mare:
When Scots heard theſe fine tydings of new,
Out of all parts to Wallace faſt they drew:
Plenſyht the Towne, which was their heritage,
Thus VVallace ſtrave againſt that great barnage.
Aye hé began with ſtiffe and ſtalward hand,
To chebeis againe, ſome rowmes in Scotland.
The worthie Scots that ſembled to him there,
Choſed him for chiefe their Captaine and leader.
Aymer Wallange a fellon tyrant Knight,
In Bothwell dwelt, King Edwards man full right.
Murray was out, though hé was righteous Lord,
Of all that land, as true men will record.
Into Arrane hé was dwelling that tyde,
And other men in this land durſt not byde.
But this falſe knight in Bothwell winning was,
A man hé gart ſcone to King Edward paſſe:
And told him whole of Wallace ordinance:
How hé had put his people to miſchance:
And plainly was riſen againe to reigne,
Grieued thereat right greatly was the King:
Through all England hé gart his doers cry,
Power to get, and ſaid hé would plainly
In Scotland paſſe, that Realme to ſtatute new,
Feill men of war to him right faſt they drew:
The Queene felt well how that his purpoſe was,
To him ſhé went, on knées then can ſhe paſſe.

Hee would desist and not to Scotland gang,
Hee should have dread to worke a fellon wrang:
Christned they are, yon is their heritage,
To reave their Crowne, it is a great outrage:
For her counsell at home hee would not byde:
His Lords him fett in Scotland for to ryde.
The Scots man that dwelt with King Edward,
When hee heard tell that VVallace tooke such part,
Hee stole from them as privily as hee may,
In Scotland then he came upon a day,
Seeking VVallace hee made him readie bowne,
This Scot was borne in Kyle at Richartoun.
All England coast hee knew it wonder well,
From Hull about to Bristow every deale,
From Carlile through Sandwich that royall stead,
From Dover over unto Saint Bayes head,
In Pickardie and Flanders both had beene:
All Normandie and France hath hee seene,
A Pursevant to King Edward in weare,
But hee could never gar him armes beare:
Of great stature, and some part gray was hee,
The Englishmen called him but Grymisbie.
To VVallace came, and into Kyle him fand,
Hee told him whole the tydings of England:
They turned his name from time they him knew,
And called him Iop, of ingine he was true.
In all his time good service in him fand,
Gave him to beare the armes of Scotland:
VVallace againe in Cliddisdale sodne he rade,
And his power sembled withoutten bade.
He gart command who would his peace take,
A free remit he should gar to him make,

For

For all kindeed that they had done before,
The Perſies peace, and Sir Rannalds was worne.
Feill to him drew that boldly durſt abide,
Of VVallace kin of many diverſe ſide.
Sir Rannald then ſent him his power haile,
Himſelfe durſt not be knowne into battaile:
Againſt Sutheron: for hee had made a band,
Long time before, to hold of them his land:
Adam VVallace paſt out of Richartowne,
And Robert Boyd, with good men of renowne:
Of Cuninghame and Kyle came men of haile,
To Lanerke ſought on horſe a thouſand haile.
Sir Iohn the *Gra*hame, and his good Chevalrie,
Sir Iohn of Tinto with men that he might hie:
Good Auchenlecke, that VVallace Uncle was,
Many true Scots with their Chiftaine could paſſe:
Three thouſand whole of likely men of weare,
And feill on foot which wanted horſe and gear,
The time by this was comming upon hand,
The awfull hoſt with Edward of England.

The Battell of *Bigger*.

TO Bigger came with ſirty thouſand men,
In warre weeds, that cruell was to ken.
They planted there feill tents and pallions,
Where Clarions blew with manie mightie ſounds,
Pleniſht that place with victuall and wine,
In Carts brought their purveyance full fine:
This awfull King gart two Heraulds be brought,
Gave them command in all the haſte they mought,

To charge Wallace, that hee should come him till,
Without promise, and put him in his will:
Because I wot hee is a Gentle-man,
Come in my grace, and I shall save him than:
As for his life, I will upon mee take:
And after this, if hee will service make,
Shall have wage that may him well suffice,
That Rebald weenes, for he hath done suppryse
To my people, oft upon adventure,
Against mee, that hee may long endure.
To this proffer saine-standing if hee be,
Here I avow, he shall bee hanged hie.
The young Squyer was brother to Fehew,
Thought hee would goe disguised to persue,
Wallace to see, that tooke so high a part.
Borne sister son he was to King Edward.
A coat of Armes hee tooke on him but bade,
With the Herauld full prively forth rade.
To Tinto hill withoutten residence,
Where VVallace lay, with his folke at defence:
A likely hoast, as of so few they fand,
To him they sought, and would no longer stand.
If yee be hee that ruleth all this thing,
Credence wee have brought from our worthy king:
Then VVallace caus'd three Knights unto him call,
Then read the writ in presence of them all.
To them hee said, Answere yee shall not crave,
By word or writ, which likes you best to have.
In writ, they said, it were the likeliest,
Then VVallace thus began to byte in haste.

¶ Thou

¶ Thou river king thou chargeſt me through caſe
That I ſhould come, and put mee in thy grace:
If I gaine-ſtand, thou heghteſt to hang mee,
I vow to God, and ever I may take thee
Thou ſhalt bee hanged, an example to give.
To King of reiſe, as long as I may live.
Thou proffers me, of thy wages to have,
I thee defye, power, and all the leave.
That helpes thee heere of thy ſtout Nation,
VVill God thou ſhalt bee put from this Region.
Or die therefore, contrare though thou hadſt ſworn
Thou ſhalt us ſee before nine houres to morne,
Battell to give, mauger of all thy kin:
For falſely thou ſeekeſt our Realme within.

This writ hee gave to the Herauld but mare,
A good reward hee gart deliver him there:
But Iop knew well the Squyer young Fehew,
And told VVallace, for hee was very true.
Hee them commanded, that they ſhould him take,
Himſelfe began ſore accuſing to make.
Squyer hee ſaid, ſince thou haſt feined Armes,
On thee ſo ſhall fall ſome part of theſe harmes.
Example to give to thy ſtout Nation,
Upon the hill hee gart then ſet him downe.
Stroke off his head, ere hee would further goe,
To the Herauld, ſaid then, withoutten hoe,
Becauſe to Armes thou art falſe, and manſworne,
Through thy cheeke thy tongue ſhall be out-thorne:
When that was done, then to the third ſaid hee,
Armes to judge thou ſhalt never graithly ſee:
Hee gart a Smith with a Turkeſſe right there,
Pull out his eyes, then gave him leave to fare.

To your false King, thy fellow shalt thée lead,
With this answere, turse him his Nevoyes head.
Thus sore I dread, the King, and all his boast,
His dumb fellow led him into the hoast.
When King Edward his Heraulds thus had seene,
In proper yre he grew near wood for teene.
That hee wist not in what wise him to wrake,
For sorrow almost, one word hee could not speake.
A long while hee stood, writhing in a rage,
On lowd hee said, This is a fell outrage.
This deed to Scots full sore it shall be bought,
So despitefull in world was never wrought.
From this Region I thinke not for to gange,
Till time that I shall see this Rebell hang,
I let him thus inspyte and sorrow dwell.
Of the good Scots shortly I will you tell.

FOrth from his men then Wallace raiked right,
To him hee called Sir Iohn Tinto the knight,
And let him wot, to visse he would goe
The English hoast, and bade him tell no moe:
What ever they spiered, till that hee come againe,
Wallace disaguised, thus bowned hee over plaine:
Betwirt Culter, and Bigger as hee past,
He was ware where a worke man came fast,
Driving a Mare, and Pitchers for to sell,
Good friend, hee said, in truth wilt thou me teil:
With this Chauffray where passest thou truely?
To any place, who liketh for to buy.
It is my craft, and I would sell them faine,
I will them buy, so God me helpe from paine:
What price, let heare, I will them have like ane.

But

But halfe a marke, for such price have I tane:
Twenty shillings, Wallace said, thou shalt have,
I will have Mare, Pitchers and all the lave:
Thy Gowne and Hose, in haste put thou off syne,
And make a change, for I shall give thee mine:
And thine old Hood, because it is threed bare,
The man weend well bee had scorned him there,
Thou tarrie nought, it is soth that I say:
The man cuist off his feeble weed of gray,
And Wallace his, then payed silver in hand,
Passe on, he said, thou art a bad Merchand,
The Gowne and Hose the clay that clagged was,
The hood hekled, and then made him to passe:
The whip he tooke, and forth the Mare can call,
Attour the Bray the upmost pot gart fall:
Brake on the ground: the man leugh at his faire,
But thou beware thou tines of thy Chaunfaire:
The Sun by that was passed out of sight,
The day was gone, and comming was the night.
Amongst the Sutheron full busily hee past,
On either side his eyes he can well cast:
How Lords lay, and had their lodging made,
The pavilion where that the Leopards bade:
Spying full fast, where his availe might bee:
Hee could well winke, and looke up with one eye.
Some scorned him, some glayd carle call'd him there
Agrieved they were of their Heraulds miskare.
Some asked of him, How hee sold of the bell,
For foure pennies, hee said, while they may lest.
Some brake a part, some pricked at his eye,
Wallace staid out privately, and let them bee,
Unto the hoste againe hee passed right.

His

His men by then had tane Tinto the knight:
Sir Iohn the Grahame gart binde him wonder fast.
For hee will well hee was with Wallace last.
Some bade burne him, some hang him in a cord.
They swore that hee deceived had their Lord:
Wallace by this was entred them among,
To him hee yeed, and would not tarry long:
Then hee gart lowse him out of those bands so new,
And said, hee was both sober, wise, and true.
To supper some bowned, but more abade,
Hee told to them what market hee had made.
And how that hee the Sutheron saw full well.
Sir Iohn the Grahame displeased was some deale.
And said to him, not Chiftaine-like it was,
Through wilfulnesse in such perrill to passe.
Wallace answered, Ere wee win Scotland free,
Both ye and I in perrill more must bee.
And many other, the which full worthy is,
Now of one thing we doe some part in misse:
A little sleepe I would faine that wee had,
With yon men then loke how wee may us glad:
The worthy Scots tooke good rest while neare day,
Then rose they up, t'array soneordained they.
The hill is left, and to a plaine are gane.
Wallace himselfe the vanguard first hath tane:
With him was Boyd and Auchinlek but dread,
With a thousand of worthy men in weed.
As many then, in the middle-ward put hee,
Sir Iohn the Grahame hee gart their leader bee.
With him young Adam the Lord of Richartoun,
Which doughtie was, and als of great renowne.
The third thousand in the rere-ward he dight:

To

To VValter gave of Newbigging the knight.
With him Tinto that doughtie was indeed,
And David son to Sir VValter to leed:
Behinde them neare the fute-men gart he bee,
And bade them byde, while they their time might see
Pe want weapons, and harnesse in this tyde,
The first counter ye may not them abyde:
Wallace cauld sone the Chiftaine to him call,
His charge he gave, for chance that may befall:
To take no heed to geare, nor yet pillage,
For they will flee as wood men in a rage:
Win first the men, the goods then ye may have,
And take no tent of covetise to crave:
Through covetise men lose both goods and life,
I you command forbeare such in our strife:
Loke ye save none, Lord, Captaine, nor yet knight,
For worship worke, and for your Elders right:
God blesse us all, that wee in our voyage,
Put this stout folke out of our heritage:
Then they inclined all with a good will,
His plaine command they hecht it to fulfill:
On the great hoast the parties can forthdraw,
Comming to them out of the South they saw,
Three hundreth men into their Armour cleare,
The gainest way to them approached neare:
Wallace said sone, These are none Englishmen,
For by this hoast the gates full well they ken:
Thom Haliday those men hee guided right,
From Annandale hee had led them that night.
His two good sons Iohnstoun and Rutherfude,
VVallace was blyth when that he heard that word:
So was the lave of that good Chevalrie.

Iardan

Iardane came there into their companie:
And Kirk-patrike before in Eskdale was,
A wing they were in Wallace hoast to passe:
The English watch that night had bene on steire,
Drew to their horse, right as the day can peire:
VVallace knew well (for he before had seene)
The Kings pavilion, where it had busked bene:
Then with rich horse the Scots upon them rade,
At the first counter so great abasing made,
That all the hoast astonisht at that sight,
Full many one derfly to death they dight:
Feill of them then were out of their array,
The more awfull, and hastly was the fray:
The noise was hudge, through strooks that they dang
The rumour rose so rudely them among:
That all the hoast was then in point to flée,
The wise Lords, from they the perill sée:
The fellon fray als raised was about,
And how their king stood in so meikell doubt,
To his Pavilion full many thousand sought:
Him to rescue by any way they mought.
The Earle of Kent that night waking had bene,
With five thousand of men in armour kene.
About the King full suddenly they gang,
And trust him weell the assaylie was right strang.
All VVallace folke in use of war was good,
Into the stour soone lighted where they stood:
Whomsoever they hit no harnesse might them stint,
Fra they on foot assembled with swords dint:
Of manhood they in hearts full ernell was,
They thought to win, or never bence to passe:
Feill Englishmen before the King they slew,

Sir

Sir Iohn the Grahame came with his power new,
Among the hoast, with the middle-ward he rade,
Great mary dome on Sutheron men they made:
The Rere-ward they set on so hardily,
With Newbigging, and all their Chevalrie.
Pavilion ropes they cutted all in sunder,
Bowne to the ground, and many smowred under.
The foot-men came, the which I spake of aire,
On frayed folke with stroakes sad and sore,
Though they before wanted both horse and geare,
Enough they got, what they would weale to weare:
The Scots power then all together were,
The kings pavilion brimly downe they beare:
The Earle of Kent with a good Axe in hand,
Into the stour full stoutly hee could stand.
Before the King, making a great debate,
Who best dio then, hee had the highest state.
The fellon stour so stalwart was and strong,
Thereto continued marvellous and long.
VVallace himselfe full sadly could persue,
And at a stroake the chiefe Captaine hee slew,
The Sutheron folke fled fast, and durst not byde,
Horsed their king, and off the field can ryde,
Against his will, hee was full loath to flie,
Yet in that time hee had no will to die.
Of his best men three thousand there were dead,
Ere hee could finde to flie, and leave that stead:
Twenty thousand fled with him in a staile,
The Scots got horse, and followed the battaile:
Through Culter hope, before they wan the highe:
Feill Sutheron folke were marred in the night.
Plaine by the gate, as their king fled away,

But

But faire and bright, and right cleare was the day:
The Sun risen, shining over hill and dale,
When VVallace cast what was his best availe:
The fleeing folke, that off the field first past,
Unto their King againe assembled fast:
From either side so many assembled there,
Then VVallace would not follow them na mare:
Before he rade, gart his folke turne againe,
Of Englishmen seven thousand there were slaine:
Then VVallace Hoast against to Bigger rade,
Where Englishmen great purveance had made:
The Jewalrie as they were hither led,
Pavillions and all they left when as they fled.
The Scots got gold, good geare, and other wage,
Releived they were that parted that pillage.
To meat they went with great mirth and pleasance
They spared not King Edwards purveyance:
With solace then a little sleepe they tooke,
A private watch he gart among them looke,
Two Cookes there fell, their lives then for to save,
With dead Corses, which lay unput in grave.
When they saw well the Scots-men were at rest,
Out of the field to steale, they thought it best.
Full low they crept, till they were out of sight,
After the Hoast, then ran in all their might:
When that the Scots had sleeped but a while,
Then rose they up, for VVallace dreaded guile.
He said to them, The Sutheron may persue,
Againe to us, for they are folke anew:
Where Englishmen provision make in weare,
It is full hard to doe them meikell deare.
On this plaine field we will not them abide,

To

To some good place my purpose is to ryde:
The purveyance that left was in that stead,
To Roppis Bogge he gart servants it lead.
With ordinance, that Sutheron brought on there,
He with his Hoast to David Shaw can fare:
Where they remained a great part of the day,
Of Englishmen yet something will I say:
As king Edward through Culter hopes sought,
When he perceived the Scots followed nought.
In Iohns Grave he gart his hoast byde still,
Feill sæing folkes assembled sone him till:
When they were met, the king near wared mad,
For his dear kin, that he there losed had.
His two Emes into the field were slaine,
His second son that methell was of maine:
His brother Hew was killed there full cold,
The Earle of Kent that cruell was and bold:
With great worship toke dead before the King,
For him he mourned so long as he might reigne:
At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,
The two Cookes sone came in at his hand:
And told to him how they escaped were,
The Scots all as swine lyes drunken there.
Of your wight wins ye gart us thither lead,
Full well ye may be venged of their deed:
Upon their lives, is soth that we you tell,
Returne againe, ye shall finde them your sell:
He blamed them, and said, No wit it was,
That he againe for such a tale should passe:
Their Chiftaine is right marvellous in wear,
From such perill he can well them forbear:
For to tarke more as now I will not tyde,

Our meat is lost, therefore we may not byde,
The hardie Duke of Longcastle and Lord,
Soveraigne, he said, to our counsell concord:
If this be true, we may the more availe,
We may them win, and make but light travell:
Were yon folke dead, that now against us stand,
Then need we not for meat to leave the Land:
The King answered, I will not ride againe,
As at this time, my purpose is in plaine:
The Duke said, Sir, if ye determined be,
To move you more effeires not unto me:
Command your power againe with mee to wend,
And I of this shall see the finall end.
Ten thousand whole he charged for to ryde,
Here is the strength, all night I shall you byde.
We may get meat of bestiall in this land,
God drinke as now we may not bring in hand.
Of VVestmurland the Lord had met them there,
On with the Duke he graithed him to fare:
At the first stroake with them he had not beene,
With him led a thousand well beseene:
And Pickard Lord was with a thousand bowne,
Of King Edward he képed Calice towne.
These twelve thousand into the towne can fare,
The two Captaines sone met them at Bigger,
With the whole stuffe of Roxburgh and Berwicke,
Sir Rauffe Gray saw that they were Sutheron like,
Out of the south approached to their sight,
He knew full well with him it was not right.
Aymer VVallange with his power came als,
King Edwards man, a tyrant knight and false.
When they were met, they found not else there,

By.

But dead Corses, and they were spoiled bare:
Then marvelled they where the Scots should bee,
Of them about appearance they could not see.
But spyes them told that came with Sir Aymer,
In David shaw they saw them make repare.
Then feill Sutheron soone passed to that place,
The watch was ware, and told it to Vallace.
Hee warned the hoast out of the towne to ryde,
In Ropis Bog hee purposed to byde.
A little shaw upon the one side was,
That men on foot out of the Bog might passe.
The horse they left into that little hold,
On foot they thought the Mosse that they should hold
The English hoast had well their passage seene,
And followed fast with cruell men and keene.
They trowed that Bog might make them little bait
Growen over with rispe, & all the swaird was hait;
On them to ride, they ordained with great yre,
Of the formost a thousand in the myre.
Of horse with men are plunged in the deepe,
The Scots of their comming tooke good keepe,
Upon them set with stroaks sad and sare,
Pæd none away of all that entred there.
Light men on foot upon them derfly dang,
Feill under horse was smored in that thrang.
Stamped in Mosse, and with rude horse overgane;
The worthy Scots the dry-land then have tane,
Upon the leave fighting full wonder fast,
And many grosme they made full sore agast.
The Englishmen that bulls were in weare,
Assayled sore them from the Mosse to beare.
On either side, but then it was no boote,

The strength they held right awfully on foot:
To men and horse gave many grievous wound,
Feill to the death they sticked in that stound:
The Pikard Lord assayled sharply there,
Upon the Grahame with strokes sad and sare:
Sir Iohn the Grahame with a stiffe sword of stéle,
His bright byrneis hée pierced every deale:
Through all the stuffe, and sticked him in that stead
Thus of his dint, the bold Pikard was dead:
The Englisk hoast tooke plaine part for to flée,
In their returning the Scots gart many die.
Wallace would faine at the Wallange have beene,
Of VVestmoreland the Lord was them betweene,
VVallace on him hée set an awfull dint, (stint.
Through Basnet and stuffe, that no stéle might out
Deerly to death hée left him in that place,
So that false knight escaped through this case:
Good Robert Boyde hath with a Captaine met,
Of Berwicke then, a sad stroake on him set:
Overthort the craige, and carved the pesane,
Through all his wæd in sunder stroake the bane.
Feill horse-men fled fast, and durst not abyde,
Rebuted evil, unto the King they ryde,
The Duke him told of all his journey haile,
His heart for yre boldned in bitter baile.
Highly hée thought he should never London sée,
On VVallace dæd, while he revenged bee.
Or lose his men againe. as hee did aire,
Thus south hée sought with great sorrow and care:
Then at the Kirke a little tarrie made,
Then through the land ower Sulway fast they rade:
The Scots hoast a night remained still,

Upon

Upon the morne they spoyled with good will,
The dead corps caried to Braidwood was with care
At a Councell thrée dayes they sojourned there:
At the Forrest Kirke a meeting ordained hée,
They chosed Wallace Scots Warden for to bée:
Trusting hé should their painfull sorrow cease,
Hé received all that would come in his peace:
Sir VVilliam came that Lord of Dowglas was,
Forsooke Edward, at VVallace peace can aske:
In that thirlage hé would no longer bee,
Tribute before to England payed hee.
In contrare Scots with them he never rade,
Far better cheare Wallace therefore him made:
Thus treated hé and chirist wonder faire,
True Scottish-men that fewty made him there.
And gave full greatly feill goods that hé wan,
Hé warned it nought to no good Scottishmen.
Who would rebell, and goe contrare the right,
Hé punicht sore were hé Squyer or Knight:
Thus marvellously good VVallace tooke in hand,
Likely hé was, right faire, and well farrand,
Manly and stout, and therewith liberall,
Pleasant and wise in all good generall.
To slay forsooth Sutheron hé spared nought,
To Scottishmen full great profit hé wrought.
Into the South forsooth then passed hé,
As him best thought hé ruled that Countrey.
Shyrreffes hé made that cruell was and keene,
And Captaines of true wise Scots men,
From Gamylispath the Land obeyed him haile,
To Vr water both strength forrest and daile,
Against him in Galloway house was none.

Except VVigtoun bigged of lyme and stone,
That Captaine heard the rule of Wallace,
Away by sea hee stole out of that place:
Leaved all waste, and could to England wend,
But Wallace soone a keeper to it send:
A good Squyer, and to name hee was cald,
Adam Gordoun, as the storye mee tald.

A Strength there was at the water of Cree,
Within a Rocke right scalward wrought of tree
A gate before no man might to it win,
But the consent of them that dwelt therein.
On the backe side a rocke and water was,
A straite entrie forsoth there was to passe:
To visie it VVallace himselfe soone went,
Fra hee it saw, hee cast in his intent:
To winde the hold, hee hath chosen a gate,
That they within should make little debate.
His power whole he gart byde out of sight,
But three with him, while time that it was night:
Then tooke two when that the night was dim.
Steven of Ireland and Keirly that could clim:
Up soone they went against that rock so strong.
Thus entred they the Sutheron men among.
The watch before tooke no heed to that side,
These three in feire soone to the Porter glyde:
Good VVallace then stroak the Porter himsell,
Dead ovet the Rocke into the Dyke hee fell:
Let downe the Bridge, and blew the Horne on hight
The bushment brake, and came in all their might:
At their owne will soone entred in that place,
To Englishmen they did full little grace.

Sixtie

Sirtie they slew. in that place was no moe.
But an old Preist, and simple women two:
Great purveyance was in that Rocke to spend,
VVallace staid still, while it was at an end.
Brake down the strength, both bridge & bulwark all
Out over the rocke they gart the timber fall:
Under the gate, and would no longer byde,
InCarrike then they bowned them to ryde:
Hasted them not, but soberly can faire,
To Turneburie: that Captaine was at Aire:
With Lord Persie to take his counsell haile,
VVallace purpose that place for to assaile:
A woman told when the Captaine was gone,
Good men of fence into that stead was none:
They filled the dyke with earth and timber haile,
Then fired the house, no succour might availe:
A Preist there was, and gentle women therein,
Which in their maner made hideous noise and din.
Mercy they cryed, for him that died on tree,
Wallace gart slaike the fire, and let them be.
To make defence, no moe was leaved there,
Bot them commanded out of the land to fare:
Spoyled the place, and spilt all that they mought,
Upon the morne to Cumnoke soone they sought.
To Lanerke then, and set a time of Aire,
Wilfoers feill hee gart hee punisht there.
To good true men hee gave a noble wage,
His brother sons put to their heritage.
To the blacke Craige of Cumnoke past againe,
His houshold set with men of metkell maine.
Three moneth there hee dwelt into good rest,
The subtle Sutheron found well it was the best,

Trewes to take for to eschew a chance,
To further this they sent for Knight VVallance;
Bothwell yet that treature kæped still,
And Aire all whole was at Lord Persies will.
Through great supply of the Captaine of Aire,
The Bishop Beik in Glasgow hé dwelt there.
Earle of Stanfurde was Chancellar of England,
With Sir Aymer this traiture toke on hand:
To procure peare by any manner of case,
A safe conduct they purchast of Wallace:
In Ruglane Kirke the tryst there have they set,
And promise made to mæt Wallace but let,
The day of this approached wonder fast,
The great Chancellar and Aymer thither past.
Then VVallace came, and his men well beséne,
With him fiftie arrayed all in grœne:
Alike one of them a bow and arrow beare,
With long swords, the which full sharply sheare,
Within the Kirke so soone they entred had,
Unto his prayer hé past but more abade:
Then up hé rose, and to his tryst hé went,
And his good men full cruell of intent.
In yre he grew that traitour when hé saw,
The Englishmen of his face stood great awe:
Wit ruled him, that hé did none outrage,
The Earle beheld fast to his hie courage:
Forthought some part that hé came to that place,
Greatly abased for the volt of his face:
Sir Aymer said, This speach yé must begin,
Yé will not bow to no Prince of your kin.
All ordered ye are, I trust yé may speake well,
For all England hé will not breake a deale.

His

His safe conduct where he makes a band,
The Chancellar then proffered him his hand:
Wallace stood still, and could no hands take.
Friendship to them no likelinesse would make:
Sir Aymer said, Wallace yee understand,
This is a Lord, and Chancellar of England.
To salute him yée may by proper skill:
With short advise hee made answere him till.
Such saluting I use to Englishmen,
So shall they have, where ever I may them ken:
At my power, that make I God avow,
Out of conduct if that I had him now:
But for my life and all my land so braid,
I will not breake the promise that is made:
I had rather at mine owne will have thée,
Without conduct, that I might wroken bée.
Of thy false deed, thou doest in this Region,
Than of pure Gold, a King with his ransome.
But for my band I will as now let bée:
Chancellar say forth, what yee desire of mee.
The Chancellar said, The most part of this thing,
To procure peace, I am sent from the King.
With the great Seale, and voice of his Parliament
What I bind here, our Barnage shall consent.
Wallace answered, Over little mends wee have,
Then of our right, yee occupy the lave:
Quite-clame our Land, and wee shall not denie,
The Chancellar said, Of no such charge have I.
Wee will give gold, ere our purpose should faile,
Then VVallace said, in waste is that travell,
Wee aske no gold by favour of your Kin,
In war of you wee take what wee may win.

Abased

Abased he was to make answere againe,
Wallace said, Sir, we jangle all in vaine:
My counsell gives, I will no fable make,
As for an finall peace now to take.
Not for my selfe, that I binde your Seale,
I cannot trow that ever ye will bee leale:
But poore folke that greatly have beene suppressed,
I will take peace, while further ye be advised.
Then bound they thus, There should bee no debate,
Castles and townes should stand in their like state:
From that day forth, while a yeare was at end:
Sealed this peace, and toke their leave to wend.
Wallace from them passed into the West,
Made plaine repare where that him liked best:
Yet fore hee dread that they should him deceive,
The Inventour to Sir Rannald hee gave,
His deare Uncle, where it might keepen hee,
In Cumnoke then to his dwelling went hee.

The end of the sixth Booke.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* burnt the Barnes of *Aire*, and put Bishop *Beike* out of *Glasgow*, and slew Lord *Persie*.

IN Februare befell the famine case,
That Englishmen took trews with Wallace:
This passed over, tit March away was soght
The Englishmen cast all ý ways they moght

With

With subtill and wicked conclusion,
The worthie *Scots* to put to confusion,
Into April the King of England came,
In Cumberland, to Pumfret from his home:
Into Carlyle to a counsell he yæd,
Whereof the Scots might have full meikell dread,
Many Captaines that were of England borne,
Thither they past, sembled the king before:
No Scots man to councell was there cald,
But Sir Aymer that traitour was of ald:
At him they spiered, How they should take in hand,
The righteous blood to stroy out of *Scotland*?
Sir Aymer said, Their Chiftaine can well doe,
Right wise in war, and hath great power too:
And now this trewes gives them such hardiment,
That to your faith they will not all consent:
But would ye doe right as I can you leare,
This peace to them it should bee sold full deare.
Then dæmed hæ the fierce *Sutheron* amang,
How they best might the *Scots* Barrons hang:
Foure great Barnes at that time stood in Aire,
Wrought for the king, when his bigging was there
Bigged about, that no man enter might,
But one at once, nor have of other sight:
A Justice made which was of meikell maine,
There ordained they these Lords should bee slaine:
The Lord Persie of this matter they laid,
With sad advise againe to them he said,
These men with mæ have keeped truth so lang,
Deceitfully I may not sæ them hang:
I am their foe, and warne will I them nought,
So I be quite, I care not what hæ wrought:

From

From thence I will, and toward Glasgow draw,
With our Bishop to heare of his new Law.
Then chosed they a Justice fierce and fell,
Which Arnulfe heght, as mine Authour will tell,
Of South-Hampton he heght both heir and Lord,
Hee under-tooke to pine them with a cord:
An other Air in Glasgow ordained they,
For Cliddisdale men to stand the selfe-same day.
Then charged them in allwayes earnestly,
By no kin means Wallace should scape them by:
For well they wist, and these men were overthrown,
They might at will bryke Scotland as their owne.
This band they closed under their Seales full fast,
They sought ouer mure againe King Edward past.
The new Justice received was in Aire,
The Lord Persie can unto Glasgow fare:
This Air was set in Iune the eighteene day,
And plainely cryed no free men were away.
The Scots marvelled, and peace tane in the Land,
Why Englishmen such matterie tooke in hand:
Sir Rannald set a day before this Aire,
At Monktoun Kirk, his friends to meet him there:
VVillam Wallace unto the tryst could passe,
For hee as then Warden of Scotland was,
Thus Master Iohn a worthy Clerke was there,
His kin hee charged to byde from that Air,
Right well hee wist, fra Persie left that land,
Great perill was to Scots appearand.
VVallace from them into the Kirke hee yeed,
Pater noster hee said, and als a Creed:
Then to the Grece leaned him soberly,
Upon a sleepe hee fell full suddenly.

Cleland

Cleland followed, and saw him fall on slepe,
Hé made no noise, but wisely couth him kepe:
In that slumber comming he thought hé saw,
A stalward man that toward him couth drawe:
Sone by the hand hé hint him hastily,
I am hé said in voyage charged to thee:
A sword him gave, of burely birnisht steele,
God son, hé said, this sword thou shalt bruke well.
Of Topasion hé thought the Plummate was,
Both Hilt and all, glittering as the glasse:
Dear son, hé said, wé tarry héere too long,
Thou shalt goe sée where wrought is meikell wrong
Then hé him led to a mountaine on hight,
The world hé thought hé might sée at one sight:
Hé left him there, and then from him hé went
Thereof Wallace studied in his intent:
To sée him there hé had full great desire,
Therewith he saw begin a fellon fire,
Which brathly burnt abroad out through the land,
Scotland all over, from Rosse to Sulwayland.
Then sone to him descended there a Quéene,
Illuminate, light, shining full bright and shéene.
In her presence appeared so meikell light,
That all the fire shé put out of his sight:
Gave him a Wand of colour red and gréene,
With a Saphyre sayned his face and éene:
Welcome, shé said, I chose thée to my Lode,
Thou art granted, by the great God above:
To helpe people that suffer meikell wrong,
With thée as now I may not tarry long.
Thou shalt returne to thine owne Hoast againe,
Thy dearest Kin are here in meikell paine.

This

This right Region thou must redeemeit all,
Thy last reward on earth shall bee but small:
Let not therefore take rewarde of this misse,
To thy reward thou shalt have heavens blisse.
Of her right hand she betaught him a booke,
Humbly thus her leave then she tooke:
Unto the clouds ascended out of sight,
Wallace tooke up the Booke in all his might.
In thæ parts the Booke well written was,
The first Letters were grosse Letters of Brasse,
The second Gold: the third fine Silver sheene,
Wallace marvelled what this writting should mean
To read the Booke he hasted him so fast,
His spirit againe to wakening minde it past:
And up hæ rose, then suddenly forth went,
This Clerke hæ found, and told him his intent,
Of his vision, as I have said before,
Compleatly forth, what næds words more:
Deare son, hæ said, my wit unable is,
To ratifie such for dread I say amisse:
Yet I shall dæme, though my cunning bæ small,
God grant that no charge after my words fall,
That stalward man gave thæ that sword in hand,
Fergus it was, first winner of Scotland.
That mountaine is where hæ thæ had on bight,
Knowledge to have of wrong which thou must right
That fire shall bæ feill tydings ere yæ part,
Which will bæ told in many sundry Airt:
I cannot wot what Quæne that, that will bæ,
But it bæ Fortune, a Ladie whiles right fræ:
The prettie wand, I trow by mine intent,
Betokens Rule, and cruell Chastisement.

The

The red colour who graithly understood,
Betokens all to great Battell and blood:
The grene, Courage, that thou art now among,
In trouble and war thou shalt continue long.
The Saphyre stone thee blessed thee withall,
Is happy chance, will God shall to thee fall,
The three-fold Booke is but this broken land,
Thou must redame, by worthinesse of hand.
The brasse Letters betoken but to this,
The great oppresse of war, and meikell misse:
The which thou shalt bring to the right againe,
But thou therefore must suffer meikell paine:
The gold betokens honour and worthinesse,
Victor in Armes, manhood and nobleneſſe:
The silver showes cleane life and heavens blisse
To thy reward, that mirth thou shalt not misse.
Dread not therefore, bee out of all despaire,
Further as now hereof I can na mair:
Hee thanked him, and thus his leave hath tane:
To Corsbie then with his Uncle rade hame.
With mirths thus all night sojourned there,
Upon the morne they graithed them to the Aire:
And forth they rade, till they came to Kincace,
With dreadfull heart thus spiered good Wallace,
At Sir Rannald for their Charter of peace,
Nevoy; hee said, these words are no lies:
It is leaved at Corsbie in the kist,
Where thou it laid, thereof none other wist:
Wallace answered, Had wee it heere to shaw,
And they bee false, we shall not enter aw:
Deare son, hee said, I pray thee passe againe,
Though thou would send, thy travell were in vaine.

But

But thou or I, none can it bring this tide,
Great grace it was made him againe to ride.
VVallace returned, toke none with him but thrée,
None of them knew of this Inventour but hée:
Unhap him led, forbid him could hée nought,
Of false deceit this good Knight had no thought.
Sir Rannald rade but resting to the Towne,
Witting nothing of all this false treason:
That wicked Signe so ruled that Planet,
Saturne as then was in his highest state.
Above Iuno in his melancholy,
Iupiter and Mars aye cruell of envie:
Saturne as then advanced his nature,
Of tyrannie her power had and cure:
Rebels rules in many frée Nation,
Troublous weather makes many ships to drown:
His dreiching was with Pluto in the sea,
As of the land full of iniquitie.
Hée wakens warre full of pestilence,
Filling of walles with cruell violence.
Poyson is rise amongst these other things,
Sudden slaughter of Emperours and Kings.
When Sampson pulled to the ground the pillare,
Saturne was then into his highest Spheare.
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
Amphiaraus sanke through the earth to hell:
Of the Trojane hée had full meikell cure,
When Achilles at Troy slew good Hector.
Burdeous shent, and many Cities moe,
His power yet hath no hap to doe:
In broad Britaine feill vengeance hath béen séene,
Of this, and more, ye wot well what I meane.

But

But to this House that stalwart was and strong,
Sir Rannald came, and might not tarrie long:
A balke was knit all full of ropes keene,
Such a Toll-booth since then was never séene.
Strong men were set the entrie for to hald,
None might win in, but one as they were cald:
Sir Rannald first, to make fewtie for his land,
The Knight went in, and would no longer stand.
A running reid they stopped over his head,
Hard to the balke, and hanged him to the dead.
Sir Brice the Blaire next after in he past,
Unto the death they hailed him full fast:
By he had entred, his head was in the knare,
Knit to the balke, hanged to death right there,
The third entred great pitie was for thy,
A gentle Knight, Sir Neill Montgomery:
And other feill of landed men about,
Many went in, but no Scots man came out.
Of Wallace part they put to that verie dead,
Many Crawlords so ended in that stead:
Of Carricke men Kennedies slew they als,
And kinde Campbels, that never had beene false.
They rebelled not against their righteous Crowne,
Sutheron for thy put them to confusion.
Barklyes, Boydes, and Stewards of gude kin,
No Scot escaped that time that entred in:
Upon the balke they hanged many paire,
Beside them dead, in a nooke cuist them there.
Since the first time that any warre was wrought,
To such a death so many died there nought.
Upon one day through cursed Saxons lard,
Vengeance of this sat through the Kinred yéd:

Granted it was from the great God of heaven,
So ordained that law should be their seven:
To the false Saxons, for their false judgement,
Their wickednesse over all the world is went.
Yee noble men that are of Scottish kinde,
Their pitteous death yee keepe it in your minde.
And us revenge, when wee are set in throng,
Dolour it is hereon to tarry long.
Thus eightéene score verily to death they dight,
Of Barrons bold, and many worthy knight:
When they had slaine the worthiest was there,
For weake people no longer they would spaire.
Into the gairth cuist them out off that stead,
As they were borne, spoiled bare and dead.
Good Robert Boyde into the Governne yéed,
With twentie men that doughtie were indéed
Of Wallace house, full cruell of intent,
Hée governed them, when Wallace was absent:
Keirly returned with his Master againe,
Cleland and Boyde that meikell was of maine.
Steven of Ireland went forth into the streete,
A true woman full soone with him could méete:
Hée spered at her, What happened in the Air,
Sorrow, shée said, is nothing else there.
Fearedly shée said, Alace, where is Wallace?
From us againe hée passed at Kincace.
Go warne his folke, and charge them off the townes,
To keepe himselfe I shall bée readie bowne.
With her as then no more tarrie hée made,
To his Fellowes hée went withoutten bade:
And to them told of all this great misfare,
To Laglane wood they bowned withoutten mare.

By

By this VVallace was comming wonder fast,
For his friends he was full fore agast:
Unto the Barne sadly he could persue,
To enter in, for hee no perill knew:
This true woman upon him lowd can call,
O feirs VVallace, feill tempest is befall.
Our men are slaine, great pitie is to see,
As beestiall bounds hanged over a tree:
Our true Barrons by two and two past in,
VVallace wéped for great losse of his kin:
That with mneese upon his horse hée bade,
Haze for to spier to this woman hée rade:
Deare Nice, hée said, If thou the truth can tell,
Is mine Eme dead, or how the case befell:
Out of yon Barne forsooth I saw him borne,
Naked laid low, and cold earth him before:
His frostie mouth I kissed in that stead,
Right now manlike, now bare and brought to dead.
And with a cloath I covered his lichame.
For in his life hée did never woman shame.
His Sister son thou art, worthy and wight,
Revenge his death, for Gods sake at thy might.
As I shall helpe, as I am woman true,
Deare wight, he said, great God if that thou knew,
Good Robert Boyde, where ever thou can him see,
Willam Crawfurd als if hée living bée:
Adam VVallace would helpe mée in this strife,
I pray to God to send them all on life.
For Gods sake, byde them some come to mée,
The Justice Innes thou spy for Charitie:
And in what feire that they their lodging make,
Some after that wée shall our purpose take:

Into Laglane which hath their succour bene,
Aboue Market, and welcome Woods greene:
Hereof as then to her he spake na mare,
His bridle turned, and from her can hee fare.
Such mourning made for his dear worthie kin,
He thought for baile, his breast near burst in twin.
As he thus rade in great anger and teene,
Of Englishmen there followed him fiftene:
Wight waled men that toward him could draw,
With a Macer to teach him to the Law:
Wallace returned in griefe and matalent,
With his sword drawn, among them sone he went
The middle of one he manked sone in twa,
The other there upon the head can ta,
The third he strooke, and through the coll him clave
The fourth to ground right deid downe he drave:
The fifth he hit in great yre in that stead,
Without rescue dreadlesse he left them dead.
When his three men had slaine the other five,
From them the lave escaped with their life.
Fled to their Lord, and told him of this case,
To Laglane wood then rode wight VVallace:
The Sutheron said, What one he hit right,
Without mercie dreadlesse to death was dight.
Marvell they had such strength in one should bee,
One of their men at each stroake hee gart die.
Then deemed they it should bee VVallace wight,
To their language then answered an old knight,
Forsooth hee said, bee hee escaped this air,
All your new deid, is seeking of your care:
The Justice said, when there such rumours rose,
Hee would bee feared, and there came many foes.

That

That for one man, mes thinke yée like to flée,
And wots not yet indeed if it bee bee:
And tho it were I count him but full light,
Who bides here, each gentle man shall be knight.
I thinke to deale their lands whole the morne,
To you about that are of England borne.
The Sutheron drew to their lodging but mare,
Foure thousand whole that night was into Aire.
In great Barnes bigged without the towne,
The Justice lay with many bold Barron.
Then he gart cry about these waines wide,
No Scots Bearne among them there should bide:
To the Castle hée would not passe for ease,
But sojourned there wi things that might him please
Great purveyance by sea was to them brought,
With Wine and Ale the best that could be bought.
No Watch was set, because they had no doubt,
Of Scots men that living was without.
Laboured in minde they had beene all that day,
Of Ale and Wine enough chosen had they.
As beastlike folke toke of themselves no keepe,
In their veines soone slaid the sloathfull sleepe:
Through foule gluttony in swair swapped like swine
Their Chiftaine was great Bacchus god of wine,
This wise woman long time among them was,
Feill men she warned, and gart to Laglane passe,
Her selfe formost: when they with VVallace met,
Some comfort then into his heart was set:
When hee them saw hee thanked God of might,
Tidings hee asked, the woman told him right,
Sleeping as swine are all yon fierce meinie,
No Scots man is in yon companie.

Then Wallace said, If they all drunken bée,
I call it best with fire them for to sée.
Of good men three hundreth to him sought,
The woman told thée true Burgesses that brought,
Out of the towne both noble Ale and Bread,
And other stuffe as meikell as they might lead:
They eate and dranke the Scots men that mought,
The Nobles then lop hath to Wallace brought:
Sadly he said, Deare friends now yée sée,
Our kin are slaine, therefore is great pitie.
Through foule murther, the great despite is more,
Now some remeid I would we set therefore:
Suppose that I was made Mardane to bée,
Part are away such charges put to mée.
And yée are here come in of als good blood,
And righteous borne by adventure and als good,
Als forward faire, als likely in person,
As ever I was, then for conclusion:
Let us chose five of this good companie,
Then cabels cast who shall our Maker bée.
Wallace and Boyde and Crawfurd of renowne,
And Adam als then Lord of Richartowne.
His father then was visied with sickneſſe,
God had him tane into his lasting grace.
The fifth Auchinleke in war a noble man,
Cabels to cast about the five began.
It would on him, for ought they would devise,
Continually, while they had casten thrise:
Then Wallace rose, and out a sword can draw,
Hée said, I vow to the Maker of aw:
And to Marie his Mother Virgine cleare,
Mine Uncles death now shall be sold full deare.

With

With many moe of our deare worthy kin,
First ere I eate or drinke, I shall begin:
For sleuth or slepe shall never remaine with me,
Of this tempest while I avenged bee.
Then all inclined right humble of one accord,
And him received as their Chiftaine and Lord,
Wallace a Lord he may be clepit well,
Though rurall folke thereof have little feele.
They bene no Lord, but lands bee their part,
Had he the world, and be wretched in heart,
He is no Lord, but to the worthinesse,
It cannot be but fredome, Lordlinesse:
At the Rods they make full many one,
Which worthy are, yet lands they have none.
This discussing we leave Heraulds to end,
Unto my matter briefly I will wend.
VVallace commanded a Burgesse for to get,
Fyne Calke enough, that his deare Nice might set,
At ilke gate where Sutheron were on a raw,
And twentie men he gart some widdies thraw.
Each man upon his armes a paire he threw,
Unto the towne full fast they can persue.
The woman past before him subtilly,
Calked each gate, they needed not gos by.
Then fastned they the doores with widdies fast,
To staplll and bespe with many sicker cast.
Wallace gart Boyd neare hand the Castle ga,
With fiftie men a jeapardie to ma:
If any escape the fire when that they saw,
All fast the gate he ordained them to draw:
The rest with him about the Barnes yard,
This true woman him served well indeed:

With Lint and fyre that battle kendle would,
In every nooke they kaist nen blases bold:
Wallace commanded to all his men about,
No Sutheron men that they should let breik out.
What euer hes kin or cosingis of their kin,
From the red fire, himselfe shall passe therein.
The lemand loun sone launched upon hight,
Forsoth hee said, this is a pleasant sight:
To our heartis it shall bee some redresse,
Were these away, their power were the lesse.
Unto the Justice himself on loud can caw,
Let us to brough our men from your false lain.
That liuing are, and scaped from your Aire,
Deale not their land, the outlaw is oversaire:
Thou had no right, it shall on thee bee seene,
The rumour rose with carefull cry and keene:
The battefire burnt right brimly upon loft,
No sleeping men their waking was unsoft.
The sight without was awfull for to see,
In all the world no greater paine might bee.
Than they within suffered for to dwell,
That ever was wrought, or Purgatory but hell,
A paine of hell will neare it may bee cald,
Mad folke in fire hampered manifald.
Feill biggings burnt that worthie were and wight,
Got none away, Knave, Captaine, nor knight.
When brands fell of rose-trees them among,
Some rudly rose in bitter paines strong.
Some naked burnt, with blisches all away,
Some never rose, but lamzed where they lay.
Some rushed fast to aire, if they might win,
Blinded with fire, their deeds were full dim.

The

The reeke filled with filth of carinh,
Among the fire right foull of infection:
The people beired like wood beasts in that tyde,
Within the wall ramping on either syde:
Rumicht with reeth, and many griesly groanes,
Some grimly grat, while their life dayes were gone
Some dozes sought, the entrie for to get,
But Scots men so wisely them beset.
If any brake by adventure of that steid,
With swords sone brimed they were to dead.
Or else againe by force driven in the fire,
There scaped none, but burnt bone and lyre:
The stinke shailed of dead bodies so wide,
The Scots abhorred neir hand them for to bide.
Peed to the winde, and let them eden alone,
While the red fire had that fierce blood over gone.
A Frier, Drumlaw was Pryor then of Aire,
Seven score with him that night took harbery there
Into his Innes, for hee might not them let,
While neir mid-night a watch on them hee set,
Himselfe woke weil, while hee the fire saw rise,
Some mends he thought to take of that suppryse.
His brethren seven sone to harnelle they yeed,
Himselfe Chiftaine, the remanent to lead.
The best they waile of armour and good geare,
Then weapons toke right awfull in effeare.
These eight Friers in three parts they goe,
With swords drawne, in every house yeed two.
Sone entred in where Sutheron sleeping were,
Upon them set, with streakes sad and sare:
Fiell strickes there the Friers dang to dead,
Some naked fled, and got out of that stead.

The

The water sought, abased out of skepe,
In the Friers well that was both long and depe:
Fell of them fell, that broke out of that place,
Drowned to ground, and dead without ten grace.
Slaine and drowned was all that harbered there,
Men cals it yet, The Friers blessing of Aire.
Few folke of valle was lived upon case,
In the Castle, Lord Persie from that place:
Before the Air from thence to Glasgow drew,
Of wine and stuffe, it was to purvey new.
Yet they within saw the fire burning stout,
With short advise ished, and made no doubt.
The bulwment then, as warriours wise and wight,
Let them alone, and to the house past right.
Boyde wan the Port, entred with all his men,
Kepers in it were left but nine or ten.
The formost some himselfe seased in hand,
Made quite of him, then slew all that he fand:
Of purveyance in the Castle was none,
Short time before from it Persie was gone.
The Earle Arnulfe had received that Hold,
Who in the towne was burnt to powder cold.
Boyde gart remaine of his men twenty still,
Himselfe past forth to wit of VVallace will.
Keping the towne while nought was leaved there,
But the wood fire, and biggings burnt full baire.
Of likely men that were borne of England,
By sword and fire, that night died five thousand.
When VVallace men were well together met,
Good friends, he said, ye know that there was set,
Such law as this now into Glasgow towne,
The Bishop Beike and Persie of renowne:

Therefore

Therefore I will in haste ye thither fare,
Of our good Kin some part is loſed there:
Yé gart ſone the Burgeſſes to him call,
And gave command in generall to them all:
In keping they ſhould take the houſe of Aire,
And hold it whole, while time that wé hear mare;
To byde our King Caſtles I would wé had,
Caſt we downe all, wé may be déemed too bad:
They gart meat come, for he had faſted lang,
Little hé took, then bowned him to gang:
Horſe they chuſe, that Sutheron had brought there,
Anew at will, and off the towne can fare.
Right wonder faſt rode this good Chevalrie,
Thré hundreth whole was in that companie.
To Glaſgow Bridge, that bigged was of tré,
Soone paſſed over, ere Sutheron might them ſee.
Lord Perſie wight, that buſie was in weare,
Sembled his men right awfull in effeare.
Then déemed they all that it was wight VVallace,
Yé had before eſcaped through many caſe:
The Biſhop Beike and Perſie that was wight,
A thouſand led of men in Armes bright.
Wallace ſaw well what number ſembled there,
Yé made his men in two parts for to fare:
Graithed them well without the townes end,
Yé called Auchinleke, for hé the paſſage kend:
Uncle, hé ſaid, bé buſie in the wear,
Whether will yé the Biſhops taile up-bear,
Or paſſe before, and take his Benniſon,
Yé anſwered him with right ſhort proviſion:
Unbiſhopped yet forſooth I trow yé bé,
Your ſelfe ſhall firſt his bleſſing take for mee.

For

For sickerly yee serued it best to night,
To beare his taile wee shall with all our might.
VVallace answered, since wee must sundrie gang,
Perill it is if yee byde from us lang:
For yon are men will not bee soone agast,
From time wee meete, for Gods sake byde yon fast,
Our sundring I would no Sutheron saw.
Behinde them come in throw the North-east raw,
Good men of war are in Northumberland,
They parted thus, tooke other by the hand:
Auchinlecke said, Wee shall doe as wee may,
Wee would like evil to bide ought long away.
Aboustrous battle betwirt us soone must bee,
But to the right Almighty God have eye,
Adam VVallace, and Auchinleck was bowne,
Seven score with them on backside of the towne.
Right fast they yeed, while they were out of sight.
The other part arrayed them full right.
Wallace and Boyde the plaine streete up can goe:
The Sutheron marvelled, because they saw no mo,
Their Ensenzie cryed on the Persies syde,
With Bishop Beike, that boldly could abide.
A sore semibly was at their meeting seene:
As fire from flint it fared them betweene.
The hardy Scots right awfully them abade,
Throgh speir to ground throgh weed ỳ was well made
Pierced plats with points stiffe of steele,
By force of hand gart many cruell kneele,
The strong stour rose, as smoake about them fast,
Or mist through Sun up to the clouds past.
To helpe himselfe, each one had meikell need,
The worthy Scots stood in a fellon dread.

Yet

Yet forward fast they prealled for to bee,
And they on them, great wonder was to see:
The Persies men in warre were used well,
Right fiercely fought, and fonzet not a deale.
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck came in,
A part of Sutheron right cruelly they twin.
Returned to them as noble men of weare,
The Scots got rowme, and many down they beare.
The new Counter allayled them so fast,
Through Englishmen made stoppes at the last:
Then VVallace selfe into the fellon throng,
With his good sword, that heavie was and long:
At Persies face with a good will hee bare,
Both bone and brain the crushed skale throgh share.
Three hundreth men when Lord Persie was dead,
Out of the gate the Bishop Beike they lead.
For then them thought it was no time to byde,
By the Frier Kirke, to a wood there beside:
In the Forrest forsoth they tarried nought,
On freth horse to Bothwell soone they sought.
Wallace followed with worthie men and wight,
Forfoughten they were, and travelled all the night.
Yet feill they slew into that chase that day,
The Bishop selfe and good men got away:
Aymer Wallange rescued them in that place,
That Knight full oft did great harme to Wallace.
VVallace began that night at ten houres in Aire:
On day by nine in Glasgow sembled there:
By one after-noone at Bothwell yet hee was,
Reproved Wallange, ere hee would further pass:
Then turned againe, as witnesses well the booke,
To Dundaffe rod, and there resting hee tooke.

Told

Told good Sir Iohn of their tydings in Aire,
Great moan hée made, he was not with them there:
Wallace soiourned in Dundaffe at his will,
Five dayes out, till tydings came him till.
Out of the hight where good men were forlorne,
For Buchane rose, Athole, Menteith, and Lorne.
Upon Argyle a fellon war they make,
For Edwards sake this they can undertake:
The Knight Cambell in Argyle then was still,
With his good men against King Edwards will.
And keped frée Lochow his heritage,
But Makfadyeane did him great outrage.
This Makfadyeane to Englishmen had sworne,
Edward gave to him both Argyle and Lorne.
False Iohn of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In England then hé was new made a Lord,
Thus falsely hé gave over his heritage,
And tooke at London of Edward a great wage:
Duncane of Lorne yet for the land strave,
While Makfadyeane ouer-set him with the lave:
Put him on force to good Cambell the Knight,
While into war was wise, worthie, and wight:
This Makfadyeane was entred in Scotland,
And marvellously that tyrant tooke in hand:
With his power, the which I spake of aire,
These three Lord ships assembled to him there:
Fifténe thousand of cursed folke indéed,
Of all gathering, in Hoast hé had to lead.
And many of them was out of Ireland brought,
Bairnes nor wives that people spared nought.
Wasted the land as far as they might ga,
These beastly folke could not but burne and sla:

Into

Into Lochow hée entred suddenly:
The good Knight Cambell saw good defence for thy:
To Craghumyre with thrée hundreth hée pród,
That strength they held, for all their cruell séd.
Then brake the Bridge, that they might overpasse,
But through a Ford, where narrow passage was.
Abandonly Cambell against them bade,
Fast upon Awse, that was both deepe and braid:
Makfadyeane was upon the other syde,
And there on force behoved him to byde:
For at the Ford hée durst not enter out,
For good Cambell might set him then in doubt.
Makfadyeane sought and a small passage fand,
Had hé leasure, hé might passe off the land:
Betwixt a Rocke and a great water syde,
But foure in front, there might none goe nor ryde:
Into Lochow was best all great plentie,
Where that hé thought with all his Hoast to bée,
And other stuffe, that they had with them brought,
But all his hoast availed him right nought.
Duncane of Lorne hath séne this sudden case,
From good Cambell hé went to séke Wallace:
Somehelpe to get of their torment and téne,
Together before in Dundie they had béne.
Learning at Schoole, into their tender age,
Hé thought to slaike Makfadyeans hie courage:
Gilmichell then, with Duncane forth had dight,
A guide hé was, a fast man wonder wight.
Soon got they wit where VVallace lodged was,
With their complaint to his presence they passe:
Earle Malcome als the Lennox held at peace,
With his good men to Wallace can hé preasse:

To him there came good Richart of Lundie,
Into Dundaffe hee would no longer lye:
Sir Iohn the Grahame als bowned him to ride,
Makfadyeans war so grieved him that tide.

Chap. III. How *VVallace* slew *Makfadyeane*.

THen VVallace thought his great power to see,
In what array he ruled that Countrey:
The Ruikbie then keped with great wrong,
Striviling Castle, that stalward was and strong:
When VVallace came by South it in a baile,
To Earle Malcome hee said hee would it saile:
In divers parts he gart dissever his men,
Of their power the Sutheron should not ken,
Earle Malcome bade in bushment out of sight,
VVallace with him tooke good Sir Iohn the Knight.
And an hundreth of wise war men about,
Through Striviling rade, if any would ith out.
Towards the bridge the gainest way they passe,
When Ruikbie saw where that their power was,
Hee tooke seven score of Archers that was there:
Upon VVallace they followed wonder sare:
That fell bicker did them meikell deare,
Wallace in hand gripped a noble Spear.
Againe returned, and hath the formest slaine,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, that meikell was of maine.
Among them rade with a good Spear in hand,
The first hee slew that hee before him fand:
Upon another his speare in sunder braid,
A sword he drew, which helped him in need.

English

English Archers upon them can renew,
That his good horse with Arrowes soone they slew:
On foot he was when Wallace hath it seene,
He lighted soone with men of Armes full keene:
Among the rout fighting full wonder fast,
Then Englishmen returned at the last.
At the Castle they would have beene full faine,
But Earle Malcome with men of meikell maine:
Betwirt the Sutheron and the gates preed.
Many they slew that doughtie were indeed:
In the great prease V-Wallace and Ruikbie met,
With his good sword a stroak upon him set:
Deerly to death the old Ruikbie he draave,
His two sons escaped among the lave:
In the Castle, by aventure they preed,
With thirty men, more escaped that dreed.
The Lennox men with their good Lord that was,
From the Castle they said, they would not passe,
For well they wist it might not holden bee,
For no long time, for thy this ordained hee:
Earle Malcome tooke the house to keepe that tide,
Wallace would not from his first purpose bide:
Instance hee made to this good Lord and wise,
From them to passe he would in no kinde wise.
While that he had Striviling the Castle strong,
True men him told, they might not hold it long:
Then Wallace thought most on Makfadyeane,
Of Scottish-men he had slaine many one.
V-Wallace avowed, that he should wroken bee,
On that Rebald, or else thereforre to die.
Of tyrannie King Edward thought him geen,
How borne hee was, and of simple blood:

Thus VVallace was sore greiued in his intent,
To this iourney right earnestly hee went.
At Striuiling bridge assembled to him right,
Two thousand men that worthie were and wight:
Toward Argyle hee bowned for to ride,
Duncane of Lorne was their true sicker guide.
Of old Ruikbie the which I spake of aire,
Two sons on liue in Striuiling liued there:
When those brethren conceiued all at right,
This house to hold, that they no longer might.
For cause why they wanted men and meat,
With Earle Malcome they made them for to treat.
Grace of their liues, and they that with them was,
Gaue ouer the house, then could to England passe:
On the third day that Wallace from them rade.
With king Edward full many yeares they bade.
In Bruces wars againe came in Scotland,
Striuiling to keepe one of them tooke in hand.
Mention of Bruce is oft in VVallace Booke,
To send his right full meikell paine hee tooke:
Wherefore should I here tarry any mae,
To VVallace worth now shortly will I gae:
Duncane of Lorne Gilmichill from him send,
A spy to bee, for hee the Countrey kend.
By our party was past by Straithfillane,
The small fote-folke began to irke like anes
And horse also on force behoued to faile,
Then Wallace thought that companie to weale:
Good men hee said, This is not meete for us,
In broken array if wee come to them thus:
Wee may take skaith, and harme our foes but small,
To them in like we may not semble all.

Tarri

Tarry wée long in plaine fielde while they get,
Upon them sone so well wée may not set.
Part wée muste leave, us following to bée,
Wyth mes shall passe our power into thrée.
Five hundreth first to himselfe hath hée tane,
Of west landmen, were worthie knowne like ane.
To Sir Iohn the Grahame as many ordained hée,
And five hundreth to Richart of Lundie,
In that part was Wallace of Richartowne,
In all good déd, hee was aye readie bowne.
Five hundreth left, and might not with them goe,
Suppose that they to bide was wonder woe.
Thus Wallace hoast began to take the hight,
Over a mountaine, then passed out of sight:
In Glendocher their spy met them againe,
Wyth Lord Cambell, then was our folke right faine
At their méting great blythnesse might bée seene,
Thrée hundreth led that cruell were and kéne:
Hée comfort them, and bade them have no dread,
Pon beastly folke, they want weapons and wéd.
Sone will they flée, and wée shortly persue,
To Loch Duchane full suddenly they drew.
Then Wallace said, Anelike wée shall all tae,
For heere is none will from his fellow gae:
Upon the Holle a Scurriour sone found hée:
The spy they send, the Countrey for to see.
To scoure the land Makfadyeane had him send,
Out of Craigmore that day hee thought to wend.
Gilmichill fast followed upon him there,
Wyth a good sword that well and sharpely share:
Made quyte of him, that tydings told hée none,
The out spy thus was losed from Makfadyeane.

Then Wallace Hoast upon their foot can light,
Their horse they left, though they were never so wight
For Mosse and Craig they might no longer drée.
Then Wallace said, Who goes best, let sée:
Out through the Mosse deliberedly they yéd,
Then tooke they hold whereof they had most dread,
Endlong the hoze, aye thrée in front they past,
While all within were sembled at the last.
Lord Cambell said, Wee have chosen this hold,
I trow to God, their wakening shall bée cold.
Here is no gate to flée yon people can,
But Rockes high, and waters dépe and wan.
Eighténe hundreth of doughtie men indéd,
On the great hoast but moze prócesse they yéd:
Fighting on front, and meikell maistrie made,
The frayed folke busked withoutten baide:
Rudely to ray they rushed them againe,
Great part of them, were men of meikell maine:
Good Wallace men so stoutly can them steir,
The battell on backe, five Aiker braid they bear:
Into the stour feill tyrants gart they knéle,
VVallace in hand had a good sword of stéele.
Whom ever hée hit brimly downe they bare,
Rowmed him about a large rude and mare,
Sir Iohn the Grahame indéd was well worthy,
Good Cambell als, and Richart of Lundie.
Adam Wallace, and Robert Boyd in fear,
Among their foes where déeds was sold dear.
The fellon stour was awfull for to sée.
Makfadyeane then, so great debate made hée,
With Ireland men hardy and couragious,
The stalwart strife right hard and perillous.

Aboundance

Aboundance of blood from wounds wide and wan,
Sticked to dead on ground lay many a man:
Two houres large into the stoure they stand,
The fiercest they enough of fighting fand:
That Iop himselfe well wist not who should win,
But VVallace men would not in sunder twin:
To helpe them selfe they were of hardy will,
Of Ireland blood full fellonie they spill:
With feill fighting made slops through the thrang:
On the false part our wight war men so dange:
That they to byde might have no longer might,
The Ireland folke then made them for the flight:
In craiges clam, and some in water flet,
Two thousand there drowned withoutten let.
Borne Scots men bade still into the field,
Cast weapons them from, and on their knæs knæld:
With pitteous voyce they cryed on VVallace,
For Gods sake to take them in his grace:
Grieved hé was but rueth of them hé had,
Received them fair with countenance full sad:
Of our owne blood wé should have great pitie,
Looke yé slay none of Scots will yælden bé,
Of out-land men let none escape with their life,
Makfadyeane fled, for all his fellon strife.
Unto a cave within a cliff of stone,
Under Craigemore with fiftie hath he gone.
Duncane of Lorne his leave at Wallace ast,
On Makfadyeane with worthie men hé past:
Hé granted him to put them all to dead,
They left none then, but brought VVallace his head
Upon a spear through the field it bare,
The Lord Cambell then hint it by the haire:

High on Craigmore hee heght it for to stand,
Still on the stone for honour of Ireland.
The lyflait men that were of Scotland borne,
Sworne at his faith hee gart them all bee sworne:
Restored them that would come to his feis,
Hee let none slay that would come to his peis:
After this deed in Lorne then could hee fare,
Ruled the land, had beene in meikell care:
In Ardchatane a councell hee gart cry,
Where many men came to his seruourie:
All Lorne hee gave to Duncane that was wight,
And bade him hold in Scotland with the right:
And thou shalt broke this land in heritage,
Thy brothers son in London hath great wage,
Yet will hee come hee shall the lands have,
I would tyne none that veritie might save.
Many true Scots to VVallace could persue,
At Ardchatane from feill strengths they drew,
A good knight came, and with him men stirtis,
Hee had beene oft in many jeopardie
With Englishmen, and sonzeit not a deale,
Aye from their faith, hee fended him full well:
Keped him free, though King Edward had sworne,
Sir Iohn Ramsay that righteous was borne.
Of Ochterhouse, and other lands Lord,
And Shyreffe als, as my booke will record,
Of noble blood, and old ancestrie,
Continued well with worthie Chevalrie.
Into Strochane long time hee had beene,
At great debate among his enemies keene.
Right wightly wan his living into weare,
To him and his Sutheron did meikell deare.

Wallace

Well hée eschewed, and suffered great distresse,
His son was called the floure of courtlinesse:
As witnesses well into this short treaty,
After the Bruce, who reads that Historie:
Hé ruled well both into warr and peace,
Alexander Ramsay to name he beght but lies.
When it was wear to Armes hé him cast,
Under the Crowne hee was one of the best.
In time of peace to courtlinesse hé yéd,
But to gentrice hé toke noneother héd:
What Gentle-men had not with Ramsay héne,
Of courtlinesse they counted not a prœne.
Frédome and truth hé had as men would as,
Since hé began, no better Squyer was:
Roxburgh hold hé wan right manfully.
Then held it long, while traitours treasonably,
Caused his death, I will not tell you how,
Of such things I will goe by as now.
I have had blame to say the sothfastnesse,
Therefore I will but lightly run that race.
Wat it bé thing that plainly slander is,
For such I trow they should not dœme no misse.
Of Alexander as now I speake no more,
His father came, as I you told before.
VVallace of him right full great comfort hes,
For hé well could doe harming to his foes.
In warr hé was right meikell for to prise.
Besy and true, both sober, wight and wise,
A good Prelate als to Ardchatane sought,
Of his Lordship as then hé bruked nought.
This worthie Clerke come in of hie linage,
Of Sinkler blood not fourtie year of age.

Chosen hé was by the Popes consent.
Of Dunkeld Lord was made with good intent.
But Englishmen that Scotland gripped haile,
Of benefices they let him bruke but small.
When hé saw well therefore hé might not mute,
To save his life thrie yeares hé dwelt in Bute.
Lived as hé might, and képed aye good part,
Under safetie of lames then Lord Steware:
While good Wallace which Scotland wan with paine
Restored this Lord to his living againe.
And many moe which long had beene overthrowne,
VVallace them put rightsomly to their owne:
The small Hoast the which I spake of aire,
Into the hight that Wallace leaved there.
Came to the field where Makfadyeane had béne:
Took that was left, both wods and weapons shéne,
Through Lorne they past as goodly as they can,
Of their number they had not loste one man.
One the fifth day they wan to Ardcharane,
Where VVallace bade with good men many ane,
Hé welcomed them upon a goodly wise,
And said, they were right meikell for to prise:
All true Scots hé honoured into weare,
Gave that hé wan, himselfe keeped no geare.

Chap. III. How *VVallace* wan *S. Iohnstoun.*

When Wallace would no longer sojourn there
From Ardcharan out through the land they
Toward Dunkeld with good men of renown, (fare
His most thought then was of Saint Iohnstoun.

Hé

Yée called Ramſay, that good Knight great of baile,
Sadly adviſed, beſought him of counſell:
Of Saint Iohnſtoun, now have I remembrance,
There have I bene, and loſed men through chance,
But aye for one wée gart ten of them die
And yet mée thinkes that is no mends for mée.
I would aſſay from this Land ere we gang,
And let them wit they occupy here wrong.
Then Ramſay ſaid, That towne they may not keepe
The wals are low, ſuppoſe the ditch bee dæpe.
Yée have anew, that ſhall them cumber ſo,
Fill up the dyke that wée may plainly goe:
In plaine battell a thouſand ober at ance,
From this power they ſhall not hold yon waines,
Wallace was glad, that hée ſuch comfort made,
Forth talking thus, unto Dunkeld they rade.
Three dayes there they lodged with pleaſance,
While time they had forſæne their ordinance.
Ramſay gart big great Baſtailyies of trée,
By good wights, the beſt of that Countrey.
When they were wrought, betaught them men to lead
The water downe, while they came near that ſtead
Sir Iohn Ramſay right godly was their guide,
Ruled them well at his will for to byde:
The great hoaſt then about the village paſt,
With earth and ſtone they filled dykes faſt:
Flakes they made on timber long and wight.
A rowme paſſage, to the wals they dight.
Feill Baſtailyies right ſtrongly up they roſe,
With men of Armes ſowne to aſſaylie goes.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and Ramſay that was wight
The turate bridge alleiged in all their might.

And

And Wallace selfe at midstde of the towne,
Good men of armes that was to bargane bowne.
The Sutheron men made great defence that tyde,
With artailyie that fellon was to byde:
With tablaster ganzie and stones fast,
And hand-gunes right byimly out they cast.
Funzeit with speares as men of armes kéne,
The noble Scots that worthie aye hath béene.
At hand-stroakes, fra they together met,
With Sutheron blood their weapons soone they wet,
Yet Englishmen that worthie were in wear,
Into that stour right boldly can them bear.
But all for nought availed them that déed,
The Scots throough force upon them in they yéed:
A thousand men ouer wals yéed hastily,
Into the towne rose hideous noyse and cry:
Ramsay and Grahame the turate gate have win,
And entred in where great strife did begin.
A true Squyer, which Ruthwen hight to name,
Came to the assault with good Sir Iohn Grahame.
Thirtie with him, of men that proued well,
Amongst their foes, with weapons stiffe as stéele,
When that the Scots assembled on either side,
No Sutheron was that might their dints abide:
Two thousand soone were soyled under fét,
Of Sutheron blood they sticked in the strét,
Sir Iohn Pstewart saw well the towne was tint,
Tooke him to flight, and would no longer stint:
In a light Barge, and with him men stirtie,
The water downe, sought succour to Dundie.
VVallace bode still, while the fourth day at morne,
And left none there, that was of England borne.

Riches

Riches they got, both gold and other good,
Plenisht the towne againe with Scots blood:
Ruthwen hee left their Captaine for to bee,
In heritage gave him the office of fe:
Of all Stratherne, and Shyreffe of the towne,
Then in the North good VVallace made him bowne
In Aberdene hee gart a Councell cry,
True Scottishmen should assemble hastily.
To Cowper he rade, to visie that Abbay,
The English Abbot was fled from thence away:
Bishop Sinkler without longer abade,
Met them at Glams, syne forth with them he rade:
Into Brechin they lodged all that night,
Soone on the morne Wallace gart graith at right.
Displaid abroad the Banner of Scotland,
In good array, with noble men at hand.
Cauld plainly cry, that saved should bee none
Of Sutheron blood, where they might be overgone:
In plaine battell throughout the Merns they ride,
The Englishmen, that durst them not abide:
Before the hoast full fearedly they flée
To Dunnotter, a strength within the sea.
No further they might win out of the land,
They sembled there, while they were foure thousand
To the Kirk they ran, and thoght girth to have tane:
The lave remained upon the rocke of stane.
The Bishop then began treaty to mae,
Their lives to get, out of the land to gae:
But they were red, and durst not well assay
Wallace, in fire cauld set all hastily,
Burnt up the Kirke, and all that was therein,
Attour the rocke the lave ran with great din.

Some

Some hunge on Craigs right dolefully to die,
Some lay, some fell, some fluttered in the sea:
No Sutheron on life was leaved in that Hold,
And they within were burnt to powder cold,
When this was done, they fell on knées downe,
At the Bishop asked absolution.
Then VVallace leugh, and said, I forgive you all,
Are yée war-men that repents for so small:
They rewed us not within the towne of Aire,
Our true Barrons when that they hanged there,
To Aberdene then safely can they passe,
Where Englishmen right buske flitting was.
An hundreth Ships that Kather bare and Aire,
To turse their goods, in Haven were biding there.
But Wallace hoast came on them suddenly:
There scaped none of all that great Navie,
But feill servants in them was leaved none,
At an eb sea the Scots is on them gone.
Tooke out the geare then set the Ships on fire,
The men on land they burnt both bone and lyre.
Fed none away, but prieists, wides, and bairnes.
Wade they debate they scaped not but harmes:
Into Buchane VVallace made him to ride,
Where Lord Bewmont was ordained to abide:
Earle hée was made but of short time before,
Hé brooked it not for all his boisteous shore.
When hé wist well that Wallace comming was,
Hé left the land, and could to Slanis passe:
And then by Shippe fled in England againe,
Wallace rade through the North-land into plaine:
At Cromartie feill Englishmen they slew,
The worthy Scots unto him could persue.

Returned

Returned againe, and came to Aberdene,
With his blith hoaſt, upon the Lammas even.
Eſtabliſht the land, as hé thought beſt to bé,
Then with an hoaſt hé paſſed to Dundie.

Chap. IIII. How *VVallace* laid a ſiedge to *Dundie*, and gave Battell to *Kirkinghame* Theſaurer to King *Edward*, and the Earle of *Warrane*, at *Striviling* Bridge.

GArt ſet a ſiedge about the Caſtle ſtrang,
I leave him there, and further will I gang.
Sir Aymer Wallange haſted him full faſt,
Into England with his whole houſe-hold paſt,
Bothwell hé left was Murrayes heritage,
And tooke him then to goe to Edwards wage.
Thus his owne land hee left for evermare,
Of Wallace déd great tydings told hé there.
Als Engliſhmen ſore mourned in their mode,
That loſed here both life lands and gud:
Edward as then could not in Scotland faire,
But Kirkinghame that was his Theſaurer.
With him a Lord, that Earle was of Warrane,
Hé charged them with numbers many ane,
Right well beſéne in Scotland for to ride,
At Striviling ſtill, he ordained them to bide.
While hé might come, with ordinance of England,
Scotland againe he thought to take on hand.

This

This boast past forth, and had but little dread,
The Earle Patrick received them at Tweed.
Malice hee had at good Wallace before,
Long time by-past, and that increased more.
But through a case it hapned of his wife,
Dumbar from him shee held into a strife:
Through the supply of VVallace into plaine,
But hee by meanes gote his Castle againe:
Long time ere then, and yet hee could not cease,
Against VVallace hee proved in many preasse.
With Englishmen supplyde them at his might,
Contrare Scotland they wrought full great unright
Their musters then was awfull for to see,
Of fighting men thousands there were sixtie.
To Striviling bridge past ere they liked to byde:
To Earle Malcome a sledge they laid that tyde:
And thought to keepe the command of their King,
But good VVallace wrought for an other thing,
Dundie hee left, and made a good Chiftain,
With two thousand to keepe that house of Stane:
Of North-land-men, and dwellers at Dundie,
The samine night to Saint Iohnstoun went hee:
Upon the morne to Shyreffe-mure hee rode,
And there a while in good array he bode.
Sir Iohn the Grahame said Wee have under-tane,
With lesse power, such thing that well is gane:
Then Wallace said, Where such things comes of need
Wee should thanke God, that makes us for to speed,
But neare the bridge my purpose is to bee,
And worke for them some subtill ieopardie.
Ramsay answered, The bridge we may keepe well,
Of way about the Sutheron have little feill.

VVallace

VVallace send Iop the battell for to set,
To Tuesday next to fight without ten let:
On Saturday unto the Bridge they rade,
Of good plaine bords was well and joyntly made.
Gart watches wait, that none should to them passe,
A Wright hee tooke the subtillest that was,
And ordained him to saw the bords in two,
By the mid-tresse that none might ouer it goe:
On Cornell bands nailed it full soone,
Then filled it with clay as nothing had béene done:
The other end hee ordained for to bée,
How it should stand upon rollers of trée:
When one were out, that the resse downe should fall,
Himselfe under hee ordained there withall.
Bound on the tresse in a Cradle to sit,
To lowse the pin, when VVallace let him wit.
But with an horne, when it was time to bee,
In all the hoast no man should blow but hee:
The day approached of the great battell,
The Englishmen for power would not faile:
Aye sire they were against one of VVallace,
Fitie thousand made them to battell place:
The remanent bade at the Castle still,
Both field and house they thought to keepe at will.
The worthie Scots upon the other side,
The plaine field tooke, on foot made them to byde:
Hew Kirkinghame the vanguard then led hee,
With twenty thousand of likely men to see.
Thirtie thousand the Earle of VVarrane had,
But hee did then as the wise man him bad:
All the first hoast before him over was send,
Some Scots-men that well the matter kend:

Bad

Bade Wallace blow, and said, They were anew,
Yet hasted not, but sadly could persue.
While Warranes hoast thick on the bridge he saw,
From lopthe horne he hint, and could it blaw:
So asperly, and warnd good Iohn wright,
The roller out he strake then with great slight:
The rest yed downe, when that the pine out goes,
An hideous cry among the people rose:
Both horse and man into the water fell,
The hardy Scots, that would no longer dwell:
Set the rest with strokes sad and sare,
Of them there ouer as then sobered they were:
At the fore-brest they proued hardily,
Wallace and Grahame, Boyd, Ramsay, and Lundie.
All in the stour fighting face for face,
The Sutheron of backe rered in that place,
At the first strake five aiker broad and more,
Wallace on foot a great sharpe sword he bore:
Among the thickest of the preasse he gaes,
On Kirkinghame a straik he chosen hes:
In the birnish that polisht was full bright,
The prunzeing head the plates pierced right.
Through the bodie sticked him but rescue:
Werily to death that Chiftaine was adue.
Both man and horse at that straik he bare down,
The English hoast that were in battell bown:
Comfort they tint, when their Chiftaine was slaine,
And many one began to flee in plaine:
Yet worthy men bade still into that stead,
While ten thousand were brought unto the dead.
Then fled the lave, and might no longer bide,
Succour they sought in many diverse side.

Some

Some east, some west, and some fled to the North,
Seven thousand whole at once fluttered in Forth:
Plunged in depe, drowned without mercie,
None left on live of all that whyle menzie:
Of VVallace hoast no man was slaine of valle,
But Andrew Murray, into that strong battaile:
The south part then that saw their men was tint,
All fiercely fled, as fire doth from the flint.
The place hath left, Striviling castle and towne,
Toward Dumbar in great haste made them bowne.
When VVallace hoast had won the field by might,
Tooke up the bridge, and loosed good Iohn Wright.
On the fiyers then followed wonder fast,
Earle Malcome als out of the Castle past:
With Lennox men to stoppe the chase good spéd,
Aye by the way they gart fell Sutheron bléd:
In the Torwood they gart full many die,
The Earle of Warrane then can full fiercely flé.
With Corse-patrike that graithly can him guide,
Unchanging horse out through the land they ride:
Straight to Dumbar, but few with them they led,
Many were slaine, over sloathfully that fled:
The Scottish horse had run full wonder lang,
Many gave over, and might no further gang:
VVallace and Grahame ever together bade,
At Haddingtowne full great slaughter they made
Of Englishmen, when their horse tyred had,
When Ramsay came, good Wallace was still glad:
With him was Boyd, and Richart of Lundie,
Three hundreth whole was of good Chevaltrie:
And Adam Wallace als of Richartowne,
With Earle Malcome they found at Haddingtown.

The Scottish-men on slaughter taried was,
While to Dumbar the two Chiftaines could passe:
Full spitefull were for their contrarie case,
VVallace followed, while they got in that place,
Of their best men, and Kirkinghame of renowne,
Thirtie thousand was dead but redemption.
Beside Beltowne VVallace returned againe,
To follow more, then was it but in vaine.

In Haddingtowne lodging hée made all night,
Upon the morne to Striviling passed right:
On the Assumption day befell this case,
Aye loved hée the Lord of his good grace:
Conveyer oft hée was to good VVallace,
And helped him in many sundry place:
VVallace in haste sone after this Battell,
A great oath tooke of all the Barrons haill:
That with good will, would come to his presence,
Hé beght them als to bide at their defence:
Sir Iohn Menteith was then of Arrane Lord,
To Wallace came and made a plaine concord,
With witnesse there with his oth hes him band,
Lawtie to kæpe to Wallace and Scotland:
Who would not with frée will to right apply,
Wallace by force punisht them rigorously:
Part put to death, part put in prison strang,
Great word of him through both these Realme
Dundie they got sone by a short treatie: (ran
But for their lives they fled away by sea:
English Captaines that houses had in hand,
Left Castles frée, and stole out of the Land:

Within ten dayes after this time was gone,
English Captaines in Scotland then was none.
Except Berwicke and Roxburgh Castles wight,
Yet Wallace thought to bring them to the right.

That time there was a worthie true Barron,
To name hée hecht Christell of Setoun:
In Iedburgh wood, for safetie hée had béene,
Against Sutheron full well hée could contéine,
Edward could not from Scots faith him get,
Though they a million gave of gold well met.
Herbottell fled from Iedburgh Castle wight,
Towards England there Setoun met him right.
With fourty men Christell in bargane bade,
Against seven score, and meikell maistry made:
Slew that Captaine, and many cruell man,
Full great riches in that journey hee wan.
House-hold and gold, as they should passe away,
The which before they keeped many a day:
Iedburgh hée tooke, and Ruthwen leaved hée,
At Wallace will their Captaine for to bée:
Bold Setoun then to Louthean made repare,
In this storie yee may hear of him mare:
And into Bruce, who liketh for to read,
Hée was with them in many cruell deed:
Good Wallace then full sadly can devise,
To rule the land, with worthie men and wise.
Captaines hée made, and Shyreffes that were good,
Part of his kin, and of other true blood:
His deare Cousen in Edinburgh ordained hée,
The true Crawfurd, that aye was full worthie.

Keeper of it with noble men at wage,
In Manwell then he had good heritage:
Scotland was free, that long in baile had beene,
VVallace it wan from our false enemies keene:
Great Governour of Scotland he could reigne,
Waiting a time to get his righteous King:
From Englishmen that held him in bandowne,
Long wrongfully from his own righteous Crowne.

The end of the seventh Booke.

THE EIGTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *VVallace* put *Corse-patrick* out of *Scotland*.

FIve moneths thus Scotland stood in good rest,
A Councel cryde them thought it was the best.
In Saint Iohnstowne where it should holden bee,
Assembled Clerke, Baron and Burgesse free.
But Corse-patricke would not come at their call,
Bade in Dumbar, and made scorne of them all:
They spake of him feill Lords of that Parliament,
Then VVallace said, Will ye here to consent:
Forgive him free all things that is by past:
So he will come, and grant he hath trespast.

From

From this time forth kepe lawtie to our Crowne,
They granted thereto, Clerk, Burgesse, and Baron.
With whole consent their writing to him send,
Right lowly thus they them to him commend.
Besought him faire, as one then of the land,
To come and take some Governance in hand:
Lightly hee lengh, in scorne as it had beene:
And said, Hee had such message seldome séene,
That Wallace now as Governour should reigne:
Héere is great fault of a good Prince or King:
That King of Kyle I cannot understand,
Of him I held never a fure of land:
That Bauchler trows for Fortune shows her wheele
Therewith to lash, it shall not long bee well:
But to you Lords, and yee will understand,
I make you wise I ought to make no band:
As free I am in this Region to reigne,
Lord of mine owne, as ever was Prince or King:
In England als great part of land I have,
Wanrent thereof will no man of mee crave.
What will yee more, I warne you I am free,
For your summonds, yee get no more of mee.
To Saint-Johnstoun this writte hee sent againe,
Before the Lords was manifest in plaine:
When Wallace heard the Earle such answer makes
A great heat through courage then hee takes:
For hee wist well there could bee but one King,
Of this Region at once for to reigne.
A King of Kyle for that hee called Vallace,
Lords hee said, this is a uncouth case:
Bee hee suffered wee are worse then wee was,
Thus rose hee up, and made him for to passe.

God hath us tholed to doe so for the lave,
On life or death, in faith wee shall him have:
Or gar him grant whom hee hold for his Lord,
Or elss were shame in Scotie to record,
I vow to God with ease hee shall not bee
Into this Realme, but one of us shall die:
Lesse then hee come, and know his righteous king,
In this Region well both wes shall not reigne:
His lightly scorne hee shall repent full sore,
But power faile, or I shall end therefore:
Since in this earth, is ordained mee no rest,
Now God bee judge, the right hee knowes best:
At that Councell hee longer taried nought,
With his two hundreth from S. Johnstoun he sought
To the Councell made instance ere hee pæd,
They should containe, and of him have no dræd:
I am but one, and for good cause I ga,
Toward Kinghorne the gainest way they tae:
Upon the morne ower Forth, South they past,
On his voyage hee hasted wonder fast.
Robert Lawder at Musselburgh met VVallace,
From Englishmen hee keped well his place:
Could none him treat, Knight, Squyer, nor yet Lord
With King Edward for to bee at concord:
On Earle Patrick to passe hee was full glad,
Some said before the Basse hee would have had:
Good men came als with Cristell of Setoun,
Then VVallace was foure hundreth of renowne.
A Squyer Lyle that well the Countrey knew,
With twenty men to VVallace could persue:
Beside Lyntoun and to them told hee then,
That Earle Patricke with many like

At Cokburns-path he had his gathering made,
And to Dumbar would come without ten bane.
Then Lawder said, It were the best thinkes me,
Faster to passe in Dumbar ere he bee:
VVallace answered, We may at leasure tyde,
With yon power he thinkes bargaine to byde.
And of one thing bee shall well understand,
An hardier Lord is not within our Land,
Right hee bee made true stedfast to our King,
By wit and force hee can doe meikell thing:
But wilfully hee likes to tyne himself,
Thus rod they forth, and would no longer dwell.
By East Dumbar where men them told on caile,
How Earle Patrick was warned of Wallace:
Neat Innerweik chosed a field at waile,
With nine hundreth of likely men but faile.
Foure hundreth was with VVallace in the right,
And they anone approached in their sight:
Great fault was there of good treatie betweene,
To make concord, and that full soone was seene.
Without rebearte of action in that tide,
On either part together fast they ride:
The stour was strong, and wonder Chevalrous,
Continued long with deeds perilous.
Many there died of cruell Scots blood:
Of this treatie the matter is not good:
Therefore I cease to tell the destruction,
Pitie it was, and all of one Nation:
But Earle Patrick the field left at the last,
Right few with him to Cokburns-path there past:
Agrieved sore that his men thus were tint,
Wallace returned, and would no longer tint.

Toward Dumbar where sothfast men him told,
No purueance was left into that hold,
For men of ffence, all had beine with their Lord,
When Wallace heard the sicker true record,
Dumbar he tooke all whole at his bandoun,
Gaue it to kep to Cristell of Seroun,
Who stuffed it with men and good vitaill,
Upon the morne Wallace that wonis nocht faillerd,
With three hundreth to Cokburnes-path he raught,
Earle Patricke ffled, for by de him wanis he nought.
Soone to the Parke Wallace a range hath set,
To Bonkell wood Corl-patricke fled but let,
And out of it to Northam passed hee,
Then Wallace saw it might no better be,
To Caldstreme rode, and lodged him on Tweid,
Earle Patricke then in all haste can him speid,
And passed by ere Wallace powar rose,
Without resting to Berricke forrest goes.
Wallace followed, but he would nocht abide,
A range to make, as then it might not betide:
Ouer few behad, the strength was rock and stane
Twelue myle of breadth, and thereto twelue long.
Into Coldstrime Earle Patricke is to dwell,
For more power Wallace past in the well.
Earle Patricke then him gratched hartely,
In England past to get him there supply:
Out through the land right earnestly could passe,
To Anthonie Beike that Bysh of Durham was.
Wallace put him out of Glasgow before,
And slew Persie, their maller was the more.
And Bishop Beike gart some great power rise,
Northumberland upon an awfull wise.

They

They ordained Bruce in Scotland for to raile,
To win his awne, but evil pereild he was:
They gart him trow that Wallace was to bell:
And thought to take the kingricke to him tell:
For false they were, and ever yet hath beene,
Lawtie and truth was ever in Wallace soone.
To send their right was all hes tone in hand,
And thought to bring Bruce free to his land.
Of this matter as now I tarrie nought,
With strong power Sutheron together sought:
From Oyis water allembled whole in Tweed,
The land hoast was thirtie thousand indeed,
Of Themes mouth sent ships by the sea,
To keepe Dumbar, that none should them supplie:
Earle Patricke past with twenty thousand men,
Before Dumbar a stalward seege he sets.
The Bishop Beike and Robert Bruce bade still,
With ten thousand in Northame at their will:
Wallace by this that fall was advertand,
In Lawthian came with good men five thousand:
Right well besene into their armour bright,
Though to rescue the Scoun lords and knight:
Under Yester that first night lodged he,
Hay came to him with an good Chevalrie:
In Dowglis forrest all that time he had beene,
Hee had the comming of the Sutheron seene:
Fifty he had of wisemen into weare,
They told Wallace of Patrickes great effeire:
Hay said, Forsooth and yee might him overset,
Power againe right none he might not get,
My counsell is, that yee give him battell:
Hee thanked them of comfort and counsell.

An

And said, Friend Hay, in this cause that I wend,
So that wee win, I reke not for to end,
Right sothfit is that once wee muste die,
Into the right who should in terrour bee?
Earle Patricke there a messenger gart passe,
Told Anthonie that VVallace comming was:
Of this tydings the Bishop was full glad,
Amends of him full faine hee would have had.
But more prolong through Lammer-mure they rod,
Near the Spot-mure in bushment still hee bode,
Where Earle Patricke then ordained for to bee,
VVallace of Beike unwarned then was hee.
Yet hee before was not hastie indeed,
But then hee put both him and his in dreed;
Upon swift horses courriours rod betweene,
The comming then of Earle Patricke hath seene.
The house hee left, and to the Mure is gane,
A plaine field with his hoast hath hee tane.
Good Setoun then ished with few menzie,
Part of his men into Dunbar left hee:
To VVallace rod was on the righteous syde,
An good arrey to Spots-mure they ride:
Some Scots dread the Earle so many was,
Twentie thousand against so few to passe:
But Iop perceived, hee bade Wallace should byde,
Mine not your men, but to some strength yee ride:
And I shall passe, to get you power mare,
These are ober good thus lightly for to ware,
Then VVallace said, In truth I shall not flee,
For foure of his aye one while I may bee.
Wee are ober neare such purpose for to take,
A dangerous chase they might upon us make.

Here

Here is twenty with this power this day,
Would him allay suppose I were away:
Many they are, for Gods sake be wee strong,
Upon Sutheron folke in stour will not bide long.

Chap. II. How *Corspatrick* brought in *Scotland* Bishop *Beike*, and *Robert* the *Bruce*: and how *Wallace* gave them battell, and put them out of *Scotland*.

The byme battell byaithly on either syde,
Great rierd there rose over all wher they tyde,
The sore semply when they together met,
Feill stroakes there they sadly on other set,
Pyrrzeing speares throngh plats prealled fast,
Many off horse downe to the ground they cast:
Saddles they teime of horse but masters there,
Of the south syde five thousand downe they bare:
Good Wallace host the formost cummered so,
That the rest was in will away to goe:
Earle Patrick bode so cruell of intent,
All his whole hoast of him toke hardiment:
Against Wallace in many stour was bee,
Wallace knew well that his men would not flee.
For no power that living was on live,
While they on baile might bee aye one for five:
In that great strife many were handled hait,
The keile dints, the cruell hard debate,
The keirs striking made many grievous wound,
Upon the earth the blood made to abound:
All Wallace hoast into a compasse bade,
Where they turned full great slaughter they made,

Wallace

VVallace and Grahame with Ramsay full worthy,
The bold Scroun and Richard of Lundie:
And Adam VVallace als of Richardtowne,
Both Hay and Lyle, with good men of renowne:
Boyd, Barcley, Baird, and Lawder that was wight,
Feill Englishmen detfly to death they dight:
But Earle Patricke full fiercely fought againe,
Through his owne hand many hee put to paine:
Our men on him throng forward into throe,
Made through the hoast feill stoppes to and fro,
The Englishmen began plainly to flee,
Then Bishop Beike full suddenly they see:
And Robert Bruce, contrare his native men,
VVallace was woe, fra time he could him ken:
Of Bruces deeds hee was agrieved mare,
Than all the lave that day that sembled there.
The great bushment at once then brake on breed,
Ten thousand whole that doughty were in deed:
The fliers then with Earle Patricke relieved,
They fought againe, where many were mischieved.
When VVallace saw the bushment broken was,
Out of the field on horse he thought to passe:
But he saw well his hoast found in their heed,
Hee thought to fray the formost ere hee yeed.
The new come hoast about him sembled there,
On either side with strakes sad and sare.
The worthie Scots so fiercely fought againe,
Of Anthonies men full many have they slaine:
But that tyrant so used was in wear,
On Wallace hoast hee did full meikell dear:
And the bold Bruce, so cruelly wrought hee,
Through strength of hand feill Scots gart hee die.

To

To resist Bruce, VVallace he prealled sall,
But Englishmen so thicke betwixt them pall:
And Earle Patrick in all the halte hee mought,
Throughout the tour to VVallace comethey sought.
On the Pesant a fellon stroake him gave,
Carved the plate, with his sharpe grounded glave.
Through all the stuffe, and wounded him some deale
But VVallace though he should bee venged well.
Followed on him, and a stroake ettled sall,
But one Maitland reklesse betweene them pall.
Upon the head good VVallace hath himtane,
Through head and brain in sunder stroake the bane.
Dead to the ground at that stroake hee him drave,
Thus VVallace was dissevered from the lave.
Of his good men, among them him alone,
About him sought seill enemies many one.
Sticked his horse, to ground behoved to light,
To send himselfe, as wisely as hee might,
The worthy Scots that might no longer byde,
With heavie hearts out of the field they ryde:
With them in feare they weind Wallace had beene,
On foote hee was among his enemies keene:
Good rowme he made about him into breed,
With his good sword that helped him in need,
Was none so strong that got of him a straike,
After againe made never the Scots wraike:
Earle Patricke then that had great craft in weare,
With speates bydaind good VVallace down to beare:
Anew they tooke were whole into the field,
To him they yeed, thought hee should have no bield,
On either side fell pruneing at his gear,
Hee hewed off heads, and wisely could him wear.

The

The worthie Scots of this then little wist, (mist,
Sought to good Grahame, when they their Chiftane
Lawder and Lyle and Hay, that were so wight,
And bold Ramsay, which was a worthie Knight:
Lundie, and Boyde, and Chriſtell of Setoun,
With five hundreth that were in bargane bound:
Him to rescue full rudely in they rade,
About VVallace a large rowme they made.
The Bishop Beike was brathly borne to eird:
At that rescue there was a fellon reird,
Ere he got up feill Sutheron they slew,
Out of the preasse VVallace they can rescue:
Some horsed him upon a Courser wight,
Toward a strength they rade in all their might,
Right wisely fled rescuing many man,
The Earle Patricke to stuffe the chase began,
On the fliers there little harme they wrought,
Good Wallace folke away together sought,
Those five hundreth the which I spake of aire,
So awfully abandoned them and saire:
No follower durst out from his fellow ga
The good fliers such turning in they ma:
Foure thousand whole had tane the strength before,
Of Wallace hoast, his comfort was the more.
Of Glaitaden that Forrest thought to hold,
Earle Patrick turned, though he was never so bold.
Againe to Beike when scaped was VVallace,
Cursing Fortune of his mischancefull cace,
The field he wan, and seven thousand were lost:
Dead on that day for all the Bishops boast,
Of Wallace men five hundreth slaine I gesse,
But no Chiftaine, his mourning was the lesse.

Neare

Neare even it was, but Beike would not abide,
In Lammer-mure they turned in that tide,
Their lodging where he thought to availe,
For well they trowed the Scots would assaile
Upon the field, where they gave battell last,
The countrey men to Wallace gathered fast.
Of Edinburgh with Crawfurd that was wight,
Foure hundreth came into their armour bright.
To VVallace rode by his lodging was tane,
Of Tevedale came good men many ane:
Out of Iedburgh, with Ruthwen at that tide,
Together fought from many diverse side.
Sir VVilliam then that Lord was of Dowglas,
With him foure score that night came to Wallace:
Twentie hundreth of new men met that night,
Upon their foes to venge them at their might.
At the first field these good men had not beene,
VVallace watches their adversaries hath beene.
Into what wise they had their lodging made,
Wallace bowned after Supper but bade:
In Lammer-mure they passed hastily,
Soone to array yed this good Chevalrie.
VVallace them made in two parts to bee,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and Setoun ordained hee.
Lawder and Hay, with three thousand to ride,
Himselfe the rest tooke wisely for to guide.
With him Lundie, both Ramsay, and Dowglas,
Barklay and Boyd, and good Adam VVallace:
By this the day approached wonder neare,
And bright Titan in presence can appeare:
The Scottish hoste soone sembled into sight.
Of their enemies, they were not ready night.

Out of array feill of the Sutheron was,
Right awfully Wallace can on them passe,
At this entry the Scots so well them bare,
Feill of their foes to death were mittined there:
Rekleslie they rose, and many fled away,
Some on the ground, were smored where they lay:
Great noise and cry was raised them among,
Gwd Grahame came, that kaward was and strong
Fra VVallace men were well togither met,
On the south part so awfully they set.
In contrare them the frayed folke might not stand,
At once their fled of Sutheron ten thousand:
The worthie Scots wrought upon such a wise,
Iop said, That they were worthy for to prise.
Yet Bithop Beike, that fellon tyrant strong,
Bode in the stour right awfully and long.
A Knight Skelroun, that cruell was and kéene,
Before him slew into his armour sheene.
To fend his Lord, full worthily hee wrought,
Lundie him saw, and sadly to him sought:
With his gwd sword an ackward strake him gave,
Through Pelan stuffe his craigs in sunder drave:
Whereof the reik were slonthit in that stead,
The bold Skelton, of Lundies hand was dead.
Then fled they all, and might no longer byde,
Patricke and Beike away with Bruce they ryde:
Five thousand held into a flop away,
To Northame house in all the haste they may:
Our men followed, that were worthy and wight,
Many fliers to dead they derfly dight.
These three Lords to the Castle they sought,
Full feill they losed y were from England brought.

At

At this journey twentie thousand they slue,
Drowned and taine with speares and swords blue:
The Scots at Tweed they patted them to fall,
Feill Sutheron men to wrong swords they pall,
VVallace returned, in Northam when they were,
For worthie Bruce his heart was wonder sare,
Hee had rather bade him at his large,
Frie of our Crowne, than of fine gold to charge:
More than in Troy was when the Greekes it wan,
VVallace passed with many awfull man,
Over Patricks lands, and wrakes wonder tuik,
Tooke out great gwds, and places vdone can tak:
His Steads twelve, that Methamis were cald,
Wallace gart breake thole baitly baildings bold:
Both in the Mers, and als Louthian:
Except Dunbar, standing hir leawed name.
To Edinburgh then upon the eight day,
Upon the morne Wallace without delay:
To Perth past, where a Counceli was set,
To the Barrons hee showed withoutten let:
How his great bow right well eschewed was,
To a Waller he gart Earle Patricke passe,
Because he said of Scotland he held nought,
To King Edward to get supplie he sought:
The Lords were blyth, and welcomed well Wallace
Thanking great God of his faire happie cace,
Wallace tooke state to governe all Scotland,
The barnage whole made him an open band:
Then dealt the land to gud men him about,
For Scotlands right had set their lives in doubt,
Stanetowne hee gave to Lawder in his wage,
The Knight Wallace ought it in heritage;

Then Birgem-crooke he gave Lyle that was wight
To Skryminger als full good reward hee dight:
Then Wallace-towne, and other lands theretill,
To worthy men hee dealt with noble will.
To his owne kin no Heritage gave hee,
But offices, that every man might see:
For covetice there could no man him blame,
Hee bade reward, while the King should come hame.
Of all hee did, hee thought to byde the Law,
Before his King and Master when hee saw:
Scotland was blyth, in dolour had beene lang,
In every part to good labour they gang.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* past in *England*, and remained there three quarters of a yeare, and came home againe without Battell.

By this the time of October was past,
November neare approached wonder fast:
Tydings there came King Edward grieved was,
With his power in Scotland thought to passe.
For Earle Patricke had given such counsell,
Wallace got wit, and sembled power baile:
Fourtie thousand in Rosling-mure they met,
Lords hee said, this is King Edwards set:
In contrare right to seeke us in our land,
I beght to God, and to you by mine hand.
I shall him meet for all his great barnage,
Within England, to fend our heritage.
His false desire shall on himselfe bee seene,
Hee shall us finde in contrare of his teene.

Since

Since hee with wrong hath riven this Region,
We shall now walle in tontcare of his Crowne:
I will not dive great Lords with us to fare,
For mine intent plainly I will declare:
Our purpose is either to win or die,
Who yelds him, shall never ransomed bee.
The Barons then him answered worthily,
And said, They would walle with their Chevalry.
Himselfe and Iop provided that menyie,
Twentie thousand of wailed men tooke hee:
Harnelle and horse hee gart among them waile,
Weapons anew that might them best availe:
Graithed these men, that cruell were and keene,
Better in war in world could not be seene:
Hee bade the rest in labour for to byde,
In good array from Rosling mure they ryde:
In their musker good Wallace could them aske,
What needeth more in one power to passe:
All of one will, as I trow set are wee,
In plaine battell cannot discomfist bee:
Our Realme is poore, walked with Sutheron blood,
Goe and win on them gold and other good:
The hoast inclined all with humble will,
And said they should his biding then fulfill:
Earle Malcome with his Lennox men is gone,
But name of rule in him hee would have none:
VVallace him knew a Lord that was worthy,
At his counsell hee wrought full stedfastly:
Stronger hee was if hee had battell sene,
For hee before had in good journeyes bene:
A man of strength, that hath good wit withall,
A whole Region may comfort at his call:

As manly Hector wrought into his weare,
Against an hundreth counted was his speare:
But that was not through his strength only,
Such rule he led of noble Chevalry:
These examples were worthie for to ken,
Hector I leave, and speake forth of our men:
The Knight Campbell made him to that voyage,
Of Lochow chiefe that was his heritage:
And good Ramsay forth to that journey went,
Sir Iohn the Grahame forward in his intent,
V Vallace Cousen, Adam, full worthie was,
And Robert Boyde, forth wythly can they passe,
Both Auchinlecke and Richart of Lundie,
Lawder and Hay, and Setoun full worthie.

THis royall hoast but resting forth they rode,
To Bronis field and there a while they bode:
Then V Vallace tooke with him fewtie but lies,
To Roxburgh Gate rode some ere they would cease:
Sutheron marvelled if it should bee V Vallace,
Without assurance come to persue that place.
Of Sir Raufe Gray some presence could bee aske,
And warned him thus, further ere he would passe,
Our purpose is in England for to ride,
No time we have of lodging for to bide:
Take heed and bear of our comming againe,
Give over this house, send me the keyes in plaine,
This I command, before this witnesse large,
If thou wilt not, remaine with all the charge:
But this bee done, of force and I take thee,
Over the wall thou shalt bee hanged hie.

With

With that he turned, and all his hoast can wend,
This like command to Berwick towne hee send,
With good Ramsay, that was a worthie knight,
The hoast but more right awfully hee dight.
Began at Tweed, and spared nought they fand,
But burnt by force all whole Northumberland.
All Durhame townes they burnt up in ageto,
Abbayes they spared, and Kirkes where they yeed:
To Yorke they rode, but boos ere they would bin,
To burne and slay, of them hee thought no sin:
No sin they thought, the lams to let us feele,
But Willam VVallace quite our quarrell well:
Forts they wan, and small Castles cast downe,
With asper weapons payed their ransome:
Of prisoners they liked not to keepe, (weepe:
Whom they over-tooke, they made their friends to
Bo Sutheron saved for all their great riches,
All such trachry hee called wratchednesse.
Unto the gates and suburches of the townes,
Braithly they burnt, & brake their buildings downe:
At the wals assayled fifteene dayes,
While King Edward sent to them in this wise,
A knight, a Clerke, and a Squier of peace:
And prayed them from burning for to cease.
And battell ere fifteene dayes were passe,
Soverance so long if hee liked to aske.
And als hee spiered, why VVallace tooke on hand,
The felon strife in defence of Scotland?
And said, hee marvelled in his wits to thy,
Against England was of so great partie,
Since you have made so thrilled of Scotland free,
It were good time for to let maistrie bee.

VVallace hath heard the message say their will,
With manly voice right thus he said them till.
Ye may know well that right enough we have,
Of his soverance I covet not to crave.
Because I am a native Scots man,
It is my debt to doe all that I can:
To send our Kingrike out of dangering,
To his desire he will grant him some-thing.
Our hoast shall cease for ought that may betide,
These fourtie dayes bargane to abide:
And shall doe nought, lest then it mode in you,
In this respite my seike could never trow
King Edwards write under his seale they gave,
In fourtie dayes that they should battell have.
VVallace then gave credence to their King,
Their leave they toke, then passed but resting.
And told him whole how Wallace let them seie,
Of their soverance hee cared not a deale.
Such ruled men so aiefull in effeire,
Are not chriften as hee leads into weare:
The King answered, and said, It should bee kend:
It comes of wit, enemies to commend,
They are to dread right greatly in certaine,
Sadly they thinke of harmes that they have tane:
Leave I them thus at Councell with the King,
And of the Scots againe to speake some-thing.

WAllace tranointed upon the second day,
From Yorke they passe upon a good array:
North-west they went, in battell busked bowne,
Their lodging they toke beside Northallertowne.

And

And cryed his peace their Markets for to stand,
Thole fourtie dayes for people of England.
Who that liked any victuall to sell,
Of all their thoze was meikell for to tell.
Sir Rauffe Rymount Captaine of Miltoun was,
With great power by night ordained to passe:
On Wallace host, to make some jeopardie,
Feill Scots men that dwelt in that Countrey,
Wist of this thing, and gathered to VVallace,
They made him wise of all this fellon case:
Good Lundie then to him hee called there,
And Hew the Hay, of Lochartquart was aire,
With three thousand that worthily was wrought,
Then privately on from the host they sought:
The men hee tooke, that came to him of new,
Guides to bee for they the Countrey knew:
The host they made in good quiet to bee,
A space from them hee busked privately.
Sir Rauffe Rymount with seven thousand came in,
On VVallace host a jeopardie did begin:
The bushment brake, ere they the host came neare,
The Sutheron men the worthie Scots can steire:
Three thousãd wholewere braithly brought to ground
Journey they sought, and sickerly have found:
Sir Rauffe Rymount was sticked on a speare,
Three thousand slaine that worthie were in weare.
No Sutheron wist when their Chiftain was slaine,
To Milton fast they fled all in their maine:
VVallace followed fast with his Chevalry,
Among Sutheron they entred suddenly,
Scots and English into the towne at once,
Sutheron men shot, and braithly cast downe stones.

Of their owne men right fell then habe they slaine,
The Scots ahone that were of meikell maine:
Up greifles ran, and seased all the towne,
Deerly to deed the Sutheron dang then downe:
Wallace there hath founden great riches,
Jewels, and Gold, weapons, and harneise:
Spoyled the towne of wine and victaile,
To his hoast sent with carriage of great haile.
Thrée dayes sitt within the towne he bade,
Then broke downe walle that worthily was wrade,
Wives and Bairnes they put out of the towne,
No man he saued that was of that nation
When Scots had tane, and turned their pesse,
Walles they broke, and set the tell on fire:
The timber-worke they burnt up all in plaine.
On the fourth day to the hoast rode againe.
Gart cast a dyke that might some strengthning be,
To keepe the hoast from sudden jeopardie.
Then Englishmen was right greatlie agast,
From North and South unto the king they past:
At Dumfret lay, and held a Parliament,
To give battell the Lords would not consent:
But Wallace were of Scotland crowned king,
Their Counceil stand it was a perrilous thing:
For though they wan, they won but as they were,
And if they tint, left England cheumare.
In case it were put in the Scots hand,
And this counsell their wit among them fand.
If Wallace would upon him take the Crowne,
To give battell they should be readie downe.
The samine message to him they send againe,
And their intent they told to him in plaine.

VVallace

Wallace them charged from his presence absent.
His Councell called, and shew'd them his intent:
Yee and his men desired battell to have,
By any wayes of England ouer the laue.
Himselfe said first, That were an ouer hie thing,
Against my faith to reaue my righteous King,
I am his natiue borne natiue of Scotland,
To weare the Crowne I will not take in hand,
To send my Realme it is my debt by skill,
Let God aboue reward me as he will.
Some haue Wallace upon him take the Crowne,
Wise men said nay, it were destruction:
To Crowne him King but voice of Parliament,
For they will not, if Scotland would consent.
Other some said, It was the wrongous plaise.
Thus by men they of many diuerse caise.
The Knight Campbell of wit a worthie man,
As I said aire with them was present than.
Heard and answered when many said their will,
This were the best, and Wallace grant thereuntill.
To crowne him King solemnely for a day,
To get an end of all our long delay.
The good Earle Malcome said, That Wallace might
As for one day in stead of Scotland right:
Though he refused it lothingly to haue,
Receiue the Crowne as into force of weare:
The people all to him gaue their consent,
Malcome of all was Lord of Parliament.
Yet Wallace thought, and let them say their will,
When they had reasoned by many diuerse skill.
In his owne minde he abhorred this thing.
The commons cryed, Make Wallace crowned King.

Then

Then kembled hé, and said, It should not bé,
At termes short, yé get no more of mé:
Under colour our answer wé must make,
But such a thing I will not on mé take:
I will you suffer to say that it was swa,
It were a scorne the Crowne on mé to ta:
They would not let the message of England,
Come them among, or they should understand:
Two Knights past to the message againe,
Bade them to trow VVallace was crowned in plain
Gart them trust well that it was sothfast thing,
Delivered thus, they passed to their King:
To Pomfret went, and told that they had séne
VVallace crowned, whereof they Lords were téne:
In barret wor in Parliament where they stood,
Then said they all, These tythings are not good:
Hé did so well in all his time before,
And now their King, hé will doe meikell more.
A fortunate man nothing goes him againe,
And wé give battell, wé shall repent with paine:
Another said, And battell will hé have,
Or stroy our land, no treasure may us save:
In his conquest since first he couth begin,
Hé selles not, but takes that hé may win:
For Englishmen hé sets no bowme but dead,
Pryce or pennies may make us no remead.
And Woodstock sayes, Yé worke not as the wise,
If that yé take the autures of suppryse,
For though wé win all that are in England,
The rest are strong against us for to stand.
Bé Wallace safe, other they count but small,
For that mé thinke it were the best of all.

To

To kéepe our strengths, castles, and walléd towne,
So wée shall send the folke of this Region:
Though North bée burnt, better of soverance to bée,
Then set all England in a jeopardie.
They granted all as Woodstock can them say,
And thus they put the Battell in delay.
And cast them whole for other governance,
Against VVallace to worke some ordinance:
Thus Wallace hath in plaine discomfist baile,
Against King Edward all his whole Battell:
For through false-hood and his subtilitie,
They thought hée should for great nerellitie:
And fait of food to steale out of the land,
Then this deceite their wit among them fand.
They gart the King cry all their Markets downe,
From Trent to Tweed in throughfaire & fre towne:
That in the downes no man should victuall lead,
Such stuffe and wine, under the paine of dead:
The same decreit they gave in Parliament,
Of Scots forth to speake is mine intent.
VVallace lay still while fourtie dayes were gone,
Abiding them, but appearance saw none.
Battell to have, as their promise was made,
Hée gart againe display his Banner broad:
Reproved Edward right greatly of this thing,
Vauchled his Seale, blew out on this false king.
As recrying turned backe, and yéed his gate,
Then Wallace made full many biggings bate.
They raised fire, burnt up Northallarrowne,
Againe through York-shyre boldly made them bowne
Destroyed the land as farre as ever they ride,
Seven myle about they burnt on every side.

And

And brought the Sucheron many wayking wounde
Palaces spitt, great Towers can confounde
Windowes wasped with sorrow in their song,
Maidens mourned with great meaning among
They spared none, but woman and the kirke,
The worthie Scots of labour would not irke
Gave to Abbayes right largely of their gude,
To all kirke-men they did nothing but gude
The temporall land they spoiled at their will,
Good Gardens gay, and great Orchards they spill
To Yorke they went these worthie men of renowne,
A sledge set they right sadly to the towne:
For great defence they garnisht them within,
A fell assault without they can begin.

Chap. IIII. The sledge of *Yorke*.

Divided the hoast in foure parts about,
With watches fell, that no man should issue out.
About the towne, upon the South-port sure,
There Wallace and good Lundie did abide,
Earle Malcome then at the West gate abade,
With him the Boyd that good journeyes had made:
The knight Campbell of Lochow that was Lord,
And the North gate, and Ramsay made them good.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, that worthie was in weare,
Auchinleck, Crawfurd, with full manly effeare:
At the East port boldly they thinke to bide,
A thousand Archers upon the Scots side:
Dissevered them among the foure partie,
Five thousand Men-men in the towne lay thy.

Within

Within the wals arreyed them full right,
Twelve thousand inde, that semly was to sight,
Then Wallace said, And yonds were on a plaine,
In field to fight, me thinkes we should be faine,
Then sailzeit they right fast on every syde,
The worthie Scots that boldly durst abide:
With spear, and shield, for Guns they had none.
Within the dykes they gart feill Sutheron grone,
Arrowes they shot, right fierce as any fire,
But over the wals, that flamed in great yre:
Through bienish bright, with heads of fine Steele,
The Sutheron blood of friendship none they feele.
Over shining Harneste fought the blood so shone,
The Englishmen that cruell were and keene.
Keeped their towne, and fended them full fast,
Faggals of fire among the hoast they cast:
With Picke and Tar of feill Sowes they sent.
Many were hurt, ere they from the wals went.
Stones of spring-holds they did call out so fast,
And gads of yron, made many Growne agast,
But nevertheless the Scots that were without,
The towne full oft they set into great dout:
Their Bulwark burnt right bryntly of the towne,
Their Barmkin wan, and great Garrets cast down
Thus sayled they on each syde with great might,
The day was gone, and comming was the night.
The weary hoast then drew them from the towne,
Set out Watches, for resting made them bowne:
Wacht wounds with wine, of them y were unsound
For none was bend, of great mirth they abound.
Feill men were hurt, but no mourning they made,
Confirmed the Lodge, and keekingly abade.

When

When that the Sunne on morrow rose up bright,
Before the Chiftaines assembled they full right:
And said, Amends of the towne they should take,
For all the fence that the Sutheron might make:
Arrayed againe, as they began before,
About the towne they assailed wonder sore:
With fellon shot out ouer the wals full shene,
Feill Englishmen that cruell were and kene:
With shot were slaine, for all their Targets strang,
Bursted helmes many to ground they dang:
Brime burning fire, they cast at every gate,
The entries thus in perillost they set.
The defenders were of full great defence,
Kæped the towne through strength and violence
All thus the day they drave unto the night,
To pavilions bowned many weary wight:
All irke of war, the towne was strong to win,
Of artailyie, and Noble men within.
When that they trowed the Scots were at rest,
For jeopardie the Englishmen them cast,
Sir John Morton was knowne worthie and wight,
Sir William Leis then graithed them that night.
With five thousand well garnisht and savage,
Upon the Scots they thought to make skirmage:
And at the gate issued out hastily,
On Earle Malcome, and his good Chevalry:
To checke the watch, VVallace and ten hath bene,
Ryding about, and hath their comming sene:
Hé gart one blow was in his company,
The ready men arrayed them hastily:
Feill of the Scots like night in harnesse bade,
By ordinance, for they such cule had made:

With

With thoꝛt advise together then they went,
Upon their foes, whare feill Sutheron were shent.
VVallace knew well the Earle to hastis was,
Foꝛ that hé sped him in the pꝛeasse to passe:
A swoꝛd of warre into his hand hé bare,
The first hé hit, the craig in sunder share.
Another ackward upon the face tooke hé,
Both nease and front on the field gart hee flé:
The hardy Earle befoꝛe his men out past,
Into the field where feill were fighting fast.
A shearing swoꝛd hé bare doꝛawn in his hand,
The first was fey that he befoꝛe him fand:
When VVallace was and hé together set,
There lasted none against them that they met:
But either dead, oꝛ fled away them fra,
By this the hoste, was in a good array:
With the great scry assembled them about,
Then stood the Sutheron in a fellon doubt.
VVallace knew well the Englishmen would flé,
Foꝛ thy hé thꝛusted in the thickest to bé.
Hewing full fast on whomsoeber hé fought,
Against his dint fine steele availed nought.
VVallace of hand, since Arthur had no maike,
Whom hé hit right, was aye dead at one straik:
That was well knowne in many places where,
Whom VVallace hit, they deired Scots na mare.
Als all his men did cruelly and well,
That came to stroaks, that might the Sutheron feele.
The Englishmen fled, and left the field plainly,
The woꝛthis Scots wꝛought there so hardily:
Sir Iohn Morton in that place hé was dead,
And twelue hundꝛeth, but any moꝛe remead.

Thus

Thus many were left into the field, and slaine,
The rest returned into the towne againe:
And rewed full sore that ever they forth could found
Among them was full many working wound.
The hoast againe each one to their ward rade,
Commanded watch, and no more noyse made.
But rested still, while that the bright day drew,
Againe began the towne to sailzie new:
All this day wrought with full great worthinesse,
Assailed sore by wit and hardinesse:
The hoasts victuall waxed scant, and failed fast,
Thus lay they there while diverse dayes were past,
The land wasted, and meat none was to win,
But that will not the folke that was therein:
They dread full sore for their owne liemnison.
For soverance prayed the power of the towne,
To speake with Wallace then they desired fall,
And he appeared, and speared what they aske:
The Major answered, We would pay you ransome,
To passe away, and bear no more the towne,
Great shame it were that wee should yelden bee,
And townes holden of lesse power then wee:
Ye may not win us, long though that ye bide,
We shall give Gold, and ye will from us ride,
We may give battell, durst we for our King,
Since he hath left it, wereover high a thing:
To us to doe, without his ordinance,
This towne of him we hold in governance:
Wallace answered, Of your Gold reck we nought,
It is for battell that we hither sought:
We had rather have battell of England,
Then all the Gold that good King Arthur fand:

On

On Mount Michell, when he the Tyant slew,
Gold may be gone, but worthie aye is newe:
The King promis'd that we should battell have,
His will thereto under his Seale they gave:
Letter nor hand, yit he may not availe
Us for this time, to get of this Battell:
We thinke ine should on his men wroken be,
Upon our Kin many great wrong wrought he:
His Seale like nocht he wrought into Scotland,
The Mayor said, Sir, right thus ye understand:
We have no charge what our King gars us do,
But in this Kindle we shall be bound you to:
Some parte of Gold to give you with good will,
And nought ellis to wait you with none ill.
By no kin means the power of his towne,
But if our King make him to battell bowne:
Into the host was many Aye this man,
With V Wallace ine, nor nois verkan I cann:
Better it was for at his will they wrought,
Though he was best, yet otherlike we nought:
All served thankes to Scotland evermare,
For manlike wit the which they shewed there:
The whole Counsell thus verament bein mang,
The town to fange they thought it was too strang:
And not a way to win it with no slight,
The Counsell found it was the best they might:
Some Gold to take, since that we get na mair,
Therefore with aw into their voyage fare.
Then V Wallace said, My seke will not consent,
But if this towne make us this plaine consent:
Take our Banner, and set it on the wall,
For our power this Countrie hath found all:

Pælden to bee, when we thinke them to take,
In England long residence if we make.
This answere soone they sent unto Major,
And they consented, the remnant that was there:
The Banner tooke, and set it on the towne,
To Scotland was high honour and renowne:
The Banner there from eight houres unto nowne,
Their finance made, delivered Gold full soone:
Five thousand pounds of good Golde of England,
The hoste received with victuall abounde and,
Both bread and wine, right gladly forth they gave,
And other stuffe, that they liked to have:
Twentie dayes out the hoste remained there,
But want of victuall gart them from it to fare:
Yet still at peace the host lodged that night,
While on the mynte the Sunn was risen bright.
Into April among these shawes sheene,
When that the ground was clad with tender greene.
Pleasant it was to any creature,
In lustie love this time for to indure:
The good women had freedome largely,
But food was scant, they could get none to buy:
Turled up tents, and to the Countrey rade,
Of Englishmen full great heirship they made.
Burnt & brake down, buildings they spared nought,
Right for the Wallace low to ground them brought:
All Myddlame they burnt up in a fire,
Brake Parkes downe, destroyed all the shyre,
Wild Deare they slew, for other beasts were nane,
These warre-men tooke of Venison good wane.
Toward the South they turned at the last,
Made buildings bare, as fare as ever they past.

The

The commons all to London then they went,
Before the King, and told him their intent:
And said, They would, but he gart Wallace cease,
Forsake their faith, and take them to his peace:
No Herauld there then durst to Wallace passe,
Whereof the King greatly agrieved was:
Thus Edward left his people into baile,
Contrare Wallace he would not give battell.
Nor byde in field for ought that they could say,
Gate over the cause, to London past his way,
At men of wit this question here I aske,
Among Nobles if ever any was
So long in England, through force or through case,
Since Brutus death, but battell, but Wallace?
Great Iulius the Empyre had in hand,
Yet twise on force was put out of England.
With Arthure als, first of war when he prieved,
Twise did they fight, suppose they were mischieved.
Awfull Edward durst not for Wallace byde,
In a plaine battell, for all England so wide:
In London lay, and tooke him to his rest,
And brake his vow, which hold you for the best.
Deeme as yee list, good men of discretion,
Right cleare it is to resolve this question.
To my sentence now briefly will I passe,
When Wallace this through Yorkshyre journing was
Victuall as then was none left in the land,
But in houses, where it might bee warrand:
The baste thereof abased was to byde,
Fra food scanted, no pleasure was that tyde
Some bade turne home, & some would fare mare,
Wallace called Iop, and said to him right fare:

Thou knowest the land where most abowndance is,
Bee thou our guide, and then we shall not misse:
Wictuall to finde, that wot I wonder well,
Thou hast I trust in England mekell fetil:
The king and his strong strengths are gone,
But jeopardie, now pareil have we none.
Then Iop said, Sir, be ye guided by me,
The plentefl part of England ye shall see:
Of wine and wheat there is in Richmount-shyre,
And other sturke for food, as ye desyre,
Whereof I trow ye shall be well content,
The hoste was glad, and thither-ward they went.
Many trew Scots was lembled in that land,
To Wallace came well moe than nine thousand:
Of pryesoun past, some had in labour wrought,
From either part full fast to him they sought:
VVallace was blyth of our owne nation him:
That came to him at vaile that they were in.
And all the hoste of comfort was blyther,
Fra their owne folke was multiplying there:
In Richmount-shyre they found abowndance
Of bread and aile, with other purveyance:
Brake Pauhos downe, and slew beastes many one,
Of wilde and tame, for holy they spared none:
Throughout the land they past in good array,
A seemely place to found they in their way:
Which Ramswatch heght, as Iop himselfe them told
Fehew was Lord and Captaine in that Hold.
Five hundreth men were lembled in that place,
To save their selves, and their goods from Wallace.
A royall Reed was by the forrest hoy,
With Bailis faire, and Garrats of great pryde:
VVallace

Builded about, right likely to bee wight,
With five great towers, well builded to the bight:
Feill men about on wals backed beene:
In good armour, that birnisht was full sheene:
The holks past by, and visited but that place,
Yet they within on lowd defied Wallace.
And trumpets blew, with many warlike sound,
Then Wallace said, had wee yon Gallents downe:
On the plaine ground, they would mair sober bee,
Then Iop said, Sir, yee gart his brother die.
In Heraulds wark, yee wot on Tinto hill,
VVallace answered, so would I with good will:
Had I himselfe: but wee may not him deare,
Good men may thole of Harlots scorne in weare.
Sir Iohn the Grahame would at the bicker beene,
But VVallace soone the perill hath fore-seene,
Commanded him to let his fierceneese bee,
Wee have no men to waste in such degree:
Would wee them harme, I have another gate,
How wee with fire within shall make them heat:
For fire hath aye beene fellon into weare,
On such a place it may doe meikell deate:
Their Bulwarke old I see of withered oake,
Were it on fire, it would not bide a Croake:
Houses and woods here is enough plenty,
Who hewes best of this Forrest let see.
Pull houses downe, wee shall not weine a deale,
The old Timber will gare the greene burne weel:
At his command right busily they wrought,
Great Wood in haste about the place they brought.
The Bulwarke wan these men of armes bright,
To the Barmkin laid timber upon hight.

Then Bow-men shot, to keep them from that cast,
But they about had fastned fire full fast:
Women and bairnes on Wallace lowd can crie,
On knees they fell, and asked him mercie.
At one quarter, where fire had not yet tane,
They tooke them out of that Castle of stane:
Syne bet the fire with brands brim and bold,
The red flame rose full high about that Hold:
Barels of Picke for fence were hanged there,
All strake in fire, their mischiefe was the mare.
When the brim fire out over the Place was past,
Then they within might neither shot nor cast:
Also Bestiall of Meat and Horse within,
Among the fire they made an hiddious dim:
The armed men in harnesse were so hate,
Some downe to ground dushed but more debate,
Some lay, some fell into the fellon fire
Smoored to dead, and burnt up bone and lyre.
The fire brake in at all opens about,
None bade aloft, so fellon was the dought:
Jchew himselfe lap rudely from the bight,
Through all the fire, can on the barmkin light.
With a good sword Wallace stroak off his head,
Jop hint it up, and turst it from that stead.
Five hundreth men that were into that place,
Got none away, but dead without ten grace:
Vallace bade still with his power that night,
Upon the morne the fire had fayled might.
Before the gate where it had burnt on breid,
A path they made, and to the Castle yeid.
Strake down the gate, & took what they might win,
Jewels and Gold, great riches was therein.

Spoiled

Spoiled the place, and left nought else there,
But beasts, burnt bodies, and also wals bare.
Then tooke they her that wife was to Febew,
Gave her command, as she was woman true:
To turne that head to London to King Edward,
She it received with great sorrow in heart,
Wallace himselfe these charges to her gave,
Say to your king, but if I battell have,
At London gates wee shall assaile sare,
In this moneth wee thinke for to be there.
Trust in the truth, will God we shall not faile,
Unlesse I cease through charge of our Councell.
The South-west part of England we shall see,
But hee seeke peace, or else bargane with mee,
Upon a time hee charged mee on this wise,
Right bountiously to make to him service.
Such shall hee have as hee us cause hath made,
Then moved they without ten more abade:
Delivered shee was from this Chevalrie,
Toward London shee dight her earnestly:
Unto the towne but more processe she went,
Where Edward lay sore moved in his intent,
His Nevoyes head, when hee saw it was brought,
So great sorrow sadly upon him sought:
With great unease upon his seet hee stood,
Weeping in woe, for his deare tender blood,
The Councell rose, and prayed him to cease,
Wee lose England, but if we purchase peace:
Then Woodstocke said, This is my best counsell.
Take peace in time, as for your owne availe,
Or yet time more, wee saile of our courage.
After ye may get helpe of our barnage.

The King granted, and made them message send;
No man was there that durst to Wallace wend.
The Queene appeared, and saw this great distance,
Well borne she was of the right blood of France.
She trawed well therefore to speed the matte,
Her selfe purposed to that message to fare:
As she forethought that the King took on hand,
Against the right sith oft to leave Scotland,
And seill men said, the vengeance happed faire,
Of great murther his men made into Aire.
Thus drimed they in Councell them among,
To this effect the Quene bowned to gang:
When she hath saide each man forsaken this thing.
On knees she fell, and aiked at the King,
Soveraigne, she said, if it your wills be,
That I desire you Chiftaine for to se.
For he is knowne both worthie, wise and true,
Perchance he would rather on women rue:
Than on your men, they have done him such deare,
When he them sees, it moves him aye to weare:
It may not skath, although I doe not baile,
To helpe this land, I would make my travaile:
The Lords all after desire wasfaine,
Unto the King made instance into plaine:
That she might passe, the King with award will,
Halfe into yre he gave consent therestill:
Some of them said, The Quene loved Wallace,
For the great voice of his his nobleneste.
An hardy man, that is seemly withall,
Great favour will of fortune to him fall:
Anent Women is seene in many place,
So happed now in this time of Wallace.

In

In his rising he was a lover true,
And chosled one, but Englishmen her slew.
Yet said they nought, the Quæne would on her take,
As for his love such travell for to make.
Now love or leave, or for helpe of their land,
I make rehearse as I in old writt fand:
She graithed her upon a goodly wise,
With Gold and geare, and folke at her devise:
Ladies with her, none other would they send,
And old priests that well the countrey kend:
Leave I the Quæne to message readie dight,
And speake further of Wallace travell right.

The worthie Scots among their enemies rade,
Destruction great upon them have they made:
Wasted the land about on either syde,
No war-men then durst in their wayes abide:
They ransomed none, but to the death them dight,
In many stead made fire broad and bright:
The hoste was glad and in a good estate,
No power was that would make them debate:
Great riches wan of Gold and geare therestill,
Leaving enough to take at their owne will:
In awfull feare they travell through the land,
Made biggings baire that they before them fand.
Great barmkins brake of steads starke and strong,
These wight war-men of travell thought not long.
South in the Land right earnestly they sought,
To Saint Albanis but harme there did they nought.
The Prior sent them Wine and Mennison,
Refreshed the hoste with great feast and fusion.

The

The night appeared when they were at that place,
Then harbered they from thence a little space:
Chosed a stead where they shouls byde all night,
Tents on ground, and pauilions proudly pight.
Into a valle beside a riuer faire,
On either side where wild beasts made repaire:
Set watches out, that wisely could them kæpe,
To supper went, and timously could slæpe,
Of meat and drinke they have sufficience,
The night was short, ouerdrave the darkfull chance

Chap. V. How the Queene of *England* came and spake with *VVallace*.

The merrie day sprang up from the Orient,
With beames bright illuminate the Occident:
After Titan Phœbus uprised faire,
High in his Sphere are the signes made declare,
Zephirus began his mightie morrow course:
The swæte vapour did from the ground resourse,
The donke dew from the heaven downe did valle,
In every meid both firth, forrest and dally:
The fresh river among the Rocks rang,
Through græn branches, where birds blythly sang.
With joyous voice in heavenly harmonie,
Then Wallace thought it was no time to lye:
Hæ blessed him, then suddenly up hæ rose,
To take the aire, out of his tent hæ goes.
Master John Blaire was readie haistily,
To Gods service bowned right reverently,
When that was done, VVallace could him array,
In his armour, which was both good and gay.

His

His shining shield that birnisht was full beine,
His leg harnesse, that clasped was full cleane:
Pullanes gries hee clasped on full fast,
A close birney with many sicker cast.
Brest-plate, braslets that worthis were in weare,
Beside him worth Iop could his basnet beare:
His glittering glooves graben on either sloe,
Hee seemed well in battell for to bide:
A good Girdle, and then a burely brand,
A staffe of steel hee gripped in his hand.
The hoste him blessed and prayed God of his grace,
Him to convoy from all mistempered case:
Adam Wallace and Boyde, worthy with him yéd,
Endlong a river out through a flowest meid.
And as they walked out over the fields greene,
Out of the South they saw where that the Queene,
Toward the hoste came ryding soberly,
Fiftie Ladies were in her companie:
Mailed of wit and deemed of renowne,
Some widowes were, and some of Religion.
And seven Priests that were entred in age,
VVallace to such did never great outrage.
But if to him they made a great offence,
Thus they approached on toward their presence.
At the Pavilion where they the Lyon saw,
To ground they light, and then on knees they saw,
Praying for peace, they cry with pitteous cheere,
Earle Malcome said, Our Chiftaine is not here:
Hee bade her rise, and said, It was not right,
A Queene on knees to bow to lower wight.
Up by the hand the Earle hath her tane,
Out over they went, to VVallace have they gane.

When

When the him saw she would have knæled doun,
In armes swne he claught this quæn with crown.
And kissed her withouten wordis moze,
So did he never to no Satheron before.
Madame he said, Right welcome mot ye be,
How pleased you our hoasting for to sæ.
Right well, she said, of friendship have we næd,
God grant ye will our errand for to spæd.
Suffer we must suppose it like us ill,
But trust us well it is contrare our will.
Ye shall remaine with this Lord I must gang,
From your presence we shall not tarry long.
The Earle and he unto the pavilion yeid,
With good advise to dæme moze of this dæd:
The counsell some Vallace gart call them to,
Lords he said, ye wot not what is ado:
Of their comming my self hath no pleasance,
And therefore must we worke with ordinance:
Women may become tempting into weare,
Among fooles that cannot them forbeare:
I say not this by these or by the Quæne,
I trow it be not good that she should meane:
Example take of long time passed by,
At Runsevaile the treason was plainly.
Be women made that Canzeton with him brought,
And Turkie wine forbeare then could they nought.
Long use in war gart them desire their will,
Which brought king Charles to fellon losse and ill.
The flowre of France without redemption,
Through that foule dæd was brought to confusion.
Command your men, therefore in private wise,
On paine of life they worth not on such guise,

None

None speak with them but wise men of great valle,
That Lords are, and sworn to this Counsell.
His charge they diuse gaudy as they mought,
This ordinance throughout all the hoast was brought.
He and the Earle both to the queen they went,
Received her fair and brought her to the tent:
To dinner boboned as goodly as they can,
And served was with many likely man.
Good purveyance the queen had with her brought,
An allay she take of all that good her thought.
Wallace perceaved and said, we have no need,
I cannot trow that Ladies will do that deed.
To poyson men all England for to win,
The queen answered, If poyson be therein.
Of any thing that is brought here with me,
Upon my self first forrow ye shall see.
Soone after meat Archebell gat all absent,
But Lords, and they to the Counsell that went:
Ladies appeared in presence with the queen,
Wallace asked what her comming might meane.
For peace she said, that we have to you sought,
This burning war in baile hath many brought.
Ye grant us grace for him that died on tree.
Wallace answered, Madame, that may not be.
England hath done so great harmes unto us,
We may not pause, and lightly leave it thus.
Yes, said the queen, for Christen folk we are,
For Gods sake since we do desire as mare
We ought have peace: he said, that we deny,
The perfect cause thou shall I shew for why:
Ye seek no peace, but for your own availe,
When that your King Scotland hath gotten haile.

For no kin thing that hé before him fand,
Hé would not thole the right blod in the land,
But reft their rent, then put themselves to dead,
Ransome of Gold, might make us no remead:
His fell falfe warre shall on himselfe bé séene,
Then soberly to him answered the Quéene:
Of these wrongs amends were most faire,
Madame, hé said, of him wé aske na mair:
But that hé would bide us into battell,
And God hé judge, hé knowes the matter halle.
Such thing, shé said, it were not good thinke mé,
Peace now were best, if it might purchast bee:
Would ye grant peace, and trewes with us to take,
Throughout all England wé shall gar prayers make:
For you and them, that in the war were lost,
Then VVallace said, where such cometh through boast
Prayer of force where so that it bee wrought,
To us helpes either little or else nought.
Warely she said, Thus wise men hath us kende,
Aye after warres, peace is the finall ende:
Wherefore ye should of your great malice ceafe,
The end of wars is Charity and Peace.
Peace is in heaven, with blisse and lestandnesse,
Wé shall beseech the Lord of his hie grace:
To command peace, then wé may doe na mare,
Madame, hé said, ere your prayer come there:
Wends of England wé thinke then for to have,
What set ye thus on warres for to save,
From violent wars that ye thinke not to dwell?
Madame, he said, the trueth I shall you tell:
After the death of Alexanders Reigne
Our land thrée yeares stood desolate but King.

Keiper

Képed full well, at concord in good state,
Thorogh two that claimed, there happed great debate
Howarnestly accord them not they can,
Poor King they asked to bée their ouer-man,
Slily bee saide in strengths of Scotland,
The Kingrike then hé toke at his owne hand:
Hé made a King against the righteous law,
For hé of him should hold the Region aw:
Contrare his band were all the whole barnage,
For Scotland yet was never in thirlage:
Great Iulius that tribute toke at all,
His winning was of Scotland but right small:
Then your false King under collour but mare,
Thorough band hé made to Bruce that is our heire:
Undid that King, which hé before had made,
Thorough all Scotland with great power they rade,
To Bruce since syns hé képed no cannand,
Hee saide, hé would not goe to conquish land:
My other men. And thus the case befell,
Then Scotland thorough hé demained him sell.
Sle wise men Elders, great pitie is to sée:
In prison then long time they képed mée.
While I at last was callen out for dead,
Thanked bée God, hé sent mee some remead:
Menged to bé I proved all my might,
Feill of that kin to death since I have dight:
The rage of youth gart me desire a wife,
That reued I sore, and will doe all my life.
Ir traitour Knight but mercis gart her die,
One like silrig but for despite of mee:
Then raug I forth in trauaile, wars, and paine,
While wee redeemed part of our land againe.

Then

Then your Councell desir'd of us a trew,
Which made Scotland full graithly for to reid.
Into that peace they set a subtill Aire,
Then eighteene score to death they hanged there
That nobles were, and worthie of renowne,
Of cost Armour eldest in that Region:
The woman als that dolefully was dight,
That death me thinke to benge in all our might:
But of my minde that death will never slid,
Will God me take from this false world so wide:
On Sutheron then I can no pitie have,
Your men in warres I never thinke to save.
The bright teares was pitie to behold,
Burst from his eyes, when he this tale had told.
The Queene weeped for pitie of Wallace,
Alace, she said, woe worth the wicked cace
In cursed time that he first was borne,
Many worthy through his deid are forlorne.
Hee should have paine that makes such one slough,
England since then hath bought it deare enough.
Though shee had beene a Queene, or a Princesse,
Madame, he said, as God give me good grace.
Princesse or Queene of what state so they be,
Into her time she was as deare to mee.
Wallace, she said, of this talke we will cease
The mends thereof is good prayer and peace.
I grant, he said, of mee as now necessary,
This is right nought, but eeking of my care.
The Queene found well, language nothing hot bate,
She trowed with Gold that he might be overset:
Three thousand pound of finest Gold she red,
She gart be brought to Wallace in that stead.

Madame,

Madame, he said, no such tribute we crave,
An other mends we would of England have:
Ere we returne from this region again,
Of your fierce blood, that hath our elders slaine,
For all the gold and rithes of your reigne,
Ye get no peace but vestre of your king.
When she saw well gold might her not relieve,
Some part in sport she thought him for to prieve,
VVallace she said, ye are claped my love:
More abundantly I made me for to prove,
Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,
Me think ye should do something for my sake,
Right wisely he made answer to the quæn.
Madame he said, if veritie were sæn,
That ye me loved I ought love you again:
These words are all for nothing but in vaine:
In speach of love subtill ye Sutheron are,
Ye can us mock, suppose we get no more:
To take a liking and then get no pleasance,
Such love as that is nothing to advance.
In London the said, for you I suffered blame,
Our Counsell als will laugh when I come home,
So may they say, women are fierce of thought:
To seek friendship and then can get right nought.
Madame ye wot how ye were hither send,
Ye trow we have but little for to spend,
First with your gold for ye are rich I with:
Ye would us blind since Scots are so nise:
Then pleasant words of you and ladies faire,
As who would drive the bird into a snare,
With a whistel-pipe, for it will frethest call:
Madame as yet ye may not tempt us all.

Great part of good is left among our kin,
In England els, we finde anough to win:
Abased she was, to make answer him till,
Dear sir, she said, since that it is your will,
Warres or peace, what that you liketh best,
Let your hie wit and good Counsell digest.
Madame he said, now shall ye understand,
The reason why that I will make no band:
With your Ladies I cannot trewes bind,
For your false king will some hereafter finde,
When he saw time, to break it at his will,
And plainly say, he granted not theretill.
Then had we none but Ladies to reprove,
That shall not be, by God that sits above,
Upon women I will no warres begin,
Of you in field no worship is to win.
All the whole peace on himself he shall take,
Of peace, or warres, what we happen to make.
The Quæn granted this answer sufficient,
So did the rest in plaine that were present.
His deliverance they held of great availe,
And strong anough, to show to their Counsell.
Who was the quæn her travell helped nought,
The gold she toke that they had with her brought:
Unto the hoast, right fræly she it gave.
To every man that lyked for to have.
Menstrels and Heraulds she gave abounda[n]tly,
Beseeking them her friends that they would be,
When VVallace saw the frædome of the quæn,
Sadly he said, the soth well hath bæn sæn.
Women may tempt the wisest hath bæn wrought,
Your great gentrice it shall not be for nought.

We

We you assure our Hoast shall do nothing,
While time ye may send message from the king.
If it be so that he accord and we,
Then for your sake it shall the better be.
Your Heraulds als shall safely come and go,
For your frædome we shall trouble no mo.
She thanked him of his grant many syle,
And all her Ladies on a goodly wise.
Gladly they drank, the quæn and good Wallace,
Her Ladies als, and good Lords in that place.
Her leave she tooke for out longer abade,
Five mile that night south to an Nunry rade.
Upon the morn to London passed they,
In Westminster where that the Counsell lay,
It nædis not here now more rehearse this thing,
VVallace answer the gart show to the king.
The great commend then he to VVallace gave,
Before the king in presence of the lave:
The true Scots it should greatly appease,
Though Englishmen therefore had little ease.
Of worship, wit, manhood, and governance,
Of frædome, truth, key of remembrance:
She called him there into their presence,
Though contrare them he stood at his defence.
So Chiftaine-like she sayes, as he is sæne,
Into England I trow hath never bæne.
Would ye of gold give him this realmes rent,
Fra honour he will not turne his intent.
Assured ye are, while ye may message make,
Of wise Lords some part I reed you take:
To purchase peace without ten words more.
For all England may rew this raid full sore.

Your Heraulds als to passe to him hath lieue,
In all the hoste there shall no man them grieue.
Then thanked they the quæn for her travell:
The King and Lords, that were of his counsell.
Of her answer the king appeased was,
Then three great lords they ordained to passe,
Their Counsell whole hath found it for the best.
Trewes to take or elsse they got no rest:
An Herauld went in all the haste he may,
To Avane wall, where that the Scots lay,
Conduct to have till they had said their will,
The Counsell sone a conduct sent them till.
Again he past with soverance to the king,
Then chosed they three Lords for this same thing:
The wæn Clifford that then was warden haile
Bewmont and Woodstock all men of miekell vaile.
What thele three wroght ȳ rest thold stand theretill.
The kings self hath given them at their will.
Sone they were brought to speaking with Wallace,
Woodstock then thowed forth many subtill cass.
VVallace hath heard the Sophismes every deale.
As yet he said, me think we mean but well,
In wrong ye hold and doth us great outrage,
Of houses part which are our heritage,
Out of this peace in plaine I make them known,
Them for to win since that they are our own.
Roxburgh, Berwick, that ours long time have bæn,
Into the hands of king Edward I wæn.
We ask here als by vertue of this band,
Our own young king by wrong led from Scotland,
We shall have them withoutten words more,
To his desire the Lords they granted there.

Right

Right at his will they have consented haile,
For no kin thing the peace they would not faile.
The young Randaill that then in London was,
The Lord of Lorne in this band he can ask.
The Earl of Buchane but then in tender age,
After he grew a man of great vassalage.
Cumming and Sowles he gart deliver als,
Which after was to king Robert full false,
Wallange fled over and durst not bide that mute,
In Picardie to ask him was no bute.
But he would rather have had that false knight,
Than a thousand of finest gold so bright,
The Bruce he asked but he was had away,
Before that time to Calice many a day.
King Edward proved that they might not him get,
Of *Gloceſter* his uncle had him set,
That Calice had whole into his keeping.
VVallace that time got not his righteous king.
The Earl Patrick als from London they send,
With Wallace to go as well before is kend.
Of this matter and finall governance,
To king Edward he gave up his leadgeance,
And took to hold of *Scotland* evermaire:
With full glad heart Wallace received him there.
They honoured him right reverently as Lord,
The Scots were all reioyced at that concord:
An hundreth horse with young Lords of renown,
To Wallace came all fred of that prison,
Under his seal king Edward then gart send,
For to give over and make a finall end,
Roxburgh, Barwick, which were of meikell vaile,
To *Scottiſhmen* and all the bounds haile.

For

For fiue yeares trewes they promisde by their hand
Then Wallace said, we will passe neer Scotland:
Ere ought be sealed, and therefore make us bowne,
Again we will besyde Northallartowne:
Where king Edward first battell beght to me,
As we began, there shall it ended be.
Great well the quæn, he charged the message,
It is for her that we left our voyage:
A day he set, when they should meet him there,
And seal the peace, withoutten proceſſe more,
Upon the morn the hoast but more advise,
Tranoynted forth, upon a goodly wise.
To set the tryst that Wallace had them made,
The English message came but more abade:
They sealed the peace, without longer delay,
The message then upon the second day
To London went in all the haste they can,
The worthie Scots with many likely man,
To Bamburgh came, with all their power haile
Sixtie thousand, all Scots of great availe.
Ten dayes before All-hallow-even they sure,
On Lambmes-day they light on Carhame-mure.
There lodged they with pleasure as they mought,
While on the morn their priests to them then brought
In Carhame kirk, and sealed in his hand,
Roxburgh keyes, as they had made command
And Barwick als, which Englishmen had long,
They fred the folke, in England for to gang.
For their lives ithed off either place,
They durst not well bide reckoning with Wallace.
Captaine he made in Barwick of renown,
That worthie was, good Christell of Setown.

Keper

Kæper he made to Roxburgh Castle wight,
Sir Iohn Ramsay, a wise and worthie knight.
Then VVallace self with Earl Patrick in plaine,
To Dumbar rode, and restored him againe,
In his Castle, and als his heritage,
With the consent of all the whole barnage.
When VVallace was aggried with this Lord,
To rule the realme he made him goodly ford.
Scotland out over from Rosse to Sulway sand,
He rode it thrise, and statute all the land.
In the Lennox a while he made repaire,
Sir Iohn Menteith a while was Captaine there.
Als twise before he had his gossop bene,
But no friendship betwirt them then was sene.
Two moneths still he dwelt in Dumbartane:
An house he founded upon an roch of stone.
Men left he there to build it to the hight,
Then to the March againe he rode right,
Into Roxburgh they chused him a place,
A good tower there he gart build in short space,
The kingdome stood in good worship and ease,
Was none so great durst his neighbour displease.
The able ground gart labour thriftily,
Victuall and fruit there grew aboundantly.
Was never before, since this was called Scotland,
Such wealth and peace both at once in the land.
He sent lop twise to Bruce of Huntingtowne,
Beseeching him to come and take his Crowne:
Counsell he took at false Saxons, alace,
He had never hap in life to get VVallace.
Three yeares as thus the realme stood in good peace,
Of this saying me worthis for to cease.

And

And further forth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his life what aventure yet befell.

Here endeth the first conquish of *Scotland*.

THE NINTH BOOK:

Chap. I.

How *VVallace* past into *France*.

A Royall king then reigned into France
Great bruit he heard of Wallace governance:
The proues, pryces, and of his worthis dæd,
Als forward faire commended of manhood.
Both humble, true, and proued well of pryse,
Of honour, truth, and voide of covetice.
That noble king reigned in royaltie,
Had great delite this VVallace for to sæ:
And knew right well shortly to understand,
The great suppryse, and overset of England:
He marveiled als of VVallace small power,
That but a king took such a realme to stiere,
Against England and gart their malice cease,
Will they desired with good to take peace.
And right anone an Herauld he gart call,
In short tearmes he hath rehearsed all.
Of his intent compleated to an end,
Then in Scotland he bade him he should wend,

And

And he wrote right with very great honour,
To William Wallace as a Conquerour.

O Loved lord with worship wise and wight,
Through very help in holding of thy right:
Through right rescuing of thy native land,
With Gods grace against thy foes to stand,
In defence, helper of thy righteous blood,
O worthie birth, and blessed be thy kind.
As it is read in prophesie beforne,
An happie time for Scotland thou was borne,
I thee beseech with all humilitie,
My close letter thou would conceive and see:
As your brother a christen king of France,
To the bearer ye heare and give credence,
The Herauld him bowned, and to the ship is gone,
In Scotland soone he comes unto one.
But Herauld like he sekes his presence,
On land he went and made no residence,
In every stead where he presumed there,
So on a day he found him into Aire,
In good effeare, and manlike companie,
The Herauld then with honour reverentlie,
Hath salust him upon a goodly manner,
And he againe with humble homely cheare,
Received him into right goodly wise,
The Herauld then with worship to devise,
Betooke to him the kings write of France,
Wallace on knee with lowly obeysance,
Right reverently for the worship of Scotland,
When he it read and had it understand,
At this Herauld he asked his credence,

With

With asper speach and manly countenance,
And be him told, as I have said before,
The kings desire, what nads words more,
The hie honour and the great nobilnesse,
Of your manhood well knowen in many place.
He likes als well your worship to advance,
As ye were born a liedge man of France.
Since his Region is floure of Realms fæne,
Als the great band of kindnesse you betwæne:
And since this realme stands in such safetie,
It were worship his presence for to sæ.
VVallace conceived withoutten tarrying,
The great desire of this most noble king:
Then to him said, so God of heaven me save,
Hereafter fæne an answer ye shall have.
Of your desire that ye have shawn me till,
Welcome ye are with a frée heartie will.
The Herauld bode unto the twentie day,
With Wallace still in good welfare and play.
Consumed the time with worship and pleasance,
By good advise made his deliverance.
With his own hand he wrote unto the king,
All his intent as touching to this thing:
Right rich reward he gave the Herauld to,
And him convoyed when he had leave to go:
Out of the town with goodly companie,
His leave he tooke, and went unto the sea.
His purpose was to sée the king of France,
Good Wallace then hath made his purveyance,
Nearuk but weare to Saint-Johnstone could faire,
A Counsell then he had gart ordaine there,
Into his stead chosen a Governour,

To

To kép the land a man of great honour,
Iames good Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Which Father was as story beares on hand.
To good Walter which was of hie parage,
Marjorie Bruce then got in mariage:
Therof as now to speak I have no space,
It is well known, thanked be Gods grace,
And to the Herauld withoutten residence.
How he appeared unto the kings presence.
From the Rochell the land sone hath he tane,
Out over the land he graithed him to gaine.
Seeking the king als goodly as he may,
So to the Court he passed on a day.
To Paris went as pierlesse of renown,
This King that time held pallace in that town:
When he him saw, hath graithlie understand,
He spiered tydings the welfare of Scotland.
The Herauld said into these tearmes short,
That all was good, he had the more comfort.
Saw thou Wallace the Chiftaine of that land,
And he said yea, that dare I take on hand.
A worthie wight this day is living none,
In way of war als far as I have gone:
The hie worship, and the great nobleneſſe,
The good welfare, pleasance, and worthineſſe:
The rich reward was worthie for to see,
That for your sake he kithed upon me.
And his answer in writ he hath you sent,
The king received it with a good intent.

O Royall Roy, and righteous crowned King,
Renowned of nobleneſs, & verteus most conding

Par

Ye know this well by other mo then me.
How that our Realme stands in perplexitie,
The fierce Nation that we are neighbours to,
When pleaseth them they make us ay ado,
No band may be made of such sufficance:
But ay in it they finde a variance,
To wait a time will God that I may be
Within a year I will your presence se.
Of this answer well pleased was the king,
Leave I them thus in royaltie to reigne,
And glad comfort right as I have you told,
Of Wallace forth I will my purpose hold.

Chap. II. How *Wallace* Past in *France*, and fought with the *Red-River*, and vanquished him.

In to Aprill the one and twentie day,
The Kalends changed as we use for to say,
The lustie time of Mayes fresh comming,
Celestiall great blythnesse in to bring.
Principall Moneth, forsoth it may be sæn,
The heavenly hewes upon the tender grein:
When old Saturne his cloudy course hath gone,
The which hath bæn both bird and beastes bane,
Zephirus also with his swæt vapour,
Hæ comfort hath by working of Dame Nature.
All fructuous thing into the earth adoun,
That rewled is under the hie Region,
Sober Luna in following of the Sea,
When bright Phœbus into his Themes hie,
The Bulles course so taken hath his place,
And Iupiter was in to Crabes face,

When

When Aries the hot signe cholerike,
Into the Ram which hath his rownes rike,
Thetis had his place and his mansion:
In Capricornus the signe of the Lion,
Gentle Iupiter with his milde ordinance,
Both herb and tree convertes into pleasance,
And fresh Flora her flowrie mantle spred,
In every vale, both houp, hill, and meid.
In this same time for this mine authors sayes,
Wallace to passe off Scotland took his wayes.
By short advise he shop him to the Sea,
And fiftie men took in his companie.
He let no word then walk of his passage,
For Englishmen had stopped his voyage,
Nor took no leave at Lords of Parliament,
He wist full well they would not all consent,
To suffer him out of the land to go,
For they anone without witting of mo,
He gart forsee and ordaine well the ship,
And these were they past in his fellowship.
Two VVallaces was his kins-men full neare,
Crawfurd, Cleland, to him were holden deare.
At Kircubright he ordained his passage,
Sea men hee set and gave them goodly wage,
A good new barge right worthily wrought for war
They wanted not of wins victuall nor geare.
Not ye they were a goodly companie,
Of wailed men had wrought full hardilie:
Bon-allies drank right gladly on the morrow,
Then leave they took, and with great God to borrow
Boits were shot forth and from the land they sent,
With glad hearts at once in they went.

Unto

Unto the Ship they rowed hastily,
The sea-men then working full earnestly:
Ankers wand in, wisely on either syde,
Their Leads cast out, and waited well the tyde:
Let sailes fall, and tooke their course anane,
A goodly winde out of the right airth came:
Frickes on forresten ruled welt their gear:
Leads on Leibard with a lordly feare.
Lynes laid out to loke their passage sound,
With full saile from Scotland forth they found:
Sailed whole over the day and als the night,
Upon the morne when that the Sun shined bright:
Their ship-master unto the top he went,
South-east he saw, that troubled his intent.
Sixtene sailes all arrayed on a row,
In colour red, that toward them could draw.
The glittering Sun upon them shewed bright,
The Sea about illuminate with the light.
The mans spirit was in an extasie,
Downe he went sone, and said right sorrowfully,
Alace, alace, that ever I was borne,
Without remead, our lives are all forlorne.
In cursed time I tooke this cure on hand,
The best Chiftaine, and rescus of Scotland.
Over rekelesly I have tane upon me,
With weake power to bring him through the Sea:
It forced nought, would God I were torment,
So Wallace might with worship scape unshent.
When VVallace saw, and heard this mans mone,
To comfort him, with good will is he gone.
Master, he said, what hath annoyed thee?
Not for my selfe, this man said pitteously:

But

But of one thing I dare well undertaine,
Though all were here the Ships of broad Britaine,
Part should we lose, except Fortune had swayne,
The best war-man in Sea is us before:
Living this day, and King is of the Sea,
VVallace (sone spiered) Wots thou what he may be?
The Red-reaver they call him in his Fryie,
That I him saw, O cursed be the while:
For mine owne life I would no mourning make,
Is no man borne that yon tyrant will take.
Hé saveth none for Gold, nor other good,
But slayes and downes all ere sly in the flood.
Hé gets no grace, though hé were King or Knight,
This sixteene years hé hath done great unright.
The power is so strong hé hath to steire,
May none escape that comes in his danger.
Would ye him bord, no bote is to begin,
The lowest ship that is his flot within:
Ye selfe is done unto thy polefull dead.
Then Wallace said, Since thou cannot remead:
Tell me his feire, and how I shall him know,
What is his sle, and then goe lodge thes low:
The Shipman said, Full well ye may him ken,
By graith tokens, full clearly by his men.
His coat armour is seen in many stead,
All batteil downe, in rayment all of red.
This formost ship that persues us so fast,
Himselfe is in, and will not be agast:
Ye will you baile, when that they come you neare,
Without tarry then make ye strike and steare:
Himselfe will enter first full hardily,
These are the signes that you shall him by:

A barre

A barre of blew into his shining shield,
A bend of white, desiring ay the field:
The red betokens blood and hardiment,
The white courage, increaseth his intent.
The blew he beares, for he is Scottish man,
Sadly him answered William Wallace than:
Though he be Scottish, this is no Scottish deed,
Go under loft the LORD GOD not us speed.
Both ship-maister, and the fierd-man alsa,
Into the how but bode he gart them go.
His fiftie men withouten longer rest,
Wallace gart ray into their armour prest,
Eight and fourty on loft bownd laid they low,
William Crawfurd then to him can he caw.
And said, thou canst some part of ship-man lare,
Thou hast been used into the town of Aire.
I pray the take this doctrine well of me,
Looke that thou stand stratly by the tre:
When they bine strike, to se thine be thou paine:
When I thee warn draw by the sail againe.
Cleland Coulsh, come take the fiere in hand,
Here on the waile near by me shall I stand:
God guide our ship, as now I lay na mare,
The barge began with a full warlike lare:
Himself on loft was with a drawn sword,
And bade the fierd-man lay endlong the bord.
On lowde he cryed, strike dogs or ye shall die.
Crawfurd let down the sails a little wie.
The Captaine soon lap in, and would not stint,
Wallace hath him then by the gorget hint:
On the over-loft reft him, where that he stood,
While nose and mouth all rushed out of blood.

A

A forged knife braithly he braided out,
The war-ships were lapped them about:
The barge clipped but they not festned fast,
Crawfurd drew saile, shot by, and off them past.
The Reaver cryed, with pitteous voice so cleare,
Grace of his life, for him that bought us deare.
Mercy he cryed for him that died on Rood,
Leasure to mend, I have spilt mickell blood.
For my trespasse I would make some remead,
Many sakeleese I have gart put to dead.
Wallace with well though he to death was brought,
From them to scape no wayes might be nought.
And of his life some rescue might be make,
A better purpose right soone then can be take:
And als he reiued for his life had bæn ill.
In Latine tongue right thus he sato him till.
I never tooke man that enemie was to me,
For Gods sake my life yet grant to me.
Both knif, and sword, he tooke from him anone:
Up by the hand as prisoner hath him tane.
Upon his sword sharply he gart him sweare,
From that day forth he should him never deare:
Command thy men, said, V Wallace, to our peace,
Their shot of guns, that was not eith to cease.
Their casking were awfull on either side,
The Red-reaver commanded them to bide:
Held up a glowbe, in token of the trew,
His men beheld, and well the senzie knew.
Left off their shot, the signe when that they saw,
His greatest barge toward him can be caw.
Let be your war, these are friends at one:
I trow to God our worst houres are gone.

He asked VVallace, to do what was his will?
With short advise, right thus he said him till,
To the Rochell I would ye gart them saile:
For Englishmen we wot not what may aile.
He them commanded without ten words mare,
Turn saile and wind, toward the Rochell faire:
For there, will God, our purpose is to be,
Lowke well about for Scurriours in the sea:
His charge they wrought, in all the haste they can,
And VVallace desirde to talk more with this man.
Wisely he spiered, in what land art thou borne,
In France he said, and mine Elders before:
And there we had some part of heritage,
Though fierce Fortune hath brought me in s
Wallace yet spiered, how came thou in thi
Forsoth he said, but through a sudda ne
So hapned I into the kings presence,
Over rekleslie to do a great offence:
A worthie man of good kin and renow
That through my deed was put to conf
Dead of one stroake, what needs words
All mends it nought, though I repent i
Through friend of Court I scaped off tha
And never since could get the kings grace,
Feill of our kin they gart for my sake die,
From time I saw it might no better be.
But leave the land, that me behoved on need,
Upon a day to Burdeous I yeed.
An English ship so got me on a night,
For sea labour full earnestly us dight.
To me assembled mis-doers other mo,
Within short space we multiplied so:

Were few that might against our power gang,
In tyrannie thus have we reigned long.
These sixteen yeares I have bene on the sea,
And done great harme, therefore full wo is me:
I saved none for gold nor great ransome,
But slew and drowned in the sea all downe.
Favour I did to folk of sundry land,
But French-men no favour of me fand:
They got no grace, so far as I might reigne,
Als on the sea I cleiped was a king.
Now see I well that my Fortune is went,
Vanquisht with one, that gart me sore repent.
[illegible]uld have said this samine day at morne,
[illegible]h one thus lightly down be borne:
[illegible]ing my men would it have tane,
[illegible]s to have matched any twaine.
[illegible] the verie plaine contrare,
[illegible]robberie for evermaire,
[illegible] shall never armes beare:
[illegible]est use of war.
[illegible] part of my blisse and paine,
[illegible]now some kindnesse show againe.
[illegible]ull break but I wot what ye be,
[illegible]tie that hath rebuted me:
[illegible] well I trowde that living had bene nane,
By strength of force might me as prisoner tane:
Except Wallace that hath redeemed Scotland,
The best is called this day living of hand.
Into his warres were worship for to wake,
Into this world I trow he hath no maike.
Wallace smiled and said, Friend it may be,
Scotland had need of many such as thee.

Ye asked VVallace, to do what was his will?
With short advise, right thus he said him till,
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For Englishmen we wot not what may aile.
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Turn saile and wind, toward the Rochell faire:
For there, will God, our purpose is to be,
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Wisely he spiered, in what land art thou borne,
In France he said, and mine Elders before:
And there we had some part of heritage,
Though fierce Fortune hath wrought me in a rage,
Wallace yet spiered, how came thou in this life,
Forsoth he said, but through a sudayne strife.
So hapned I into the kings presence,
Over rekleslie to do a great offence:
A worthie man of good kin and renown,
That through my deed was put to confusion.
Dead of one stroake, what needs words more,
All mends it nought, though I repent it sore.
Through friend of Court I scaped off that place,
And never since could get the kings grace.
Feill of our kin they gart for my sake die,
From time I saw it might no better be.
But leave the land, that me behoved on need,
Upon a day to Burdeous I yeed.
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They got no grace, so far as I might reigne,
Als on the sea I cleiped was a king.
Now see I well that my Fortune is went,
Vanquisht with one, that gart me fore repent.
Who would have said this samine day at morne,
I should with one thus lightly down be borne:
In great haithing my men would it have tane,
My self beght als to have matched any twaine.
But I have found the verie plaine contrare,
Here I give over robberie for evermaire,
In such mis-rule I shall never armes beare:
But if it be in honest use of war.
Now I have told part of my blisse and paine,
For Gods sake now some kindnesse show againe.
Mine heart will break but I wot what ye be,
Outragiousslie that hath rebuted me:
For well I trowde that living had bene nane,
By strength of force might me as prisoner tane:
Except Wallace that hath redeemed Scotland,
The best is called this day living of hand.
Into his warres were worship for to wake,
Into this world I trow he hath no maike.
Wallace smiled and said, Friend it may be,
Scotland had need of many such as thee.

What is thy name, tell me so have thou seill,
Forsoth he said, Thomas of Longoveill:
Well brook thou it, thus endeth all our strife,
Shape to please God in mending of thy life,
Thy faithfull friend my self thinks for to be,
And als my name I shall some tell to thee:
For chance of war thou should no mourning make,
As wierd will work thy fortune must thou take:
I am that man that thou advancest hie,
And but short time since I came to the sea.
Of Scotland born, my right name is Wallace,
On knee he fell, and thanked God of grace.
I dare avow that yelden is mine hand,
To the best man this day that is livand.
Forsoth he said, this pleaseth me miekell more,
Then of Florings ye gave me sixtie score.
Then Wallace said, thou art now here throgh chance
My purpose is to passe now into France:
Unto the king since I am bown to passe,
To my reward thy peace I think to aske.
Peace I would have faine of my native king,
And no longer then in this realme to reigne.
Then thou take leave to come from it againe,
Into thy service I think for to remaine.
Service he said, Thomas, it may not be,
But good friendship as I shall keep to thee.
Gart draw the wine, and each one merry made,
The ships by then were in the Rochell Rade.

THe red Blasons, as they had born in war,
The town was some into a suddaine fear:

The

The Red-reaver they said was at their hand,
Contrare whose strength might none against him
Some ships fled, and some the land hath tane. (stand
Clarions blew, and Trumpets many one:
When VVallace saw the people was on fiere,
He gave command no ships should nearer piere.
But his own barge in their haven gart he draw,
The folk was glad, when they the banner saw:
Full well they knew in gold the red Lion,
Let up the port, received them in the towne.
They covered him for all he had there brought.
The Red Navie unto the haven sought.
On land then went, where that them liked to passe,
Right few wist there what Scottish-man Wallace
But well they thought he was a goodly man, (was:
And honoured him with all the craft they can.
Those foure dayes Wallace remained there,
Those men he called when he was boun to fare.
He them commanded upon that coast to bide,
While he them fred, for chance that might betide:
Beare you evenly, what good that ever ye spend,
Live on your own, while I you tidings send.
Gar sell your ships, and make you men of peace,
It were good time of wickednesse to cease.
Your Captaine shall passe to the king with me,
Through help of God I shall his warrand be.
He gart graith him in suits with his own men,
Was no man there that might well Thomas ken,
Likely he was, manly of governance:
Like to the *Scots*, by manly countenance:
Save of his tongue that Scots had he none,
In Latine well, it might have sufficed one.

Thus

Thus past they on, in all the haste they may,
To Paris town they went upon a day.
Tydings was brought of Wallace to the king,
So great desire he had of no kin thing:
As in that time while he had seene Wallace,
To meet himself he waited upon case.
In a garden where he gart them be brought,
To his presence, with manlike fetre they sought.
Two and fiftie at once all knæling down,
And salust him as Roy of most renown.
With rewled spæch in so goodly advise,
All France could no more nurture them devise.
The quæn had lieve, and came in her effeare,
For mickell she heard of Wallace dæd in weare.
What næds more of courtesie to tell?
They kæped well that to the Scots befell.
Of kings fare I dare make no rehearse,
My sæble minde, my troubled spritetransverse,
Of the rich service what nædes words mare?
Might none be found, but it was present there:
Soone after meat the king to parlour went,
With goodly Lords there Wallace was present:
Then communed they of many sundry thing,
To speak with him great desire had the king.
At him he spiered of warres the governance:
He answered him, with manly countenance,
To every point, so far as he had feill,
In Latine tongue right naturally and well.
The king conceived soone by his hie courage,
What war men used by reik in their passage.
Into what minde the Red-Reaver then was,
Marveill he had how he let Wallace passe.

To

To him he said, ye are something to blame,
Ye might have sent with your Herauld from hame:
After power to bring you through the sea,
God thank you sir, thereof enough had we:
Few men may passe where they finde no perrill,
Right whæn may kæp where none is to assaile:
Wallace he said, thereof marveill have I,
A tyrant reignes in yre full cruellie.
Upon the sea, that great sorrow hath wrought,
Might we him get, it should not be for nought:
Borne of this land, a native man to me,
Therefore on us the greatest harme doth he.
Then Thomas quoak, and changed countenance,
Ye heard the king his ill dæds disadvance.
Wallace beheld, and feinzeit in a part.
Forsoth he said, we found none in that Airt,
That profered us any such unkindnesse,
By your lieve sir, I speak in homlinesse,
Trow ye by sight ye could the Squyer knaw,
Full long it is, since time that I him saw.
But these words of him are but in vaine,
Ere he come here right good men will be slaine.
Then Wallace said, here have I brought with me,
Of likely men that dwelt in our Countrie.
Which of all these would ye call him most like?
Among them blent this royall Roy most like.
Veiled them well, both stature and courage,
Manner, mackdome, their fashion, and visage:
Sadly he said, advised soberly,
That largest man, which stands next you by:
Would I call him, by mackdome to devise,
These are nothing but words of office.

Before

Before the king on knæs fell good VVallace,
O royall Roy, of hie honour and grace:
With waste words I will you not trouble.
Now I will speak something for mine availe:
Our barren land hath bæn overset with war,
By Saxons sæd that doth us miekell dear.
Slaine our elders, destroyed our righteous blood,
Wasted our land of gold and other good:
And ye are here with might and royaltie,
Eye ye should have to our adversitie.
And us support for kindnesse of the band,
Which is confirmed betwirt you and Scotland.
Als I am here for your charge and pleasance,
My life-lait is but honest chevisance:
Floure of realmes, forsoth, is this region,
To my reward I would have great guerdon.
VVallace he said, ask what so ye would have,
Good gold or land shall not be long to crave.
VVallace answered, so ye grant it to me,
What I would have it shall sone chosen be.
What ever ye ask that is in this region,
Ye shall it have, except my Wife and Crown.
He thanked him of his great kindlinesse,
All my reward shall be asked of grace.
Peace to this man, I brought with me through chance,
Here I quite claime all other gifts in France.
This same is he, if that ye know him well,
That ye of spake Thomas of Longoveill.
By rigour ye desired he should be slaine,
I him restore unto your peace againe:
Receive him faire as liedge man of your land,
The King marvelled, and could in studie stand.

Perfectly

Perfectly he knew that it was Longoveill,
He him forgave his trespalle every deale,
But for his sake that had him hither brought,
For gold nor good, nor else he did it nought,
VVallace he said, I had lever of good land,
Ten thousand pound have seased in thine hand:
That I have said, shall holden be in plaine,
Here I receive Thomas to peace againe:
Dearer to me then ever he was before,
All for your sake though it were mickell more.
But I would wit how this matter befell,
VVallace answered, the truth I shall you tell.
Then he rehearsed what hapned on that day,
As ye before mine Author hath heard say.
When the good King had heard the suddaine case,
Upon the sea before sight of Wallace:
The King him held right worthie to advance,
He saw in him manhood and governance.
So did the Quæn and all the other Lords,
Each wight of him great honour then records.
He purchast peace for all the power haile,
Fourtæn hundreth was left at the Rochell.
Gart cry them fræ true servants to the King,
And never again for fault into such thing.
When Thomas was restored to his right,
Of his own hand the King had made him Knight:
After he gave state to his nearest aire,
And made himself with Wallace for to fare.
Thus he hath brought these men from reif through case,
By suddaine chance of him and wight VVallace:
Thus leave we them in worship and pleasance,
At liking still with the good King of France.

CHAP.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* past in *Guyan*.

These twenty dayes he lodged into rest,
So to remaine he thought it not the best.
Still into peace he could not long endure,
For why contrarious it was to his nature,
Right well he wist Englishmen occupied,
Guyan that time therefore hath he espied.
Some jeopardie upon them for to make,
A goodly leave he at the king can take,
Of Frenchmen he none would with him call,
At that first time, for Aventure might fall:
But sir Thomas that service could persue,
He wist not well if all the leave was true.
Of *Scottishmen* then sembled hastilie,
Nine hundreth some of worthy Chevalrie.
In Guyan land full hastily can ryde,
Raised fell fire, and wasted winnings wide.
Fortes they brake, and stalwart bigings wan,
Derfly to death brought many Sutheron man.
A warlike town so fand they in that land,
Which Schement heght that Englishmen had in hand
Toward that stead full sadly Wallace fought,
By any way assaile it if he mought.
Bargane to have if he might get them out,
Great strength of wood there was that town about,
The town stood als upon a water side,
Into a park that was both long and wide:
They busked them wel while passed was the night,
When the sun rose foure hundreth men he digbt,
The leave he gart Crawfurd in bushment take:
If they miskered a reskew for to mak.

Then

Then Longoveill that ay was full savage,
With VVallace past as one to that skirmage.
These foure hundreth that was full well arrayed,
Before the town in plaine battell displayed.
It was not well then knowin in that countrey,
The Lyon in gold that awfull was to sie.
A forrey cast, and seased mickell good,
War men within that wisely understood,
Soone ished out the prey for to reskew,
The worthy Scots feill Englishmen they slew,
The lave for dread fled to the town again,
The forrey tooke the prey and passed in plaine.
Toward the park, but power of the town,
Ished out again in awfull battell bown.
A thousand whole of men in armes strong,
Few bode within that might to armss gang.
Then Wallace gart the forrayers leave the prey,
Assembled soone into a good array.
A cruell counter was at that meeting seene,
Of the wight war men into their armour scheene,
Feill left their life upon the Sutheron syde,
But not for thy full boldly they abyde.
Of the Scots part then worthy men they slew,
VVilliam Crawfurd that well the perrell knew.
Out of the park he gart the buchment passe,
Into the field where feill men fighting was.
At their entrie they gart full many die,
The Englishmen was wonder loath to flie.
Full worthily they wrought into that place,
Bode never so few so long against VVallace:
With such power that day as he was there,
On either side assayled wonder sare.

Into

Into the toure so fellonlie he wrought,
That worthy men derflie to death was brought:
With poynts pearsed throgh plaits birnit bright,
Wallace, himself and sir Thomas the Knight:
Whom so they hit made never more debate,
The Sutheron part was handled there so hate:
Into that place they might no longer bide,
Out of that field with sore hearts they ride:
Unto the town they fled full hastilie,
Wallace followed and his good Chevalrie:
Fighting so fast into the thickest throng,
While in the town they entred them among.
With him Crawfurd and Longoveill the knight,
And Richard als, Wallace his cousen right,
Fifetein they were of Scots companie,
Thus hapned they among that great partie.
A cruell Porter gat upon the wall,
Pulled out the pin, let the port cuilzeis fall.
The Englishmen saw entered was no moe,
Upon the Scots full hardilie they goe.
But to a wall they have their bakkis set,
Had stroakes and sore boldlie about them bet.
Richard VVallace the Turngreco well hath seene,
He followed fast upon the porter keene:
Upon the wall dead in an dyke him drave,
Got up the port, and let in all the lave.
When VVallace men had thus the entry wun,
Full great slaughter again they have begun,
They saved none upon the Sutheron side,
That weapons bare and harnesse in that tide.
Women and bairnes, the good they tooke them fra,
Then gave them lieve in the rowm land to go:

The

The Priests als that was not in the field,
Of aged men that might not weapons wield.
They slew none such, for VVallace charge it was,
But made them free at larges for to passe.
Riches of gold they got in great plentie,
Harnesse and horse that might them well supplie.
With Frence folk plenisht the town againe,
On the tenth day the field they tooke in plaine.
The river down into the land they sought,
On Sutheron men full great mastrie they wrought.
Then when true men to the king told this tale,
Of French-men he sembled a battell.
Twentie thousand of true liedges of France,
His brother them led was Duke of Orleance:
Through Guyan land in rayed battell rode,
To follow VVallace who made but little bode.
For French supplie to help them in their right,
Neer Burdeous ere they overtake him might.
Good Wallace was there, and chosen hath a plaine,
For some men told that Burdeous with great maine
Within short time though battell for to give,
But from they wist that French folk would relieve.
With great power for helping of VVallace,
Other purpose they tooke into short space.
In Picardie some message could they send,
Of VVallace comming they have told to an end:
Of Gloceſter Captaine of Calice was,
The hardie Earl he made him for to passe
In England soone, and then to London went,
Of Wallace deeds he told in Parliament:
Some plainly said, that VVallace brake the peace,
Wise men said, nay, and prayed them for to cease:

Lord

Lord Beaumont said, He toke but for Scotland,
And not for France that shall ye understand.
If your endentures speak of any maire,
He hath done wrong the soth ye may declare.
Woodstock answered, said ye have spoken well,
But contrare right that tale is everie deal.
If yon be he that band for him and his,
May no man say, but he hath done amisse.
For principally he band with us the trew,
And now again begins he malice new.
Sir King he said, if ever ye think to make
On Scotland war on hand now shall you take:
While he is out or else it helps nought.
As Woodstock said, the whole counsel hath wrought.
Power they raised in Scotland for to ryde,
By land and sea they would no longer byde.
Their land hoast they raied soone indeed,
Their vanguard toke the hardie Earle to lead.
Of Glocester that of war had great feill:
Of Longcastle the Earle governed well
The middle ward, and to the sea they send,
Sir Iohn Pfewart that well the north land kend.
The knight Wallance before the hoast in rade,
And such a way with evil Scotishmen made.
Many castles he gart soone yelden be,
To Englishmen withoutten more mellie.
Or the best wist that it is war in plaine,
Entred he was into Bothwell again.
Sir Iohn Pfewart that came in by the sea,
Saint-Iohnston soone got through a jeopardie.
Dundie they toke and put Scots men to dead,
In Fyfe from them was not keped a stead.

And

And all the South from Cheviot to the sea,
Into the west there might no succour be.
The worthie Lord that should have governed this,
God hath him tane to everlasting blisse.
True men him tooke and could to Arrane passe,
His son Walter that but a childe yet was.
Adam Wallace that wist of no supplie,
To Rauchlie went, and Lindesay of Craigie.
Good Robert Boyd in Bute made residence,
For hastie deceit they tooke them to defence.
Sir Iohn the Grahame in Dundase might not bide,
Succour he sought to the Forrest of Clyde.
The knight Stewart a shiref made in Fyfe,
Sir Aymers brother and gave for terme of life.
These lands all that Wallance had before,
Richard Lundie had great dread through their shore
He liked not for to come to their peace,
Therefore in Fyfe they would not let him cease.
To passe over Tay as then it might not be,
For Englishmen forerule that countrie.
Out of the land he stole away by night,
Eightéen with him that worthy were and wight.
And als his son that was of tender eild,
But after soone he could well weapons weild.
At Striviling-bridge ere that the watch was set,
There passed he the way withoutten let.
To Dundasmure sir Iohn the Grahame he sought,
A woman him told as then before was wrought.
Unto a strength he went upon the moore.
Lanerk was taine with young Thomas of Thorne:
Hay and Lundie they might no longer remaine,
By south Tynto to longs they may in plaine.

Sir

Sir Iohn the Grahame got wit that they were there,
To them he past withoutten processe mare.
Valence gart bring from Caryle carriage,
To stuffe Bothwell, both wine and good vernage.
Lundy and Grahame, got wit of that vittaile,
Right suddainly they made them to assaile:
Fiftie they were of noble Chevaltrie,
Againſt fourescore of Englisch companie.
A Squyer then keped the Carriage,
All Brankistnahait whole then was his heritage,
Lundy and Grahame met with the Squyer wight.
Feill Englishmen derflie to death he dight:
Sixtie were slaine upon the Sutheron side,
And five Scots so boldly they abide.
Great good they wan, both gold and other gear,
Victuall and horse thus hapned in this wear.
Since they have seene well long they might not lest,
Into the land, therefore they thought it best,
To seek some place in strength that they might bide,
The Sutheron folk hav plenisht on each side:
Lundies lodge they left upon a night,
Into the Lennox they past the way full right.
To Earl Malcome, that keped that Countrey,
From Englishmen, through help of their supply:
Seton and Lyle into the Basse abade,
For Englishmen so great mastry had made.
That all the South they had into their hand,
And Hew the Hay they sent into England,
And other heires, to prison at their will.
The Northland Lords saw none help come them till:
A Squyer Guthrie among them ordained they,
To warne Vallace in all the haste he may:

Out of Aberbrothock he passed to the sea,
And at the Sluce landed full soone hath he.
In Flanders land no residence he made,
In France he past, but VVallace well abade.
On his purpose at Guyan at the weare,
On Englishmen he had done mickell deare.
While good Guthrie had gotten his presence,
He hasted him fast and made no residence.
He hath told him with Scotland how it stood,
Then Wallace said, those tydings are not good.
I had example of times that is by worne,
Trewes to bind with them that are mansworne.
But I as then could not think of such thing,
Because that we tooke peace with their false king.
By their Chancelor the other peace was bounden,
And that full sore our sore Elders hath founden.
Under that trew they gart eightéen score die,
That noble were the best in our Countrie.
To the great God my vow now here I make,
Peace with that King I think never to take.
He shall repent that he this war began,
Thus moved he with many noble man:
Unto the King, and told him his intent,
To let him passe the king would not consent.
While Wallace there made promise by his hand,
Ifever again he thought to leave Scotland.
To come to him, his great seale to him gave,
Of what Lordship that he liked to have.
Thus at the King an hasty leave tooke he,
No man with him he brought from that Countrie.
But his own men, and sir Thomas the knight,
In Flanders land they past with all their might.

Guthries barge at the Sluce could lye still,
To sea they went, with a full eger will.
Both Forth and Tay they left and passed by,
On the North coast good Guthrie was their guy.
In Montrosse haven they brought him to the land,
To true Scots it was a blith tydand.
Sir Iohn Ramsay, that worthy was and wight,
From Ouchter House the way he chosed right.
To mæt VVallace with men of armes strong,
For his comming they had thought wonder long,
The true Ruthven came als withoutten bade,
In Birnane wood he had his lodging made.
Barklay, Bisset, to Wallace sembled fast,
With thræ hundreth to Ouchter House he past.

The end of the ninth Booke.

THE TENTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* wan *Saincts-Iohnston*, by a jeopardie.

THe latter day of August fell this case,
For the rescue thus ordained good Wallace,
Of Sainct-Iohnston, ỳ Sutheron occupied:
Fast toward Tay they passed and espyed,
Ernlt was day under Kinnowle them laid,
Out of the town, as Scottishmen to him said,
Their servants tilled, with Carts, Hay to lead,
So was it soth, and hapned in that stead,
Then six there came, and brought but Carts thræ,
When they of Hay were leading busilie,
Guthrie, with ten in hands then hath them tane,
Put all to death of them he saved none,

Wallace

VVallace in haste gart take their upmost wæd,
And such like men they wailed with good speed.
Foure were right good VVallace himself tok ane,
A russet cloak and with him good Ruthven,
Guthrie, Bisset, and als good yeomen two,
In that each sute be graithed them to go,
Fifteen they toke of men of armes wight,
In each Cart five they ordainde out of sight.
Full subtilly they covered them with Hay,
Then to the town they went the gainest way.
These Carters had short swords of fine steele,
Under their wæd, then drove the Carts forth weil,
Sir Iohn Ramsay bode in the bushment still:
When misser were to help them with good will.
These true Carters past out withoutten let,
Out over the bridge and entred at the gate.
When they were in, their cloaks they cast them fra
Good VVallace then the chiefporter could ta,
Upon the head, while dead he hath him left,
Then other two the life from them he reft.
Guthrie and Bisset did right well in the town,
And Ruthven als dang of their fey men down,
The armed men that in the Carts were brought,
Rose up, and weil their debore dusely wrought,
Upon the gate they gart fetill Sutheron die,
Then Ramsayes spye hath seen them get entrie.
The bushment broke both bridge and port hath wun,
Into the town great strife there was begun.
Twenty and one ere Ramsay came in plaine,
Within the town had fourty Sutheron slaine.
The Englishmen to array them were not gane,
The Scots as then leasure let them have none.

From gud Ramſay with his men entred in,
They ſaved none were known of Sutheron kin:
And Longoveill, the worthy knight ſir Thomas,
Proved well there, and many other place.
Againſt his dint few Engliſhmen might ſtand,
Wallace in him great faith and kindneſſe fand.
The Sutheron part ſaw well the town was tint,
Fiercely they fled, as fire doth from flint.
Some fled, ſome fell into drawe dykes full dæpe,
Some to the Kirk, their lives if they might kæpe.
Some fled to Tay, and in ſmall veſſels yæd,
Some der flie died and drowned in that ſtead:
Sir Iohn Pſewart at the weſt gate out paſt,
To Methven wood he ſped him wonder faſt:
An hundreth men the kirk toke for ſuccour.
But Wallace would no grace grant him that houre,
He bade ſlay all of cruell Sutheron kin,
Them for to ſlay he thought it was no ſin.
Foure hundreth men without the town were dead,
Heaven ſcore on life ſcaped out of that ſtead.
Wives and bairnes they made them for to go,
With V Wallace will he would ſlay none of tho:
Riches they found that Engliſhmen brought new,
Plenith the town with worthie Scots and trew.
Sir Iohn Pſewart left Methven fortreſt ſtrong,
Went to the Gaske full feill Sutheron a nong.
And then in Fyfe, where Wallange wyrreſt was,
Made ſcurriours ſone out through the land to paſſe
And gathered mon a ſtalward companie,
To Achcrarde or he drew them privilie.
Wndaunted them in ready bargan bown,
Again he thought to aſſaile Saint-Iohnſton.

Wher.

Where VVallace lay, and would no longer rest,
Ruled the town as then him liked best.
Sir John Ramsay great Captaine ordained he,
Ruthven Shyreff at one accord to be:
This charge he gave, if men them warning made,
To come to him withoutten more abade:
And so they did when tidings was them brought,
With an hundreth Wallace forth from them sought.

Chap. II. The battell of *Black-Irne-side* Forrest.

IN Fyfe he past to belle that Countrie,
But wrong warned of Englishmen was he:
Sir Iohn Stewart when they were passed by,
From the Ochell he sped him hastily:
Upon VVallace followed with all his might,
In Abernethie tooke lodging the first night.
Upon the morne, with fiftéen hundreth men,
To Black-Irne-side, as his guids could him ken.
There VVallace was, and might no message send,
To Saint-Iohnston, to make his journey kend:
For Englishmen, that full subtill hath bœn,
Great watches warnd ỳ none should passe betwéen.
Then VVallace said, this matter likes not me,
He called to him the Squyer good Guthrie.
And Bisset als that knew full well the land,
And asked at them what déed was best on hande
Message to make, our power for to get,
With feill Sutheron we will be unbeset:
And wicked Scots that knowes the Forrest best,
They are the cause that we may get no rest.

I dread far more VVallange that is the guide,
Than all the reſt that comes upon that ſide.
Then Guthrie ſaid, might we get once over Tay,
To Sain&-Johnſton it were the gaineſt way,
To warn Ramſay we would get ſuccour ſone,
Over ſoth it is, it that cannot well be done,
Right well I wot, Veſſel is leaved none,
From the VVood-haven to the ferry called Arrane.
Then Wallace ſaid, the water awfull is,
My ſelf can ſwim, I trow, and aile no mis.
But curier uſe accordeth not for me,
And leave you here, yet I had rather die,
Through Gods grace we ſhall better eſchew,
The ſtrength is ſtrong, and we were men anew,
In Elchock park but fourty men were we,
For ſeven hundreth, and gart feill Sutheron die,
Eſcaped well in many unlikely place,
So ſhall we here through the help of Gods grace,
While we may laſt, we may this wood hold ſtill.
Therefore each man be true of hardy will,
And that we do ſo nobly into deed,
Of us be found after no lack to réed.
The right is ours, we ſhould more ardent be,
I think to fræ this land, or elſe to die.
His wailed ſpæch, with wit and hardiment,
Made all the reſt ſo cruell of intent,
Some bade, take field, and gibe battell in plaine.
VVallace ſaid no, theſe words are all in vaine,
We will not leave that may be our vantage,
This wood to us is worth a whole yeares wage,
Of hewen timber in haſte he gart them take,
Hyles of Make and a great Barrer is make.

At a forè-front into the Forrest side.
Made a great strength, where they purposde to bide,
Stelled them fast to trees that growing was,
That they might well in from the Barreris passe,
And see their availe on either side about,
Then come again, when they saw there was doubt.
By that this strength arrayed was at right,
The Englisch hoast approached to their sight,
Then Pswart came, that way forth to have wend,
That they were wont, his guides so him kend,
At their entrie they thought to have passage,
But sone they found ȳ made them great stoppage.
A thousand he led of men of armoure strang,
With five hundreth he gart Iohn VVallange gang,
Without the wood, that none should scape them fro,
Wallace with him had fourty Archers thro,
The rest were speares, full noble in a dèd,
On their enemies they bickert with good spèd.
A cruell counter was at the Barreris sæn,
The Scots defence so sicker was and kæn,
Sutheron stood aw to enter them among.
Feill to the ground they overthrew in that throng.
A rowm was left, where part in front might fare,
Who entred in, again nèd never maze,
Fourty they slew, that goneward would have past,
All disarrayed, the hoast was all agast,
One part of horse through shot to death was brought
Brake to a plaine the Sutheron to them sought.
Then Pswart said, alace, how may this be?
And do no harme, ober great rebute have we
He called Wallange, and asked his counsell,
Shyreff thou art, what may us best availe,

But

But few they are, that makes this great debate,
Iohn Wallange ſaid, this is the beſt I wate:
To ceaſe thereof, and remaine here beſide,
For they may not long in the Forreſt bide.
For fault of food they muſt in the Countrie,
Then were more time to make on them mellie:
Ere they be wun on force into this ſtrife,
Feill that ye lead ſhall ever loſe their life.
Then Pſewart ſaid, This réed I will not take,
And Scots be warned, reſcue ſone will they make:
Of this deſpite amends I think to have,
Or die therefore in number with the lave,
Into a range my ſelf on foot will fare,
Eight hundreth be tooke, the liklieſt that was there:
Then bade the reſt at the Barrers bide ſtill,
With Iohn Wallange, to rule them at his will:
Wallange he ſaid, be forward in this caſe,
In ſuch a ſnare we could not get Wallace.
Take or ſlay him, I promiſe by my life,
That king Edward ſhall make the Earle of Fyfe.
At yon Eaſt part we think to enter in,
I bade no more might ye this Barrers win,
From they be cloſed graithly among us ſo,
But marveill be they ſhall no further go.
Allaylie ſore when ye wot we come neare,
On either ſide we ſhall hold them on ſtiere.
Thus Pſewart charged upon an awfull wiſe,
Wallace hath ſéene what hath béene their deviſe,
Good men, he ſaid, ye underſtand this déed,
Forſooth he ſaid, they are miekell to dréad,
Yon Pſewart is a worthie noble knight,
Forward in warres, right hardy, wiſe, and wight:

His

His assaylie he ordaines wonder sore,
As for to harme mans wit can do no more,
Pleasant it is a wise Chiftaine to gae,
So Chiftaine like, it should great comfort mae,
To his own men, and they of worship be,
Then for to see ten thousand Cowarts flee.
Since we are set with enemies on each side,
And here on force must in this Forrest bide:
That all the rest of us abased be,
Assay the first, for Gods sake cruellie.
Crawfurd he left, and Longoveill the Knight,
Fourty with them, to keep the Barrers wight:
With him sixtie, all worthie men in weed,
To meet Stewart with hardie will they yeed:
A manner of dyke into the wood was made,
Of thortour trees, boldly he there abade.
A downwith wall the Sutheron to them had,
Swone sembled they with stroakes sore and sad,
Sharp speares then dushed on either side:
Through birnish bright made wounds deep and wide,
The vantage was the Scots them danted so,
That no English durst from his fellow go,
To break array or formost enter in,
Of Christen blood to see it was great sin.
For wrongous cause and hath bene many day,
Feill Englishmen in the dyke dead they lay:
Speares full swone all into splenders sprong,
With sharp swords they hewed on in throng.
Blood bursted out through fine harnelle of maile,
Iohn Vallange als full sharply can assaile,
Upon Crawfurd and the knight Longoveill,
With their power keeped the Barres well:

Made

Haue good defence, by wit, manhood, and might,
At the entrie feill men to death they dight.
Thus all at once they sailed either place,
None that was there durst turne to the Barres,
To help Wallace no man of his durst passe,
To rescue them, so fell the fighting was,
At either hand they handled were so hote,
But do or die, no succour else they wote.
Wallace was sad into that stalwart stoure,
Guthrie, Bisset, with men of great valour,
Richard Wallace that worthy was of hand
Stewart marueiled that contraire them might stand
That ever so few might bide in battell place,
Againſt them, and matched face for face,
He thought himself to end that matter well,
Fast preassed in with a good sword of steell,
Into the dyke a Scottishman he gart die,
Wallace therefore in heart had great pittie,
Amends to haue he followed on him fast,
But Englishmen so thick betwirt them past,
That upon him a stroak get could be nought,
Other worthy derflie to death he brought:
Slops he made through all the Chevalrie,
The hardy Scots that wrought so worthilie,
When Sutheron saw these good men were so dreid,
Longer to bide they thought it not the beſt,
Foure score were slaine, ere they would leave that stead,
And fiftie als was in the Barreris dead.
A trumpet blew, and from the wood can draw,
Wallange left off, that fight when that he saw.
To saylie more they thought it was no speid,
Without the wood to counsell fast they yeid.

The

The worthy Scots to reſt them was right faine,
Feill hurts they had, but few of them was ſlaine,
VVallace bad all of good comfort to be,
Thanked be God the fairer part have we.
Yon knight Pſewart hath at great iourneyes bein,
So forſe aſſay I have but ſeldome ſeen.
I had lever on VVallange wroken be,
Than any man that is yon menie,
The Scots all into the Barreris yeid,
Stanched wounds that could full braithly bleid.
Some Scots men had bleid full miekell blood,
For fault of drink and als wanting of food,
Some ſembled faſt that had feill hurts there.
Wallace therefore ſighed with heart full ſare,
An hat he bint, to get water is gone,
Other refuge as then he wiſt of none.
A litell ſtrand as then he found him by,
Of cleare water he brought them boundantly,
And drank himſelf then ſaid with ſober mude,
The wine in France me thought not half ſo good.
When of the day thrie quarters was over went,
Sir Iohn Pſewart hath taiken in his intent,
To ſaylie more as then he could not prieve,
Whtie on the morn that new men could relieve,
And keip them in while they for hunger fore,
Come in his will or els to die therefore,
Wallange he ſaid, I charge thee for to bide,
And keip them in while I to Cowper ride:
Remaine thou with five hundreth at thy will,
And I the morn with power ſhall come thee till.
Iohn Wallange ſaid, this charge I here forſake,
After this day all night I may not wake,

But

But truſt ye well they willish to the plaine,
Though ye bide als or elſe die in the paine,
Pſewart bade byde or underly the blame,
I thæ command in good king Edwards name,
Or here to God a vow I make before,
And they break out to hang thæ on the more.
Of this command Iohn Wallange had great dread,
Pſewart from them with nine ſcore into dæd:
Next hand the Wood and his good men of Fyfe,
The Scots were blyth when ỳ they heard ſuch ſtrife,
VVallace drew near his time when that he ſaw,
To the wood ſyde and could on VVallange caw.
The knight hath beght the more to hang thæ hie,
Come into us I ſhall thy warrand be.
In contrare him and all king Edwards might,
Take we him quick we ſhall him hang on hight.
A good Lordſhip I ſhall thæ give here eſt,
In this each land that thy brother hath leiſit:
Wallange was wiſe full ſoone could underſtand,
By liklineſſe Wallace ſhould win the land:
And better him were upon the right to byde,
Than be in war upon the other ſide,
With short adviſement to Wallace ſon they ſought.
Then Pſewart cryed, and ſaid, that bæs for nought,
And als of kind thou art of heritage,
Coward on thæ is evill wared great wage:
Here I ſhall byde my purpoſe to fulfill,
Either to die, or have thæ at my will.
For all his ſpæch to paſſe they would not ſpare,
With full glad heart Wallace received him there.
By that Ruthven and Ramſay of renown,
By a true Scot that paſt to Sainct-Iohnſton.

Them

Them warning made that Pſewart followed faſt,
Upon VVallace, then were they ſore agaſt,
Out of the town iſhed in all their might,
With thrée hundreth that worthie were and wight,
To Black-Irne-ſide aſſembled in that place,
As Wallange was gone into good VVallace:
The knight Pſewart hath well their comming ſéen,
A faire plaine field he choſed them betwéen,
Eleven hundreth and foureſcore then had he.
The Scottiſhmen were five hundreth and ſirtie:
Theſe were but few a plaine field for to take,
Out of the wood good Wallace can him make,
He wiſt no wit of them that comming was,
More hardiment was from the ſtrength to paſſe,
But when he heard Ruthven and Ramſay cry,
Of Ouchter Houſe blith was his Chivalry:
Might they of gold have bought a kings rent,
The good Wallace might not ſo well contént.
Then to array they yæd on either ſide,
In cruell yre in battell bown to bide:
Worthier men than Pſewart ſembled there,
In all his time Edward had never mare,
But Pſewart ſaw his number was far mae.
His power ſone he gart divide in two:
To fight in that cauſe knightly he them kend,
In that iourney either to win or end.
The worthy Scots that firſt among them bade,
Full great ſlaughter on Engliſhmen they made:
Into the wood before had proved ſo well,
That on the plaine they ſonzeit not a deal.
In courage grew as they were new begun,
Short reſt they had from ryſing of the ſun,

By

By that Ramſay and good worthy Ruthven,
Throughout the thickeſt of the preaſſe is gane,
Slopes they made among the Engliſhmen,
Diſcovered them by twenty and by ten, (clear,
When ſpeares were gone, with ſwords of mettell
To Engliſhmen their comming ſold full dear,
Wallace and his by worthineſſe of hand,
Feill Sutheron blood gart light upon the land,
The two fields together relled then,
Sir Iohn Pſewart with many noble men,
To help their Lord three hundreth in a place,
About him ſtood, and did their buſineſſe,
Defending him with many awfull dint,
While all the outward of the field was tint,
Of commons, part into the Forreſt fled,
Succour to ſeek their men ſo had them led,
Then Scots hath ſeen ſo many in a rout,
With Pſewart ſtand that garded him about,
Upon the ſides aſſailed wonder ſaire,
The poletik plaits with points pearſed baire,
The Sutheron made defence full cruelly,
All occupied was this noble Chevalrie,
Sir Iohn Ramſay would they had yalden bein,
Wallace ſaid, nay, it is a wrong ye meen,
Ranſome to take, we cannot now begin,
On ſuch a wiſe this land we may not win,
Yon knight of old our enemie hath been,
So feill to us of them I have not ſeen.
Now he ſhall die through help of Gods grace,
Ye came to pay his ranſome in this place,
The Sutheron ſaw and will plainlie to die,
Reskew was none, ſuppoſe that they would flie,

Freſhly

Freshly they fought as they had entred new,
Upon our side part worthy men they slew.
Then Pstewart said, alace in wrong doing,
Our lives we lose for pleasure of our King,
That fellon knight doubted his life right nought
Among the *Scots* full hardily he wrought,
Bisset he strake to death withoutten mare,
VVallace preassed with his sword birnisht bare,
At *Stewarts* hals he etled with great yre,
Through pesane stiffe in sunder strake the swyre,
Dead to the ground he rushed for all his might,
By VVallace hand thus ended that good knight,
The remanent without mercy they slay
For good Bisset the *Scots* was wonder wae,
In hands some they sticked but remead,
No Sutheron past with life out of that stead,
Then to the wood for them that left the field,
A range they set, thus might they have no bield,
Fled none away was contrare our opinion,
Good Ruthven past again to Sainct-Iohnston,
Sir Iohn Ramsay to Cowper castle raid,
That house he tooke for defence none was made,
VVallace, Crawfurd, and with them good Guthrie,
Richard VVallace had long been in mellie,
And Longoveill into Lundores bode still,
Fasted they had too long against their will,
Wallange they made their Stewart for to be,
Of meat and drink they found abounndantlie,
The power fled and durst no longer bide,
That was before upon the Sutheron side.
Upon the morn to Sainct-Andrews they past;
Out of the town that bishop bowned fast,

The

The King of England had him thither send,
That rent at will he gave him in commend,
His kings charge as then he durst not hald,
A wrongous Pope that Tyrant might be cald,
Few fled with him and got away by sea,
For all Scotland Wallace he would not se,
Of him as then he made but light record,
Gart restore him that was their rightеous Lord:
The worthy knight that into Cowper lay.
Gart spoyzie them upon the second day,
Then ordained men at command of Wallace,
But more processe for to cast down the place,
Wynders they gart some pierce out through the wall,
Some punsions fired, unto the ground cast all,
Sir Iohn Ramsay then to Carraill can fare,
Sutheron were fled, and left but walles bare:
After Pstewart they durst not tarry long,
The Scots at large out through all Fyfe then rong,
No Englishmen were left in that Countrie,
But in Lochlevin there bode one companie:
Upon that inch in small houses they light,
Castell was none, but walled with water wight,
Beside Carraill sembled Wallace before,
His purpose was for to assay Kinghorne,
A knight Musgrave then Captaine in it was,
By short advise he purposde for to passe,
Rather he would byd challenge of the King,
Than with Wallace to reckon for such thing,
That house he tooke, and little tarry made,
Upon the morne withoutten more abade:
Out over the mure where they the trist had set,
Near Scotland-well their lodging tooke but let.

After

After supper VVallace bade them goe rest,
My selfe will wake, mee thinke it may bee best.

Chap. III. The winning of *Lochlevine*.

As he commanded but graithing they have done
Unto their schape VVallace then graithed him
Past to Lochlevin, as it was near mid-night: (soon
Eightene with him, that he had warned right:
These men weined well he came to visite it,
Fellowes hee said, I doe you well to wit:
Consider well this place, and understand,
That it may doe full great skaith to Scotland:
Out of the South, and power come them till,
They may take in, to keepe at their owne will:
Upon yon Inch right many men may bee,
And shew out, their time when that they see.
To byde long here, wee may not well for chance,
Yon folke have food, trust well at sufficance:
Water from them for sooth cannot bee set,
Some other wile behoved us to get,
Yee shall remaine here at this part all still,
And I my selfe shall bring the Boat you till:
Therewith his weed in haste off casteth hee,
Upon yon side no Watch-man can hee see,
Held up his shirte, and tooke his sword so good,
Bound on his necke, then lap into the flood.
And over hee swam, for letting had hee nought,
The Boat hee tooke, and to his men it brought:
Arrayed them well, and would no longer byde,
But passed in, and rowd to the other syde:

The Inch they toke with drawne swords in hand,
They spared none, that they before them fand:
Straike downes up, and kicked men where they lay,
Upon the Sutheron thus sadly sembled they,
Thirtie they slew, that were into that place,
To make defence the English had nor pace.
Their women five were sent out of that stead,
Women nor Bairnes hee never put to dead:
The good they toke, as it had beene their owne,
Then Wallace said, Fellowes I make you knowne
The purveyance that was within these wanes,
Wee will not tine, gare semble us all at anes:
Let warne Ramsay, and our good men each one,
I will remaine till all the stuffe bee gone,
Sent forth a man their horses for to keepe,
Drew up the Boat, and then toke beds to sleepe:
VVallace power neare Scotland well which lay,
Before the Sun they missed him away:
Some mourning made, and marvelled at that case,
Ramsay bade cease, and mourne not for VVallace,
It is for good that hee is from us went,
That ye shall see, and trust for veriment:
Mine head to wed, Lochlevin hee past to see,
Except that place, no Englishmen found hee,
Into this land betwixt these waters left,
Tydings of him full soone ye shall heare oft:
As they about were talking on this wise,
Message soone came, and charged them to rise,
My Lord, hee said, to dinner hath you calde,
Into Lochlevin, which is a likely halde.
Ye shall fare well, therefore put off all sorrow,
They graithed them right early on the morrow.

And

And thither past of Wallace well to wit,
Then sembled in a full blithe fellowship.
They lodged there till eight dayes were at end,
Of meat and drinke, they had enough to spend.
Cursed forth gear that Sutheron had brought there,
Gart burne the Boat, to Saint-Johnstoun they fare.
Bishop Sinkler, that worthie was and wise,
To Wallace came, and told him his advise.
Thus hee desired Wallace with him to ride,
And in Dunkeld sojourned that winter tide:
But hee said, No, that hold I not the best,
And Scotland thus, in peace I cannot rest.
The Bishop said plainly, wee may not weend,
Into the North for men I reede you send:
I grant, quoth hee, and chosed a Messenger,
The worthie Iop was with the Bishop there:
And Master Blaire, while Wallace came they bade,
Mith that good Lord that noble cheare them made,
Wallace sent Blaire into his priests weed,
To warne the West where friends had great dreed
How they should passe, or to good Wallace win,
The Englishmen that held them long in twin:
Adam Wallace and Lindesay that was wight,
Rauchly they left, and went away by night,
Throughout the land, to the Lennox they fare,
To Earle Malcome, that welcomed them full faire:
Master Iohn Blaire was blyth of that sembly,
Good Grahame was there, and Richard of Lundie:
Als Robert *Boyd* out of Bute to them sought,
Got they Wallace, of nothing then they rought.
But Englishmen betwixt them was so strang,
That they in plaine might not well to him gang.

Iop paſſed on, for nothing would hæ let,
Great power then as there hæ might not get:
The Lord Cumine, that Earle of Buchan was,
For old envie, hæ would let no man paſſe:
That hé might let, in good VVallace ſupply,
The Earle Patrick at plaine field kæped hæ.
Yet more men came, and proved all their might,
To helpe VVallace, in fence of Scotlands right:
The good Randall in tender age was kend,
Part of good men out of Murray hæ ſend,
Iop paſt againe, and came in preſence ſone,
Before VVallace, and told how hæ had done:
But Maſter Blaire ſo good tidings him brought,
That of Cumine Wallace full little rought:
Als Engliſhmen they had full meikell dread,
From Fyfe was tint, the worſe they thought to ſpæd
The Duke and Earle that time in Scotland led,
Captaines they made, in England then they ſped:
VVallace him bowned, when he thoght time ſhuld be
From Saint Iohnſtoun and toke with him fiftie:
Steven of Ireland, and Keirly that was wight,
From Engliſhmen they had holden the right.
In watch-mens wæd, and fended them right well,
To good VVallace they were as true as ſtæle:
To follow him, thoſe two thought never lang,
Through the Ochell they made them for to gang:
Upon more power hæ tarried not that tyde,
To kæpe the land the reſt hæ gart abyde:
To Striviling Bridge as then he would not paſſe,
For ſtrong power of Engliſhmen there was.

Chap. IIII. The winning of *Airth*.

TO Airth Ferrie they paſſed priuately,
And buſked them in a derne ſtead thereby:
A cruell Captaine in Aire dwelt that yeare,
In England borne, that heght Thomlin of weare:
An hundreth men were at his lodging ſtill,
To breake that land they did both power and will:
A Scottiſh fiſher which they had tane before,
Contrare his will, gart him bee to them ſworne:
In their ſeruice they held him day and night,
Before the Sun, Wallace gart lop him dight.
And ſent him forth, the paſſage to eſpy,
On the fiſher they happned ſuddenly:
All him alone, but one Boy that was there,
Iop hint him ſoone, and for no fear would ſpare.
By the Coller, and a knife out pulled hee,
For Gods ſake, this man aſked mercy:
Iop ſpeired ſoone of what Nation art thou?
A Scot, hee ſaid, but Sutheron gart mee bow,
In their ſeruice, againſt my will full faire,
But for my life, that I remained there:
To ſeeke fiſhing, I came in this North ſide,
Bee yee a Scot, I would faine with you bide:
Then hee him brought in preſence of Wallace,
The Scots were blyth, when they have ſeen this caſe
For with his Boat they might well paſſed have,
For Ferrie craft hee thought not for to crave:
Upon that ſide long ſpace they tarried nought,
To the ſouth land with full glad hearts they ſought

Then brake the Boat, when they were landed there,
Service of it Sutheron might have na mare:
Then through the Polle they passed with good spæd,
To the Torwood that man with them they læd,
The Widow there brought tydings to Wallace,
Of this true Eme that dwelt at Dunipace,
Thomlin of weere in prison had him set,
For more treasure than he before might get,
Wallace said, Dame, hæ shall well lowsed bæ,
The morne by noone, or moe therefore shall die:
She got them meat, and in quiet they bade,
Whilest it was night, then ready soone they made:
Toward Airth-hill right suddenly they drew,
A strength there was that weill the fisher knew:
Of draw-dykes, and full of water wan,
Wisely thereof hæ watched them this man,
On the back-side hæ led them privately,
From the water as wont to come was hee,
Over a small bridge good Wallace entred in,
Into the Hall himselfe thought to begin:
From the Supper as they were bowne to rise,
Hæ dalnit them upon an awfull wise.
His men followed suddenly at anes,
Hastie sorrow was raised in those wanes,
With hearing swords sharply about them dang,
Fell in the flure were felled them amang,
With Thomlin of weere Wallace himselfe hath met,
A fellon stroake sadly upon him set:
Through head & wyze, all through the coast him clave,
The worthie Scots fast sticked all the lave:
Keped weel the doores, and to the death them dight,
To scape away the Sutheron had no might,

Some

Some Windows sought for to have broken out,
But all for nought, full fey was all the rout,
About the fire gushed the blood so red,
An hundreth men was slaine into that stead:
Then VVallace sought where his Uncle might bee,
In a deepe Cave hee was set dolefully:
Where water stood, and hee in prons strang,
VVallace full soone the brailles up hee dang,
Out of the darke brought him with strength at lift;
But noyse he heard, of nothing else hee wist.
So blythe before in world hee had not beene:
And therewith sighed when hee had VVallace seene,
In ditches the dead bodies out they cast.
Graithed the place as then them liked best,
Made full good cheare, and wise watches they set,
While neare the day they sleeped without let,
When they had sight, spoiled the place in hy,
Found gaining geare, both Gold and Jewelry,
On all that day in quiet held them still,
When Sutheron came, received them with good will
In that labour the Scots were all full bane,
Sutheron come in, but none went out againe,
Women and Bairnes put in prison and cave,
So they might make no warning to the lave:
Steven of Ireland and Keirly that was wight,
Keeped the Port upon the second night.
Before the day the worthie Scots rose,
Cursed good geare, and to the Torwood goes.
Remained there while night was come on hand,
Then bowned them in quiet through the Land.
The Widow soone, fra they were passed doubt,
A servant sent, and let the women out,

To passe from Airth, where that they liked best,
Now speake of them that went into the West.

Chap. V. How *Wallace* burnt the *Englishmen* in *Dumbartane*.

WAllace himselfe was sicker guide that night
To Dumbartane the way he chosed right:
Ere it was day, for then the night was lang,
Unto the towne full privately they gang:
Weikell of it Englishmen occupyed,
Quhen Wallace come through a darke gate him hyed
Unto the house, which he was wont to ken,
A Widow dwelt, which friend was to our men.
About the bed, on the backe-side was made,
A derne window, was neither long nor braid:
There Wallace called, and soone from she him knew,
In haste she rose, and privately him drew:
In a close Barne, where they might keped bee,
Both meat and drinke she brought them in plenty:
A goodly gift to Wallace als she gave,
An hundreth pounds, and more out over the lave:
Nine sons she had, were likely men and wight,
An oath to him she gart them sweare full right.
In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had beene,
And tribute payed to English Captaines keene:
Sir Iohn Menteith the Castle had in hand,
But some men said, There was a private band,
To Sutheron made, by meanes of that knight,
Of their supply to beat all his might,
Whereof as now I will no processe make,
Wallace that day a short purpose can take.

When

When it was night he bade the Widow passe,
And marke the dors where Sutheron dwelling was
Then after this hee and his Chevalrie,
Graithed them well, and weapons tooke on hie.
Went to the gate where Sutheron were on skeepe,
A great Ostellary our Scots tooke to kéepe.
An English Captaine was sitting up so late,
While hee and his with drinking were made hate:
Nine men was there with him of hie courage,
Some would have had good Wallace in that rage:
Some wold have bound S. Iohn ỳ Gr. through strength
Some would have had good *Boyd* at swords length.
Some wished Lundie that scaped was in Fife,
Some wighter was nor Seton then in strife:
When Wallace heard the Sutheron make such din,
Hee gart all byde, and him alone went in.
The lave remained to heare of their tydance,
Hee salust them with sturdie countenance:
Fellowes, hee said, since I came last from hame,
In travell I was, in land of uncouth fame:
From South Ireland I came in this Countrie,
The new conquish of Scotland for to see.
Part of your drinke, and some good would I have,
The Captaine then a shrewd answer him gave:
Thou seemest a Scot, likely to bée a spy,
Thou mayest be one of Wallace companie.
Contrare our King hée is risen againe,
The land of Fyfe hée hath riden in plaine:
Thou shalt byde here, while we wot how it bée,
Art thou of his, thou shalt be hanged hie:
VVallace thought then it was no time to stand,
His noble sword hée gripped soone in hand:

Ouer-

Ouer-thort the face. droue the Captaine in téene,
Strooke all away that grew aboue the æne,
Another braithly on the breast hæ boze,
Both braine and bone the burely blad through thoze:
The reſt rusht up, then VVallace in great yre,
The third hæ felled derfly into the fire:
Steven of Ireland and Keirly in that throng,
Kæped no charge, but entred them among.
And other moe, that to the dwze can preaſſe,
While they him ſaw, there could nothing them ceaſe
The Sutheron men full ſoone were brought to dead,
The hoſtler bade them all good Aile and Bread,
VVallace ſaid, no, while wæ have leaſure mare,
To bæ our guide, thou ſhalt befoze us fare:
And begin fire where that the Sutheron lyes,
The hoſtler ſoone upon an haſtie wiſe:
Hint fire in hand, and to a great houſe yéed,
Where Engliſhmen were into meikell dread:
Foz they will not, while that the red flame roſe,
As wood as beaſts among the fire then goes.
With paines fell ruſhed full ſozowfully,
The lave without of our good Chevalrie.
At each houſe where the Hoſtler began,
Kæped the dwzes, from them ſcaped no man,
Foz all their might though King Edward had ſwozn
Got none away that was of England bozne,
But either burnt oz but reſcue was ſlaine.
And ſome through fozce dziven to the fire againe:
Some Scots folke in ſervice them amang,
From any paine freely they let them gange,
Thzæ hundzeth men was to Dumbartane ſend,
To kæpe the land as their Lozd had them kend:

Skaith-

Skaithleſſe of them for aye was this Region,
VVallace or day made him out of the towne.
Unto the Cave of Dumbartane they yéd,
And all that day they ſoiourned but dread:
Both meat and drinke the Hoſtler gart be brought;
When night was come, in all the haſte they mought
Toward Roſneth full earneſtly they gang,
For Engliſhmen was in that Caſtle ſtrang:
On the Carloch they purpoſe them to byde,
Betwixt the kirke that neare was there beſide,
And to the Caſtle full priuily they draw,
Under a bray, and lodged them full law.
Beſide the water where common uſe had they,
From Caſtle to the kirke they paſt each day:
A marriage als was that day to begin,
All ſhed out, and left no man within,
That fence might make but ſeruants in that place,
Thus to that tryſt they paſſed upon caſe,
VVallace and his drew them full priuily,
Neare hand the place when they were paſſed by,
Within the Hall, and thought to keepe that ſtead,
From Sutheron men or elſe therefore bee dead.
Compleat was made the marriage into plaine,
Unto Roſneth they paſſed home againe:
Fourte ſcore and moe was in that companie,
But not arrayed as was our Chevalrie:
To the Caſtle they wend to paſſe but late,
The worthie Scots ſo hard upon them ſet.
Fourtie at once deryly to death they bare,
The remnant affrayed was ſa ſare,
Longer in field they had no might to byde,
But fiercely fled from them on either ſide.

The

The Scots there well hath the entrie wun,
And slew all such as the house found was in:
Then on the flyers followed wonder fast,
No Englishman with their life from them past:
The women sone they seased upon hand,
Képed them close, for warning of the Land:
And dead bodies all out of sight they cast,
Then at good ease they made them for to rest:
On their purveyance seven dayes lodged there,
At rude coast, to spend they would not spare:
When Sutheron came, they tooke them gladly in,
But out againe they let none of that kin:
Who tydings sent the Captaine of that stead,
Their servitours the Scots put to dead:
Spoiled the place, and left no goods there,
Brake wals downe, and made the biggings bare:
When they had spilt all stone-worke ỳ they mought,
Then kindled fire, and from Rosneth they sought:
When they had burnt all træ-worke in that place,
VVallace gart træ the women of his grace:
To doe them harme his purpose never was,
Then to Falkland the worthie Scots can passe:
Where Earle Malcome was byding at defence,
Right blyth hé was of Wallace good presence,
Then hæ fand there a noble companie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and Richard of Lundie:
Adam VVallace that worthie was and wise,
Barklay and Boyd with men of meikell prise:
At Thrist masse there VVallace sojourned still,
Of his mother tydings was brought him till:
In time before she had left Ellerslie,
For Englishmen shæ ourst not in it bee:

From

From thence disaguised she past in pilgrimes wæd,
Some girth to sæke to Dumfermling shé yæde:
Sicknesse she had, forsoth into that stead,
Diseased shæ was, God toke her spyite to lead:
When VVallace heard that these tydings was true,
Then sadnesse sore on each side did persue,
In thanke hé toke, because it is naturall,
Hé loved God with sicker heart and haile,
Better him thought that it was hapened so,
Than Sutheron should put her to other woe.
Hé ordained Iop and also Walter Blair,
Thither they past and for no cost to spare:
But honourably put corps in Sepulture,
At his command they served all their cure:
Doing thereto as death desired to have,
With rich entire the Corps they put in grave:
Againe they turned, and shewed of her end,
Hé thanked God, what grace that ever hé send:
Hé saw the world was full of fantasie,
Comfort hé toke, let all mourning goe by:
His most delight was for to fræ Scotland,
Now will I tell what case then came on hand:

Chap. VI. How Sir *William Dowglas* wan the Castle of *Sanquaire* by a jeopardie, and how *VVilliam VVallace* rescued him from the *Englishmen*, and put them out of that part.

SIR William long of Dowglas daile was Lord,
By his first wife, as right is to record:

Deceased

Deceased then out of this worldly care,
Two sons hee had with her that lived there,
Which likely was, and able in courage,
To Schoole was sent into their tender age:
James and Hew so heght these brethren twa,
And after soone their Uncle could them ta:
Good Robert Keith had them from Glasgow town,
And over the sea, to France hath made him bown:
At studie then he set them in Paris,
With a Master that worthie was and wise:
The King Edward tooke their father the Knight,
And held him still though hee was never so wight:
While time hee had assented to his will:
A marriage als they had ordained him till,
The Ladie Ferres of power and hie blood,
But thereof came to his life little good:
Two sons hee got on this Ladie but mare,
With Edwards will he took his leave to fare,
In Scotland came, and brought his wife in peace,
In Dowglas dwelt, forsoth this is no lese:
King Edward trowed that he had stedfast beene,
Fast their fast faith, but contrare soone was scene.
Aye the Scots bloud remained in Dowglas,
Against England which proved in many place,
The Sanquaire was a Castle faire and strong,
An English Captaine had done feill Scots wrong:
Into it dwelt and Bewfurd hee was cald,
That held all wasse, from thine to Dowglas hald,
Right near of kin was Dowglas wife and hee,
Therefore hee trowed in peace of him to bee:
Sir William saw that Wallace rose in plaine,
And right likely to free Scotland againe:

To

To helpe him part, into his minde hee cast,
For in that life right long hee could not lest:
Hee thought no charge to breake upon England,
It was through force that ever he made them band:
A young man then that hardie was and bald,
Borne with himselfe, and Thomas Dikſone cald:
Meare friend hee ſaid, I would prove at my might,
And make a fray to falſe Bewfurd the Knight.
In Sanquaire dwels, and doth full great outrage,
Then Dikſon ſaid, My ſelfe in that voyage:
Shall for you paſſe with Anderſon to ſpeake,
Friendſhip to mee my Couſing will not breake,
Hee is the man that fire leads them till,
Through his helpe wee our purpoſe will fulfill:
Sir William then in all the haſte hee might,
Thirtie true men in that voyage he dight,
And told his wife to Dumfreis hee would fare,
A tryſt hee ſaid, of England hee had there,
Thus paſſed hee where that no Sutheron wiſt,
With theſe thirtie through wall land at their liſt:
While night came, then couched they full law.
Into a Cleugh near at the water Craw,
To the Sanquaire Dickſon alone hee ſend,
And hee ſwne made with Anderſon this end:
Dickſon ſhould take both his horſe and his wæd,
By it was day, a draught of wood to lead.
Againe hee paſt, and told the good Dowglas,
Which drew him ſwne into a private place,
Anderſon told what ſtuffe there was therein,
To Thomas Dickſon that was right neare of kin,
Fourtie they are all men of meikell valle,
Bee they on foot, they will you ſore aſſaile,

If

If you happen the entrie for to get,
On thy right hand, a stalward Are is set:
Therewith thou may defend thee in a throng,
Bee Dowglas wise, bee byde not from thee long:
Anderson yæd to the bushment in hie,
Near the Castle bee drew them priuilie:
Into a shaw Sutheron mistrusted nought,
To the nert wood with Dickson swne bee sought:
Graithed a draught on a broad slipping Law,
Charged an horse, and to the towne can draw,
Arrayed he was in Andersons wæd,
And bade have in, the Porter came good spæd:
This houre bee said, thou might have bæne away,
Untimous thou art, for it is scantlie day.
The Gate yæd up, Dickson yæd in but mare,
A thortour band that all the draught up bare:
Hee cutted it the slip to ground could ga,
Cummered the Gate steiking they might not ma:
The Porter swne hee hint into that strife,
Twise through the head, and reft him of his life:
The Are hee got, that Anderson of spake,
And beckning made, therewith the bushment brake.
Dowglas himselfe was formost in the preasse,
In over the Wood entred or hee would ceasse:
Three watch-men was from the wals coming new,
Within the Close the *Scots* men them slew.
Ere any serry was raised in that stowre,
Dowglas had tane the gate of the great Towre,
Ran up the staire where that the Captaine lay,
On foote hee got and would have bæne away.
Over late he was, Dowglas stroke up the Doore,
Bewfurd hee found in midst of the flowre:

With

With a stiffe sword to death he hath him dight,
His men followed fast, that worthie were & wight:
The men they slew, that were within these wanes,
Then in the Close they sembled all at anes:
The house they tooke, and Sutheron put to dead,
Got none but one, with life out of that stead:
For that the Gate so long unsteiked was,
This spy hee fled, and to Dursdeir can passe,
Told that Captaine that they had hapened so,
Another hee gart into the Ennoch goe:
And Tybers mure was warned of this case,
And Lochmabane all sembled to this place:
The Countrey als, when they heard of such thing,
Would sledge Dowglas, & beght they thuld him hing
When Dowglas wist that one did from them scape,
To sailyie him, hee trowde that they would shape:
Diksor hee sent upon a Touser wight,
To warne Wallace in all the haste he might:
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plaine,
With foure hundreth that were of meikell maine,
Killsyth Castle hee thought to visite it,
That Ravindail held, but true men let him wit,
That hee was out that time in Cumbernald,
Lord Cumine dwelt on tribute in that Hald:
When Wallace wist, hee gart Earle Malcome hye,
With two hundreth the bushment neare there by:
To keepe the house, that none should to it fare,
Hee tooke the rest in the Wood syde neare there:
A scourjour set, to warne if hee saw ought,
Some Ravindail came, of them hee had no thought.
When he was coming the two bushments betwæn,
The scourjour warned these cruell men and kæne:

When Earle Malcolm had barred them from ỹ place
No Sutheron yéd with life they did that grace:
Part Lennox men they left the house to tae,
On spoiling then, they would not tarry mae:
To sledge houses them VVallace would not byde,
Throughout the land Wallace would not byde:
Then Linlithgow they burnt into their gate,
Wher Sutherō dwelt they made their biggings haite
The Peill they tooke, slew them that were therein,
Of Sutheron blood the Scots thought no sin:
Then on the morne burnt Dalkeith in a gleid,
Soone to a strength to Newbottell they yéd:
By that Lawder and Chrystell of Seton,
Came from the Basse & burnt Northberwick towne.
That Englishmen they should no succour get,
Whom they ouer-toke they slew withoutten late.
To méete VVallace they past in all their might,
An hundreth men with them of armes bright,
A bryth meeting that time was them betwéne,
When Earle Malcolme & VVallace hath them séne
Thomas Dickson als met with good VVallace,
Which granted soone for to rescue Dowglas,
Dickson, hé said, wots thou of their multiply,
Thrée thousand men their power may not bé,
Earle Malcolme said, though they were thousand fiue
For this action mé thinks that we should striue,
Then Hew the *Hay*, that dwelt under Trewage,
Of Englishmen soone hé gaue ouer that wage:
More for to pay as then he liked nought:
With fiftie men to Wallace forth hé sought,
To Piebles fast but no Sutheron them bade,
There at the Crosse a plaine cry they made:

Wallace

VVallace commanded, who would come to his peace
And byde thereat, reward should have but leise:
Good Rutherfood, that ever true had beene,
In Etricke wood againſt the Sutheron keene:
Bidden hee had, and done them meikell dear,
Sirtie he had of noble men of wear.
VVallace him welcomed that came in his ſupply,
With lordly fare, and Chiftaine-like was he.
Then to array they went about the towne,
Their number was fyre hundreth of renowne:
In birnes bright, all men of meikell valle:
With glad hearts they paſſe through Cliddiſdale:
The ſledge began, and to the Sanquhaire ſet,
But tidings came, and made therein a let.
The Sutheron heard that Wallace was ſo neare,
Through haſtie fray the hoſte was all on feare:
No man was there would for another bide,
Purpoſe they toke in England for to ride.
Their Chiftaine ſaid, Since their King had beforne,
From Wallace fled, their cauſes was the more:
From ſouth they ſought, to byde it was great wrath
Dowglas as then was thus quite of their ſkaith:
In Crawfurd-mure by then was good VVallace,
When men him told that Sutheron upon caſe,
Were fled away, and durſt not him abide,
Three hundreth then hee chooſe with him to ride:
In light harneſſe and horſe that they would watle,
The Earle Malcolme he bade byde with the ſtaile,
To follow them, a backe-guard for to bee,
To ſtuffe the chaſe in all the haſte bowned hee:
Through Duriſdeir hee toke the gaineſt gate,
Right faine he would with Sutheron make debate.

The plainest way above Morton they hold,
Ryding the right, if that the Sutheron would:
Them to persue, or turne to Lochmabane,
But hard thereto the Englishmen tooke nane:
Down right they held, graith guids could them lear
About Closburne Wallace approached near:
In yre hee grew when they were in his sight,
To them hee sped, with will and all their might:
On an out-part the Scots set that tyde,
Seven score at ground they had some at a syde.
The Sutheron saw that it had hapned so,
Turned in againe, some rescue for to sho:
When they trowd best with good Wallace to stand,
Earle Malcome came then right near at their hand
The whole power tooke plaine purpose to flee,
Who were at ground, Wallace gart let them bee,
Upon the formost followed with all his might,
The Earle and his amongst the rest they light
Did all to death that unhorsed were that tyde,
After the horse full freshly can they ryde:
Five hundreth whole, ere they past Dalswyntowne,
On Sutheron syde to ground there was brought down
Of Scots horse many began to tyre,
Suppose their selves were fierce as any fire.
The flyers left both wood, waters, and hill,
To take the plaine, speedfull they thought them till:
In great Battell away full fast they rode,
Into the strength they thought to make no bode:
Near Lochmabane and Ouchter-house they went,
Beside Crochmad, where feill Sutheron they shent:
Right many horse that ridden had so lang:
And travelled sore, they might not farther gang:

Sir

Sir Iohn the Grahame vpon his fæt was set,
Then Wallace als lighted withoutten let:
These two on fot amongſt their enemies yéd,
Was none but hoꝛſe migbt frō them paſſe foꝛ ſpéd.
On Engliſhmen ſo cruelly they ſought,
Whom they ouer-tooke, againe harmed us nought.
To Wallace came a part of power new,
On reſted hoꝛſe, that partly can perſue:
Adam Currie, with good men of great baile,
And Iohnſton als that dwelt into Eskdaill,
And Kirk-patricke was in that compane,
And Haliday who aſembled ſturdily:
Where they entred, the ſallyie was ſo ſare,
Dead to the ground feill flyers downe they bare:
Seuen ſcoꝛe were whole of new come men indæd,
The ſouth partie of them had meikell dꝛead:
VVallace was hoꝛſed upon a Courſer wight,
That good Currie had bꝛought into his ſight:
To ſtuffe the chaſe, with the new Chevalrie,
Commanded Grahame, and his good men foꝛ thy,
Together byde, and follow as they might,
Thꝛée Captaines there full ſoone to death hee dight,
The reſted hoꝛſe ſo wonder well them bare,
Whom hæ ouertooke againe roſe never mare:
Raithly he rode, and wꝛought full many wound,
Theſe thꝛée Captaines hæ ſticked in one ſtound:
Of Duriſdeir, Ennoch, and Tybers-mure,
Loꝛd Cliffords Eme away to Carlile fure:
The which befoꝛe had kæped Lochmabane,
No landed man ſcaped with him, but ane:
Foꝛ Maxwell als out of Carlaverocke dꝛue,
On the Sutheron the gaineſt way can ſue:

Into the chase so wilfully they ride,
Few got away that came upon that side:
Beside Cock-poole full feill fighting they fand,
Some drowned were, some slaine upon the land:
Who scaped was, in England fled away,
Wallace returned, no prisoner tooke they:
In Carlavarocke that night resting they made,
Upon the morne to Dumfreis blythly rade:
There Wallace cryed, who would come to his peace
Against Sutheron their malice for to cease:
To true Scots hee ordained warison,
Who faulted had hee granted remission,
In Dumfreis then hee would no longer byde,
The Sutheron fled off Scotland on each side:
By sea and land, without longer abade,
Of Castles and townes VVallace Chiftaines made
Ruled the land, and put it in good rest,
With true keepers, the which hee trusted best.
The good Dowglas, of which I told you aire,
Keeper hee was from Drumlanricke to Aire:
Because hee had on Sutheron such thing wrought,
His wife was wroth, but that shee showed nought:
Under covert her malice held perfite,
A Serpent waits her time when shee may bite,
To Dowglas oft shee wrought full meikell care,
Of that as now I leave while further mare:
But Sutheron men durst then no Castles hold,
They left Scotland, before as I you told:
Save one Morton a Captaine fierce and fell,
That held Dundie, but VVallace would not dwell:
But thither past, and laid it round about,
When Morton saw that hee was in that doubt:
Hé

Hé asked leave, with their lives for to goe,
Wallace denyed, and said, It bæs not so,
The last Captaine of England that hére was,
I gave him leave whole with his men to passe:
Thou shalt forthinke such mastry for to make,
All England shall of thée example take:
Such men I weind from thine for to have worne,
Thou shalt be hanged, suppose the King had swarne.
Hé gart command no *Scots* should to him speake,
Confirmed the sledge, and said, we shall us wreake.
On Englishmen, as skill will of Dundie,
Scrimgeour hé made their Constable for to bée:
An Ballinger of England that was there,
Past out of Tay and came to Quhitbie fair:
To London sent, and told of all this case,
To hange Morton so vowed had Wallace:
Before this time Edward with power préd,
To warre on France, for then hé had no dread:
Before he trowed Scotland to bé his owne,
When they him warned his men were overthrown
Againe hé tooke to England hastilie,
And left his turne all tickled in follie:
Gascoun hé claimed, all into heritage,
Hé left it thus, with all his hie barnage:
And Flanders als hé thought to take in hand,
All these he left, and came to reave Scotland.
When that this King to England was come hame,
Summonds they made, and charged *Bruce* by name
And other moe that lived under his Crowne,
Bishop and Barron to come at his Sumon:
When Wallace twise through force had fred Scotland
This tyrant King tooke plainly upon hand:

For great desire he might no way take rest,
He thought to him to make it plaine conquest:
In covetise he had reigned so long,
Chieftaines he made that they should not go wrong:
Guides they chose, for strengths them to guy,
They thought no more to byde at jeopardie,
In plaine battell that they might Wallace win,
He trowd for war they would no more begin:
Leave I this King, making this ordinance,
My purpose is to speake some-thing of France:
The Englishmen then Guyane held in weare:
To Frence folke they did full meikell deare.
King and Councell soone in their wits cast,
To get Wallace, them thought it was the best.
For Guyane land the Englishmen had they,
Then shupe they thus, in all the haste they may,
For they traisted, if Scotland were well stad:
Wallace would come, as he them promise made,
The famine Herauld that in Scotland was.
They him commanded, and ordained him to passe,
Into Scotland, without longer delay:
Out of the Sluce as goodly as he may,
Readie he was in ship he past on case:
In Tayes mouth, but bode the Haven tais:
Where VVallace then was at the saltyie still,
And he received the Herauld with good will,
Their wit he read, and said to them this wise,
An answere soone he could them not devise:
To honest Innes the Herauld soone he send,
On VVallace cost, right boldly for to spend:
While time he saw how other matters stood,
Then answere he should have withoutten dread:

The

The wit of France thought Wallace to commend.
Into Scotland with this Heraild they send:
Praise of his déed, and als the description,
Of him tane there, by men of discretion:
Clerkes, Knights, and Heraulds that him saw,
But I hereof cannot rehearse it aw.
VVallace stature, of greatnesse, and of height,
Was judged thus by discretion of sight,
That saw him both on Cheuall and on wæd,
Nine quarters large of height hee was indæd,
Third part that length in shoulders broad was hee,
Right sæmely strong, and lustie for to sée:
In limbes great, with stalwart pace and sound,
His braines hard, with armes long and round.
His hands made right like to a palmeare,
Of manlike make, with nailes long and cleare:
Proportioned faire, and long was his visage,
Right sad of speach, and able of courage:
Both breast high, with sturdie craige and great,
His lips round, his nose square and neat.
Burning browne haire, on browes and bries light,
Cleare asper eyes, like Diamonds full bright:
Under his chin, on his left side was seene,
By hurt, a wan, his collour was sanguæne:
Wounds hee had in many diverse place,
But faire and whole, well kæped was his face:
Of riches als hée kæped no proper thing,
Gave that hée wan, like Alexander the King:
In time of peace meke as a minde should bée,
When war approached, the right Hector was hée.
To Scots men right good credence hée gave,
But knowne enemies they could not him deceive.

These

These properties were iudged into France,
Of him to bee a goodly remembrance:
Maister Iohn Blaire this patern could receiue,
In Wallace booke hee brieued with the laue:
But hee thereof as then tooke little heed,
His laborous minde was all of other deed:
At Dundie sledge thus earnest as he lay,
Tidings to him Iop brought upon a day:
How King Edward with likely men of baile,
An hundreth thousand came for to assaile,
And Scots ground they had tane upon case,
Into some part it grieued good VVallace:
Hee made Scrimgeour at this house for to lye,
With eight thousand: and charged him for thy:
That none should scape with life out of that stead,
That Sutheron were, but put them all to dead:
Scrimgeour granted right faithfully to byde,
With two thousand Wallace can from him ryde,
To S. Iohnstoun, three dayes graithed hee there,
With sad aduise towards the South can fare:
For King Edward that time ordained had,
Ten thousand whole to passe that was full glad:
With young Woodstocke, a Lord of meikell might
At Striuiling bridge he ordained them full right:
And there to bide, the entry for to weire,
Of VVallace then hee trowed to haue no deir:
Right royally upon a good array,
Then leaue they tooke, and past out but delay.
To Striuiling came, and there would not abide,
To see the North beyond Forth can they ride:
Such new courage fell into his intent,
Which made the Sutheron full foule for to repent.

The end of the tenth Booke.

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

The Battell of *Fawkirke*.

THis VVoodſtocke rod into the North good ſpæd,
Of Scots as then they had but litttle dread
For well they trowed for to reſcue Dundie,
Their ſhips come to Tay in by the ſea:
His guides ſaid, that they ſhould lead him by,
Sainct-Iohnſtoun, where paſſage lay plainly:
The high they tooke, and looked them about,
So were they ware of Wallace and his rout:
Then in ſome part hæ remorded his thought,
The Kings command becauſe hæ keeped nought:
But when hæ ſaw they were fewer nor hæ,
Hæ would them byde, and either doe or die:
Sir Iohn Ramſay formoſt his power ſaw,
Said, Yon are they that yée ſée hither draw:
Either Sutheron, that come ſo cruelly,
Or Earle Malcolme to ſéeke you for ſupply,
Then Wallace ſmiled and ſaid, Engliſh they are,
Ye may them know right well where that they fare
On Shyreffe-mure Wallace the field hath tane,
With eight thouſand of worthie men in wane.

The

The Sutheron were right doughtie into déd,
Together strake well stuffed in stéle wéd:
Then speares sone all into splenders spr̃ent,
The hardy Scots out through the Sutheron went.
In rayed battell seven thousand downe they bare,
Dead on the bent, recovered neber mare:
Right fell fighting with weapons grounden kéne,
Blood then from birnes was blushed on the gréne:
The stalward stoure right fellon was and strang,
The worthie Scots so derfly on them dang:
That all was dead within a little stound,
None from that place had power for to sound,
Young VVoodstock hath both life and hosks forlorn
The Scots spoiled all good geare them before:
What them thought best, of fine harnelle they waile
Both Gold and good, and horse that might availe:
To Striviling Bridge without resting they rade,
Mr moe should come, VVallace this ordinance made
Past over the Bridge, Wallace gart Wrights call,
And with Crafts-men undid the passage all:
Then these same folke hé sent to the Dridfurd,
Gart set the ground with strong stakes and burde,
With nine or ten syles hé cast the Gat before,
Endlong the shald made it as dépe as shore:
Then Wallace said, Mé shall on one side bé,
Yon King and I, but if hee south-wart flé:
Hé sent Lawder which had in hand the Basse,
Endlong the coast, where any vessell was:
And men with him that bustlie could looke,
Of each Boate a bord or two they tooke:
Ships they burnt of strangers that was there,
Seton and hé to Wallace thus can fare:

In

In Striviling lay upon his purpose still,
For Englishmen to see what way they will:
The Earle Malcome Striviling in keeping had,
To him came with men of armes sad:
Three hundreth whole that sicker was and true,
Of Lennox folke their power to renew.
Sir Iohn the Grahame from Dundaffe sickerly,
To VVallace came with a good Chevalry,
Withings him brought that Sutheron came at hand,
In Torphichine King Edward was lodgand.
Destroying the place of purveyance was there,
Saint Iohns good as then they would not spare,
Stewart of Bute came unto VVallace there:
With him he had twelve hundreth men and mare:
The Cumine then was past in Cumbernald,
Upon the morne bowned the Stewart bald.
Soone to array with men of armes bright,
Twentie thousand then sembled in their sight:
The Lord Stewart and Cumine forth they ride,
To the Fawkirke, and thought there to abide.
Wallace and his then to array they yed,
With ten thousand of worthie men indeed:
Who could behold his awfull Lordly built,
So well beséne, so forward, sterne, and stout,
So good Chiftaine as with so few they béne,
Without a King was never in Scotland séne,
VVallace himselfe and Earle Malcome the Lord.
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Ramsay at record:
Seton, Lawder, and Boyde that was full wight,
Adam Wallace was to that journey dight:
And many other that proved well in prease,
Their names all I may not here rehearse:

Sutheron

Sutheron or then out of Torphichine fure,
Their paſſage made into Slamanane mure:
Into a plaine ſet tents and pavilions,
South the Fawkirke a little above the towne.
God Iop himſelfe thus judged by his ſight,
In whole number an hundreth thouſand right:
Of VVallace comming the Scots ſuch comfort tooke
When they him ſaw all dreadour they forſooke,
For of envie was few there that it wiſt,
Treaſonable folke their matter wrokes at liſt,
Poyſon ſince then at the Fawkirke is ſaid,
Through great treaſon, and corruption of aid.
For Cumines had envie at good VVallace,
For Earle Patricke as happned upon caſe:
Countelle of March was Cumine ſiſter deare,
Under colour hee wrought on this manner,
Into the hoſte had ordained Wallace dead,
And made Stewart to fall with him at plead,
That Lord, hee ſaid, that Wallace had no right,
Power to lead, and bee preſent in ſight:
Hee bade him take the vanguard for the gy,
So wiſt hee well that hee ſhould ſtrive for thy:
Lord Stewart asked at Wallace his counſell,
Said Sir, yee know what may us beſt availe,
Yon awfull King is fellon for to byde,
Right unabaſed Wallace anſwered that tyde,
And I have ſeene twiſe moe into Scotland,
With yon ſame King when Scots men took on hand
With fewer men than now hither is ſought,
This Realme againſtand to good purpoſe brought:
Sir, wee will fight, for wee have men enew,
As for a day, ſo that wee all bee true:

The

The Stewart said, The vanguard wee should have,
VVallace answered and said, So God mee save,
That shall yée not so long as I may reigne:
Nor no man else, except my righteous King.
If hée will come, and take on him the Crowne,
At his command I shall bee readie bowne.
Through Gods grace I rescued Scotland twise,
I were over-mad to tine it in such wise.
To tine for boast that I have governed lang,
Thus halfe in wrath from ward him can hée gang.
Stewart therewith all bowned into baile,
Wallace hée said, by thée I tell a taile:
Say forth, quoth hee, of the fairest yée can.
Unhappilie his tale thus hée began:
VVallace hée said, thou takes this meikell cure,
So fared it by working of Nature:
How an Howlat complained of his Fethreme,
When Dame Nature tooke of each bird but blame,
A faire feather, and to the Howlat gave,
Then hée through pride rebuted all the lave:
Wherefore should thou thy semple show so hie,
Thou thinkes none here that should thy fellow bée.
This makes it, thou art clad with our men,
Had wée our owne, thine were but few to ken:
At these words good VVallace burnt as fire,
Over hastilie hée answered him in yre:
Thou leid hée said, the soth full oft hath béene,
There have I bidden, where thou durst not be séene.
Contrar thine enemies no more for Scotlands right
Nor bar the Howlat when that the day is light:
That tale full near thou hast told by thy sell,
To thy desire thou shalt not mee compell:

Cumine

Cumine it is hath giuen thée this counsaile,
Will God yee shall of your first purpose faile:
That false traitour that I from danger brought,
Is wonder like to bring this Realme to nought.
For thine oggart either to doe or die,
To prison led, or cowardly to flée:
Rescue of mee thou shalt get none this day,
There with hée turned, and from them rod his way.
Ten thousand men away with Wallace rode,
None better was in all the world so broad:
As such men was living upon life,
Alace, great harme fell Scotland for that strife:
Past to the Wood from the Fawkirke by east,
Hée would not byde for command nor request.
For charge of none, but it had béene the King,
That might that time bring him from his eting.
The other Scots saw their destruction,
For discomfort to leave the field was bowne:
But that these men was native to Stewart,
Principall in Bute tooke hardiment in heart:
Lord Stewart was at Cumine grieued there,
Beght and he lived, hée should repent it sare.
The great trespasse that he through misknowledge
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place:
Of their debate it was a great pittie,
For Englishmen then might no blyther bée.
Hasted so fast in battell to the field,
Thirtie thousand that well could weapons wield:
The Earle Hartford was chosen their Chiftaine,
The good Stewart to that array is gane.
The field hée tooke as true and worthie knight,
The Englishmen came on with full great might.

Their

Their fell máting was awfull for to ſée,
At that Counter they gart feill Sutheron die,
When ſpeares were ſpitt, hint out with ſwords ſcon
On either ſide full doughtie déds were done,
Feill on the ground was felled in that place,
Stewart and his can on their enemies race,
Blood burſted out through mailzie birnicht bright,
Twenty thouſand with dreadfull weapons dight,
On Sutheron men derflie to death they ding,
The remanent again fled to the king,
Ten thouſand then after the dead eſchewed,
With that Chiftaine unto the hoaſt relieved,
Again to ray the hardie Stewart yéd,
When VVallace ſaw that worthy noble déd,
Held up his hands with humble prayer preſt,
O God he ſaid, give yon Lord grace to laſt,
And power have his worſhip to attend,
To win theſe folk, and take the whole commend.
Great harme it were that he ſhould be overſet,
With new power they then to him rebet,
By that the Bruce an awfull battell rayed,
The biſhop Beik that oft hath bœn aſſayed,
Fourty thouſand upon the *Scots* to fare,
With full effeare they raiſed up right there,
The Bruces banner with gold and goulles clear,
When VVallace ſaw the battels approached near,
The right Lyon againſt his own kinrike,
Alace he ſaid, the world is contrare like,
This land ſhould be yon Tyrants heritage,
That comes thus to ſtroy his own barnage,
So I were free of it that I ſaid aire,
I would forſwear Scotland for evermare,

Contrare Bruce I should rescue them now,
Or die therefore to God I make a vow,
The great debate in Wallace wit can waide,
Betwirt kindnesse and wilfull vow was made,
Kindnesse bade him rescue them from their so,
Then will said nay, why fole wilt thou do so,
Thou hast no wit with right thy self to lead,
Sould thou help him that would put thee to dead,
Kindnesse said, yet they are good Scots men,
The will said wit, the veritie thou may ken,
Had they been good all in one we had been,
By reason here the contrare well is seene,
For they us hate more than the Sutheron lied,
Kindnesse said nay, that show they not indeed,
Though one of them be false into their saw,
Because of him thou shouldst not lose them aw:
They have done well into yon fellon stoure,
Rescue them now, and take the high honour.
Will said, They would have reft from me my lyfe,
I bade for them in many a fellon stryfe.
Kindnesse said, help, their power is but nought,
Then weak on him that all the malice wrought.
Will said, this day they shall not holpen be,
That I have said, shall ay be said for me,
They are but dead, God grant them of his blisse,
Envy long since done hath great harm and misse.
Wallace therewith turned in yre and teene,
Teares for baile burst out from both his eene:
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and many other wight,
Wayped for wo, for sorrow of that knight.
When Bruces battell upon the Scots strake,
Their cruell comming made cowards for to quake:

Lor

Lord Cumming fled in Cumbernald away,
About the Scots the Sutheron lapped they:
The men of Bute before their Lord they stod,
Defending him when that feill streames of blod,
Were them about, in floats where they yæd,
Bathed in blod was Bruces sword and wæd,
Through fell slaughter of feill men of his own,
Soon to the death the Scots were overthrown,
Then slew the Lord, for he would not be tane.
When VVallace saw that their good men were gane
Lords he said, what now is your counsaill?
Two choyses there are, I rede the best ye waill,
Ponder the king his boast abandounand.
With Bruce and Beik in pond battell to stand,
Pond king in war right wise and fell hath bæn,
Their captaines als full cruell are and kæn,
Better of hand is not living, I wis,
In tyrannie, ye trow me well of this,
For Bruce and Beik, to what side they be set,
We have a choise, which is full hard but let:
And we turn East for strength in Lowthian land,
They stuffe a chase right hard, I understand:
Take we the mure pond king is us before,
Here is but this withoutten words more,
To the Torwood, for our succour is there:
Through Bruces boast, forsoth, first must we fare,
Amongst us now there nædeth no debate,
Pon men are dead, we næd not strive for state,
They all consented to worke right as he will,
What him thought best, they granted to fulfill.
Good Wallace then that stoutly could them stere,
Before them rode into his armour cleare,

Ruled their speares all in one number round,
And we grace have for to passe through them sound,
And few be lost, to our strength will we rive,
Want we many, in faith we shall abide.
With their armed horse fast on the hoast they rade,
The rierd then rose when speares in sunder glave:
Dushed in drosse dunted with speares dint,
From forged steel the fire flew forth but stint:
The fellon throng, when horse and men renewed,
Up drove the dust where they their pithes proved.
The other hoast might not their deeds see,
The stoure that rose, while they dissevered be.
The worthy Scots eight thousand down they bare,
Few fell on ground ℔ good Wallace brought there,
The king cryed, horse upon them for to ride:
But this wise Lord gave him counsell to bide:
The Earl of Yorke said, sir, ye work amisse,
To break array, yon men quite through them is,
They ken the land and will to strengths draw,
Take we the plaine, we are in perill aw,
The king conceived that his counsell was right,
Ruled the hoast, and bade still in their sight,
Ere Bruce and Beik might returne their battell,
The Scots were through and had a great availe.
Wallace commanded the hoast should passe away,
To the Torwood in all the haste they may,
Himself and Grahame and Lawder turned in,
Betwirt battels, pyle and proves to win.
And with them bode in that place hundreth three,
Of wight landmen used in jeopardie,
Upon wight horse, that right warly could rive,
Aslop they made where they set on a live,

No speares they had but swords of tempred steil,
Therewith in toure they let their enemies feil,
How they full oft had prowed bein in preasse,
Of Englishmen they made fell to decease,
Ere Bruce thereof might well perceiving have,
Thrie hundreth there were graithed to their grave,
The hardy Bruce an hoast abandoned,
Thirtie thousand he ruled by force and wit,
Upon the Scots, his men for to rescue.
Serued they were with good speares anew.
And bishop Beik a stuffe to him to be,
When good Wallace their ordinance can see,
Alace, he said, yon man hath mickell might,
And over good will to undo his own right.
He bade his men toward the hoast to ride,
Them for to save he would behind them bide,
Mickell he trowed in God and his own deid,
To save his men into his doughtie mede:
Upon himself mickell travell he taes,
The great battell compleat upon him gaes:
In the fore-front turned he full oft,
Whom ever he hit their sanghning was unsoft,
That day in world known was not his maike,
A Sucheron man he slew ay at one stroak,
But his own strength might not against them be,
Toward his hoast behoved him to flee,
The Bruce him hurt at his returning there,
Under the baneb a deep wound and sare,
Blood bursted out braithly a speares length.
From the great hoast he fled toward his strength,
Such a flyer before was never seen,
Nought as Gaderis of Gaudifer the teen,

When

When Alexander rescued the forcours,
Might not to him be compared in those houres,
The feill turning of forcours he made,
How boldly as before the hoast he bade,
Nor how good Grahame with cruell hardiment,
Nor how Lawder among his enemies went,
How they alone into the stoure then stood,
While Wallace was in stanching of his blood,
By then he had stemed full well his wound,
With three hundreth unto the field can round,
To rescue Grahame and Lawder that were wight,
But bishop Beik came one with strength and slight.
The worthy Scots retired far abacke,
Seaven aiker broad, unto their own great wrake,
Yet were these two delibered there full well,
By his own hand, and a good sword of stele:
The awfull Bruce among them with great maine,
At the rescue three Scots men hath he slaine.
Whom he hit right ay at one stroak was dead,
Wallace preassed in therefore to set remead.
With a good speare Bruce was serued but bade,
With great envy to VVallace fast he rade.
And he to him allounzeit not for thy,
The Bruce him mist, as VVallace passed by,
Attwart he stroke with his sharp grounden glave,
Speare and horse neck he all in sunder drave.
Bruce was at ground, ere Wallace turnd about:
The great battell of Sutheron, sterne, and stout,
They horsed Bruce with men of great valoure,
VVallace alone was in that stalwart stoure.
Grahame preassed in and stroke an English knight,
Before the Bruce upon the basnet right,

That

That kriuole stuffe, and all his other wæd,
Both bone and braine the noble sword throngh yæd,
The knight was dead, good Grahame returned right
A subtill knight thereat had great despight,
Followed at wait, and hath perceived well,
Grahames birnie to narrow was some deale,
Beneath the waste that close it might not be,
On the fillet full sternly then stroke he,
Pierced the backe, in the bowels him bare,
With a sharp speare, that he might live no mare.
Grahame turnd there, and smot the knight in twne,
Throngh the visart a little beneath the æne:
Dead of that dint, to ground he dushed down,
Sir Iohn the Grahame swowned on his arsoun,
Ere he overcame to passe to his party,
Feill Sutheron men that were on foot him by,
Sticked his horse that he no farther yæd.
Grahame yælds to God his good spirite and his dæd.
When Wallace saw this good knight to death broght
The piteous paine so sore thirled his thought:
All out of kinde altered his cowrage,
His wit in war was then but a wood rage.
The horse him bare in field where so him list,
For of himself, as then, he little wist.
Like a wood beast that was from reason rent,
As witlesse wight into the hoast he went,
Dinging on hard: what Sutheron right he hit,
Straight upon horse again might never sit.
Into that rage full feill folk he dung down,
All him about was red a full great rowme.
When Bruce perceived with Wallace it stood sa,
He then charged men long speares for to ta.

And

And slay his horse, so he could not escape.
Feill Sutheron then to VVallace can them shape,
Pierced his horse with speares on either side,
Wounds they made that were both deep and wide:
Of shafts, part Wallace in sunder share,
But feill heads into his horse left there.
Some wit again to Wallace can redown,
In his own minde, so ruled him reasoun,
So for to die he thought no vasallage,
Then for to flee he woke intill a rage,
Spurred the horse, and ran in a randoun,
To his own folk, were biding on Carroun:
The sea was in, they stopped and still stood.
On lowd he cryed, and bade them take the flood.
Together bide, ye may not lose a man,
At his command they woke the water than.
He returned the entrie for to keep,
While all the hoast were passed over the deep.
Then followed fast, and dread his horse should faile,
Himself was clad in a heavie plate of maile.
Though he could swim, he trowed he might not well
The cleare water cooled the horse some deale.
Out over the flood he bare him to the land,
Then fell down dead, and might no longer stand.
Keirlie full soone a courser to him brought,
Then up he lap, amongst the hoast he sought:
Grahame was away, and other fiftein wight,
On Magdalene day these folk to death were dight.
Thirtie thousand of Englishmen for true,
The worthy Scots upon that day they slew:
What by Stewart, and then by wight VVallace,
For all his price king Edward rewed that case,

To

To the Torwood he bade the boast go ride,
Keirlie and he passed on Carroun side,
Beholding over upon the South partie:
Bruce formost came, and could on VVallace cry,
What art thou there? A man VVallace can say.
The Bruce answered, What hast ȳ proved this day:
Abide he said, thou nedst not now to flee.
Wallace answered, I eschewed not for thee,
But that thy power hath near thine own undone,
Amends hereof will God we shall have soone.
Langnage of thee, the Bruce saith, I desire,
Say forth, quoth he, thou mayst for little hyre:
Ride from thine host, and gar them bide with Beik,
I would faine heare what thou likest to speak,
The host bode still, the Bruce passed them frae,
No man with him, but one Scot that hight Rae.
When that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
He turned in hy, and this question can speare,
Why wrest thou thus, e might in good peace bee?
Then Wallace said, But in default of thee:
Through thy falsehood thine own wit is miskend.
I claime no right, but would this land defend,
That thou undost through thy false cruell deed,
Thou hast tint two that were worth far more meed,
Upon this day, with a good king to found,
Nor five millions of finest gold so round,
That ever were wrought in work or coyn so bright.
I trow in world be not a better knight.
Then was good Grahame, of truth and hardiment:
Teares therewith from VVallace eyes down went.
Bruce said, Far more on this day we have lost,
VVallace answered, Alace, they were ill cost,

Through

Through thy treson (shouldst be our righteous King)
That wilfully destroyest thine owne off-spring:
The Bruce answered, Wilt thou doe my devise,
Wallace said, No, thou livest in such wise:
Thou wouldst me make at King Edwards will bee,
Yet I had rather to mourne bee hanged hie:
But wilt thou doe as I shall counsell give,
Then as a Lord thou might at liking live.
At thine owne will in Scotland for to reigne,
To bee in peace, and hold of Edward King.
Of that false King I thinke never to take,
But contrare him with all my power to make:
I claime nothing, as by title of right,
Though I might reave, since God hath lent me might
From thee thy Crowne of this Region to wear,
But I shall not such charge upon me beare:
Great God knowes best what wars I took on hand
For to keepe free that which thou doest gain-stand.
It might bee said of thee long time beforne,
In cursed time thou walk for Scotland borne.
Seamest thou not, that never yet didst good,
Thou Run-a-gate, devourer of thy blood,
I vow to God, may I thy Master bee
In any field, thou shalt farre rather die,
Than shalt a Turke, for thy false cruell weare,
Paganes to us doe not so meikell deare:
Then leugh the Bruce at VVallace earnestnesse,
And said, Thou seest that thus stands the case:
This day thou art with power overset,
Against yond King over-hand yee may not get,
Then VVallace said, Wee are by meikell thing,
Stronger this day in contrarie yond King.

Then

Then at Bigger, where hée left many of his,
And als the field, so shall wée doe with this:
Into the field wée have lost many a Knight,
Or die therefore, for all his meikell might.
And Scotland now into such perrill stad,
To leave it thus I might bée called mad:
VVallace, he said, it approacheth neare night,
Would thou to morne when that the day is light,
Ere nine of clocke, méet mée at the Chappell,
By Donypace, I would heare thy counsell,
Wallace said, May, ere that each time be spent,
Were all the men hence in the Orient:
Into one will with Edward who had sworne,
Wée shall bargane ere nine houres of the morne:
Of this wrong reake, either hée shall thinke shame,
Or die therefore, or flée in England hame:
But and thou wilt, soone by the houre of thrée,
At that each tryst will God I shall thée sée.
While I may last, this Realme shall not forefare,
Bruce promis'd him with twelve *Scots* to bée there:
Then Wallace said, Stand thou righteous to mée,
A contrare part I should not bée to thée:
I shall bring ten, and for thy power moe,
I give no force, though thou bée friend or foe:
Thus they departed, Bruce passed thus away,
To Lithgow rod, where that King Edward lay:
The field had left, and lodged bysouth the towne,
At supper set as Bruce at the Pavilion,
Hée entred in, and saw vacand his seat,
No water tooke, but made him to the meat:
Fasting hée was, and béene in meikell dread,
Bloudy was all his weapons and his wéed:

The

The Sutheron Lords scorned in tearmes rude,
And said, behold yon Scot eates his own blood,
The king thought evil they made such derision,
Bade have water to Bruce of Huntingtown,
They bade him wash, he said that he would nought,
This blood is mine that hurts most my thought,
Sadly the Bruce then in his minde remorded,
The words sooth Wallace, had him recorded,
Then rewed he sore fra reason he had known,
That blood and land should both have been his own,
With them he was long ere he got away,
But contrare Scots he fought not from that day,
Leave I the Bruce sore mourning in his intent,
Good Wallace soone again to his hoast went.
In the Tor-wood which had their lodging made,
Fyres they beit that was both bright and braid,
Of nolt and sheep, they tooke at sustisance,
The reof full soone to get them sustinance.
Wallace sleeped but short while and soone rose,
To rule the hoast on a good peace he goes.
The Earl Malcome, Ramsay, and Lundie wight,
And five thousand in battell then he dight.
Wallace, Lawder, and Christell of Seton,
Five thousand led, and Wallace of Richartown.
Full well arrayed into their armour clean,
Past to the field where that the chase had been.
Seeking dead men among the worthiest, (most,
The corps of Grahame, for whom they mourned
When they him fand, and good Wallace him saw,
He lighted down him hint before them aw,
In armes up beholding his pale face.
He kissed him and cryed full oft alace.

By

My best brother in world that ever I had,
Mine trold friend when I was hardest stad:
Mine hope, mine health, thou wast of most honour:
My faith, mine help, my strengthner into stour.
In thee was wit, fredome, and hardinesse:
In thee was truth, manhed, and noblenesse:
In thee was rule, in thee was gobernance:
In thee bertue withoutten variance:
In thee lawtie, in thee was great largenesse:
In thee gentrice, in thee was stedfastnesse:
Thou wast great cause of winning of Scotland,
Though I began and tooke the war on hand,
I vow to God that hath the world to wald,
Thy death shall be to Sutheron full deat sald:
Martyre thou art for Scotlands right and me,
I shall be wengde, or else therefore shalt die.
Was no man there from waping might refraine,
For losse of him, when they heard Wallace plaine.
They carried him with worship and honour,
In the Fawkirk made him a sepulture.
VVallace commanded his men therefore to bide,
His ten he tooke for to meet Bruce they ride,
Southwest he past where that the tryst was set,
The Bruce full seone, and good VVallace have met,
For losse of Grahame, and als for proper teene,
He grew in yre when he the Bruce hath seene:
Their salating was but boustreous and thrown.
Rews thou he said, thou art contrare thine own.
Bruce said Wallace, rebute me now no more,
Mine own deds have bet me wonder sore.
When Wallace heard with Bruce that it stood sa,
On knees he fell faire countenance can him ma,

In

In armes sone the Bruce hath Wallace tane,
Out from their men in counsel are they gane:
I cannot tell perfectly their language,
But this was it their men had of knowledge:
VVallace him prayed come from the Sutheron King
The Bruce said nay, there lets me yet one thing:
I am so bound with witnesse to bee leale,
For all England I would not false my Seale.
But one thing here I beght to God and thee,
That contrare Scots againe I shall not bee:
Into a field with weapons that I beare,
In my purpose I shall thee never deare:
If God thee grants ouer hand of us to have,
I will not flee mine owne selfe for to save:
And Edward scape, I passe with him againe,
But I through force bee either tane or slaine:
Breake bee on mee when that my tearme is out,
I come to thee, may I scape from that doubt:
Of their counsell I cannot tell you mare,
The Bruce tooke leave, and can to Edward fare.
VVallace in haste prouyded sone his hoste:
Right sad in minde for Scots men that hee lost:
Hee made Crawfurd the Earle Malcome to guide,
In the low way to Innerravin to ride:
That their watches then should them not espy,
The other hoste himselfe left hastily:
By South Manwell while that they were betweene,
Of the out watches thus scaped they unseene.
The Earle Malcome on Lithgow entred in,
There hastily a great strife can begin:
Wallace was nought all to the battell bowne,
When they heard the cry rise in that towne.

On

On Edwards hoſt they ſet full ſuddenly,
VVallace and his made little noyſe and cry:
But occupyed with weapons in that ſtoure,
Feill felled to death that was without armour:
All diſarrayed the Engliſh hoſte was than,
Among the pavilions where Scots full many man:
Cutted downe cords, gart many Tents fall,
Sone ſoinzeit then, at once were fighting all:
But Wallace hoſte and Earle Malcome with might,
King Edward then with awfull feare on hight:
Cryed to array on Bruce ſo ſterne and ſtout,
Twenty thouſand in armes him about:
Into harneſſe bad bidden all that night,
But frayed folke ſo dolefully bene dight,
On each ſide fled, for fearedneſſe of their déd,
VVallace and his ſo roughly through them yéd:
Toward the King, and felled feill to ground,
Who bode them there right fell fighting they found:
The cruell King right awfully abade,
To all his folke a great comfort hé made:
The worthie *Scots* among them in that ſtoure,
Feill Sutheron ſlew into their fins Armour,
Before the King made flops them among,
So forwardly they preaſſed in that throng,
Engliſh commons they fled on either ſide,
But noble men there durſt none other bide:
The Bruce as then to Scots made no grievance,
But judge hé was with ſeinzeit countenance:
So did he never in to no battell aire,
Nor yet after ſuch déd as he ſhowds there,
The Earle Hartfurd to flé hee made him bowne,
The Earle Malcome by that came in the towne:

The Lennox men set their lodges in fyre,
Then fearedly fled many Sutheron syre,
The king Edward that yet was fighting still,
Hath seen them flee, and liked them full ill,
The worthie Scots fast toward him they preasse,
His bridell near allayed ere they would ceasse,
His banner man in that place Wallace slew,
And then to ground the banner soone it slew,
The Earl of York counselled the king to flee,
And so returned, since no succour they see,
The Englishmen hath seene the banner fall,
Without comfort to flee they purpose all,
Ten thousand men in field and town was dead,
Of Edwards folk, ere himself left that stead,
Twenty thousand away together rade,
King and Chiftanes no longer tarry made,
The Scots in haste then to their horse they yed,
To stuffe the chase with worthy men indeed.
The Lennox folk that wanted horse and geare,
Woke them at will to help them in their weare,
At stragill rode what Scots might formost passe:
On Sutheron men full great slaughter there was,
Wallace hath seene the Scots unorderly,
Follow the chase he made maisters in hye,
Them for to rule and altogether ride,
Commanding them, each one should other bide,
Into flying the Sutheron subtill are,
See they a time they will set on full sare,
Feill scailed folk to them will soone renew,
For ye see well that they are men anew.
The followers was ruled well with skill,
In good array they rode all at his will.

And

And slew downe fast what Sutheron they ouertake,
Contrare the Scots came not mastrie to make,
Into that chase they hasted all so neare,
No English-men durst from the Hoste out steare.
The frayed folke at stragill were slæand,
Drew to the King well moe then ten thousand,
Thirtie thousand in number then were they,
Into array together they past away,
Feill Scots horse so driuen was in travell,
Forerun that day and irked began to faile,
The Sutheron was with horse serued so well,
Of VVallace chase the Sutheron had some fæle,
Of horse they were purueyed in great waine,
The King changed on sundrie horse of Spaine,
Then VVallace said, Lords ye may well sæ,
Yon folke are now all that yon King may bee,
For fault of staffe we lose ouer mekell thing,
Had we good Horse to passe before yon King,
We should make end of all this long debate,
Yet some of them shall be handled so haite.
Part of our Horse are holden fresh and wight,
Set on them fast while that we are in might,
With that the Scots so hard among them drew,
Of the ost most thræ thousand men they slew.
In Crawfurd mure many a man was slaine,
Edward gart call the Bruce of mickell maine,
Then said he thus, good Earle of Huntingtowne
Yæ sæ the Scots put many to confusion,
Would yæ with men again on them relieue,
And marre them once, I shall while that I liue,
Loue you far more then any other Knight,
And for all this shall put you in your right,

Then said the Bruce, Sir lose me of my band,
And I shall turn, I hecht you by mine hand,
The king soone considered in his minde,
When he heard Bruce answer him in this kinde.
From Englishmen the Bruce heart set it is,
Then cast he this how he should mend this misse.
And so he did in England at his will,
No Scots-man he let with Bruce bide still.
But where he past held him in subjection,
Of Englishmen under a great bandon,
He turned not nor no more language made,
In rayed battell the King to Sulway rade.
With miekell paine past upon Englands coast,
Fiftie thousand in that travell they lost,
When Wallace saw he escaped was away,
Upon command again returned they.
To Edinburgh, withoutten words more,
Put in Crawfurd that Captaine was before.
Of heritage he had in Manwell land,
Wallace commanded each man should hold in hand.
Their own office, as they before time had,
Put in good peace, Scotland in right he stad,
On the tenth day to Sainct-Johnston he went,
Assembled Lords, then showde them his intent.
Scrimgeour came that then had wun Dundie,
VVallace command that time well kæped he,
He sailed so, while strong hunger them drave,
Fæbled them so the house to him them gave.
Those wageours soone they put to confusion,
Then brought Morton, to make a conclusion,
Before Wallace, and soone from he him saw,
He gart hang him for all King Edwards aw.

Wasons

Masons and Mines with Scrimgeour forth he send,
Cast down Dundie, and thereof made an end.
Wallace sadly when these deeds were done,
The Lords he called, and his will showde them sone,
Good men he said, I was your governour,
My minde was set to do you ay honour,
And for to bring this Realme to righteousnesse.
For it I past in many painfull place,
To win our own my self I never spard,
At the Fawkirke they ordainde me reward,
Of their reward ye heare no more through me,
Unto such gifts God will full well have eye.

NOw ye are free, through the Maker of might,
He grant you grace for to defend your right,
Als I presume if harme be ordaind me,
They are Scottish-men, which should ỹ workers be,
I have anough of our old enemies strife,
He thinkes our own should not envy my life,
Mine office here over plainly I resing,
I think no more to take on me such thing,
In France I will, and win my living there,
As now advised, and home to come no more,
Lords gain-stood, but all that helped nought,
For any there he did as himself thought.
Bishop Sinkler was visited with sickneſſe,
Into Dunkeld, and then through Gods grace,
He recovered when Wallace past away:
After the Bruce he lieved many a day,
Good Wallace thus tooke leave in Saint Iohnstown
Eighteen with him to Dundie made them bown,

Longoveill past that doughtie was indéd,
The Barrons Sone of Brechin with him yeed;
Two brethren old with their Uncle them dight,
Symon Wallace, and Richard that were wight,
Sir Thomas Gray, this Priest can with him fare,
Edwart Little, and Iop and Paisker Blaire,
Good kerlie past had bæn with Wallace long,
And done full well in many fellon throng.
This kierlie then that could with VVallace fare,
VVill ker he hight mine Author will declare,
Kierlie in Irish, is but Ker Litle calde,
In Carricke he had heritage of alde,
His forebear which worthie was of hand,
Sainct David King him brought out of Ireland,
Then at Dunmoir where first Norwayes came in,
This Ker made great discomfice of their kin,
With seven hundreth vanquisht nine thousand,
Some drowned in Doune, some slaine upon the land
Those whole lands the good King gave him till,
Now VVallace past now further speak I will.

CHAP. II. How *Wallace* met with *Iohn* of *Lyn* upon the *Sea*.

AMong Merchants thus Wallace tooke the Sea,
Pray we to GOD that he their helper bé,
They sailed forth by part of Englands Shore,
To Humber-mouth when that they came before,
Out of the South a great red saile they sée,
Into the Top three Leopards standing hie,
The Merchands then the signe when that they saw,
Comming so neare, they were discomfort aw,

For

For well they wist that it was Iohn of Lyn,
Scots to slay, he said, it was no sin.
These frayed folke they yæd to confession,
Then VVallace said such a devotion,
Yet saw I never in no place where I past,
That for one ship ye should be all agast,
Yon wood Cats shall doe but little dear,
We saw them saile twise moe when they were,
On a fare Field so shall they on the Sea,
Despite it is to sæ them stand so hie,
The Stiers-man said, Sir will ye understand,
He saveth none that is borne of Scotland:
We may not flæ from yon Barge wot I well,
Well stuffed they are with gun and gainzie of stæle
Upon the Sea, yon River long hath bæn,
To righteous men he doth full miekell teen,
Might we be saved we rek not of our good,
This use he hath shortly for to conclude,
A cloud he bears upon his Coat-Armour,
Aye drowning folke, so painted in his figure,
Suppose we mourn ye should have no marvell,
Then Wallace said here is men of more vaile,
To saile the Ship therefore in How thou gae,
And thy fiers no more cummer us mae,
Wallace and histhen sone to Harnesse yæd,
When they were graithed into their worthie wæd,
Himselfe and Blaire, and the Knight Longoveill,
These thræ hath tane to kæp the Mid-ship well,
Before were eight, and six be eft he kend,
Then two he chose the top for to defend,
And Gray he made their Stiers-man for to be,
The Merchands then saw them so manfully,

Defend

Defend themselves because they had no wæd,
Out of the How they tooke then skinnes good spæd,
Ay betwixt two stuffed Mooll as they might best,
Against the stroake, that they might some part lest,
Then VVallace leugh and commended them aw,
Of such Harnesse before he never saw,
By that the Barge came on them wonder fast,
Heaven score in her that were nothing agast,
When Iohn of Lyn saw them in Armour bright,
Hee leugh, and said these naughtie words on hight,
Yon glaiked Scots can us not understand,
They are but fooles, and new come from the Land,
He cryed strike, but none answere them made,
Blair with a Bow shot fast withoutten bade,
Ere they clipped he shot but Arrowes three,
And at each shot he gart a River die.
The Briggans then they bickered wonder fast,
Among the Scots with shot of Gunnes cast,
And they againe with Speares headed well,
Feill wounds they made throgh plaits of finest steel,
Either other fastned with clippes so keene,
A cruell Counter was at that Shipboord seene,
The derfe shot drave as thicke as haile shoure,
Lasted and well neare the space of an houre,
When shot was gone the Scots great comfort had,
At hand stroakes they were sicker and sad.
The Merchants als with such thing as they might,
Prooved full well in defence of their right.
Wallace and his at neere stroakes when they see,
With sharpe swords they gart feill Briggands die,
They in the top so wightlie wrought on hand,
In the South Top there might no reaver stand,

All

All the midship of Reavers was made waste,
That to give over at point they were almaste.
Then Iohn of Lyn was right graithly agast,
He saw his folk about him sallie fast,
With eager will he would have bene away,
Bade wynd the saile in all the haste they may,
But from the Scots then might they not eskey,
The ships so soze on either side they wey.
They saw nothing that might be to them ease,
Crawfurd on loft their saile burnt in a bleise.
Ere Iohn of Lyn shuip foz to leave that stead,
Of his best men sixtie were brought to dead,
Their ship by ours a bowd was mozein bight,
Wallace lap in amongst the Reavers wight.
A man he stroak over ship-bowd in the sea,
On the over-loft he slew some other thzee.
Longoveill entered, and als good master Blair,
They gave no grace to strikes that they found there
Wallace himself with Iohn of Lyn hath met,
At his Coller a fellon stroak him set,
Both helme and head from the shoulder he dzave.
Blair over the bowd in the sea cast the lave,
Of his bodie, then all the remanand,
Entered and slew the Briggands that they fand,
The ship they tooke, both gold and other geare,
That those Reavers had gathered long in weare,
But master *Blair* spake nothing of himself,
In deed of Armes what eventure that befell,
Sir Thomas Gray, was pzieft then to Wallace,
Put in this Booke how them hapned this case,
That Blair was in, and many wozthie dead,
Of which himself had no pleasance to read,

VVallace gart rule the ship with his own men,
And sailed forth the right course for to ken,
Into the Sluce haven, while they entred be,
The merchands well he helped in safetie,
Of gold and gear they tooke part that they fand,
Gave them the ship then passed to the land.
Through Flanders rode upon a goodly wise,
Entered France and then past to Parise,
The glad tidings that to the king was brought,
Of VVallace comming it comfort all their thought,
They trowed by him to get redresse of wrong,
The Sutheron had in Guyan wrought so long.
The peires of France were at their parliament,
The king commanded with true and whole intent,
They should foresee a Lordship for VVallace,
The Lords then all deemed of this case,
For Guyan was all whole out of their hand,
They thought it best for to give him that land,
For well they trowed he had wrought so before,
He should it win or else to die therefore,
Also of it they might no profit have,
That was the cause that Wallace should it have,
This decreet soone they showde unto the king,
Displeasde he was, they made him such a thing,
Of Guyan thus when Wallace had a fele,
No land he said, liked him half so well,
My chance is thus for to be ay in weare,
And Englishmen have done our realme most deare,
It was well known my defence righteous there,
Right have I here, my comfort is the mare.
I thank you Lords, made such reward to me,
Your purpose is I should not idle be.

The

The King bade him be Duke of Guyan land,
To that command Wallace was gain-standand,
Because that land was hastilie to conquith:
His thought was ay to win it through Gods grace,
But nevertheleſſe the King had made him knight,
And gave him gold for to maintaine his right.
And then gave charge to all war-men in France,
They ſhould be whole at VVallace ordinance.
And alſo of him he bade him armes to take,
VVallace forſoke ſuch changing for to make,
Since I began, I bore the Red Lyon,
And thinks to be ay true man to the crown.
I thank you Sir, of this mightie reward,
Yon men herefore ſhall not right long be ſpaird,
I think to quite ſome part ye kithed on me,
In your ſervice, or elſe therefore to die,
Good Wallace thought his time he would not waſte,
Unto the warres he graithed him in haſte,
All Scottiſh men that were into that land,
To him they ſought with their fewtie and band.
Longoveill als a great power can raiſe,
In Wallace help this good knight gladly gaes,
Ten thouſand whole of noble men they were,
The broad banner diſplaide of Scotland there,
Thoſe war-men ſone upon Guyan they fure,
Broke buildings down which had bein ſtark & ſture
Sutheron they ſlew againſt them made debate,
Brightly on broad they raiſed fires full hate.
Shemon they tooke, that Wallace firſt had wunnen,
And ſlew all men of Sutheron there was founden.
Into that town VVallace his dwelling made,
All there about he wan the Countrie broade,

The worthie Duke of Orleance was Lord,
Sembled his folk into a good accord,
Twelue thousand then he had in Armour bright,
And thought to help good VVallace in his right,
Leaue I them thus, the Duke and VVallace baith,
And speak some part how Scotland tok great skaith

Chap. III How *Edward* king of *England* came in *Scotland* & made whole conquish thereof.

The false envy and the wicked Treason,
Amongst themselves brought feill to confusion,
The knight Valence in Scotland made repare,
The false Menteith Sir Iohn withoutten mare,
Betwixt them two was made a private band,
So on a day they met into Annand,
Of the Lennox Sir Iohn had great desire,
Sir Aymer hecht he should have it in hyre,
To hold in Fee, and other Lands moe,
Of king Edward, so he would passe him to,
Thus corded they and then to London went,
Edward was glad, to hold that appointment.
Menteith anone was bound to that fierce king,
To further him in Scotland in all thing.
Then passed home and Vallence with him sure,
While he was brought again over Carlile mure,
King Edward then in yre and fierce outrage,
By thirtie dayes he raised his Barnage.
In Scotland past, and there no stopping fand,
No Chiftane was that durst against him stand,
For Menteith told they thought to make Bruce king
All true Scots would be pleased of that thing.

Yet

Yet many fled, and durst not byde Edward,
Some into Rosse, and in the Yles past part.
Bishop Sinkler again fled into Bute:
With that fierce king he had no will to mute,
Thus without stroak the Castles of Scotland,
King Edward hath tane into his own hand,
Divided then to men that he would like,
Strength and townes to Rosse throughe the kingrik,
Both height and baile obeyed whole his will,
That he commanded they purpolde to fulfill,
The bishops all inclined to his Crown,
Both tempozall, and the religion.
The Romane bookes that then were in Scotland,
He gart them beare to *Scone* where they them fand,
And but redæme they burnt them all each one,
Sailsberie use our Clerks then hath tane,
The Lozds he toke that would not of him hold,
In England sent the Noble blood of old,
Sir VVilliam long Dowglas to London send,
In strong pzison and there he made an end.
Earl Thomas als that Lozd was of Murray,
And Lozd Fraser, with him to passe away,
Als Hew the Hay, and other heires moe,
He gart Valence with him in England goe.
No man was left all this maine Land within,
From Edwards peace knowen of any kin.
Seton and Lawder dwelt still into the Basse,
With them Lundie, and men that wozthy was,
The Earl Malcolme and Campbell past but let,
In Bute succour with Sinkler foz to get,
Sir Iohn Ramsay, and Ruthven they fled Nozth,
To their Cousen that Lozd was of Fillorth:

Ye paſt with them through Murray lands right,
So found they there a gentle worthy knight,
That Clement hight, full cruell ay had bene,
And fended well amongſt their enemies kene:
Ye thought never at Edwards will to be,
Into his time he gart feill Sutheron die.
Ye led theſe Lords in Roſſe withoutten mare,
At the Stokfurde a ſtrong ſtrength bigged there,
Kæped it long right worthily by weire,
To their enemies they did full mickle deare.
Adam VVallace, and Lindeſay of Craigie,
Away they fled by night unto the ſea,
And Robert Boyde that was both wiſe and wight,
Arrane they tooke to fend them at their might:
And Corſ-Patrick into Dumbar dwelt ſtill,
Fewtie full ſone he made King Edward till.
Abernethie, Lord Soullis and Cumming als,
And Iohn of Lorne that long time had bene falſe:
Lord of Brechine, and many other mae,
At Edwards peace for gifts that he them gae:
Iuſting of peace for twentie dayes ſet he,
Of Engliſhmen in Lorne, that men might ſee,
Plaine to declare, but of this cauſe, I wis,
That all Scotland, by conqueſte then was his.
The Lords then, and good Biſhop Sinklair,
Out of Bute then they made a Ballingair,
To good VVallace told him the torment baile
Then wrote they thus to get help of their baile.

OUr hope, our health, and our whole Governour
Our goodly guide, our beſt Chiftane in tour.

Our

Our Lord, our love, our strength in righteous place,
For Gods sake relieve us of this case,
And take the crown to us it were kinder,
To bruke for ay ere fierce Edward it beare.
The writ he got, but yet suffer he would,
For great falsehood that part him did of old.
Wickell dolour it did him in his minde,
Of their misfare for true he was and kinde,
He thought to take amends of their great wrang,
He answered not but into war forth rang:
Of king Edward yet more forth will I mell,
In what wise that he could Scotland deale.
In Sainct-Johnston the Earl of York he made,
Captaine to be of all these lands braid,
From Tay to Dee and under him Buttellar,
His goodbyre had at Kinclevin ended there,
His Father als, Wallace had them both slaine,
Edward therefore make him a man of maine,
The Lord Bewmont into the North he send,
These Lordships whole he gave them in commend,
To Striviling then from Sainct-Iohnston he went,
There to fulfill the lave of his intent.
The Lord Cliffurd he had then Dowglasdaile,
Ruler to be of the South marches haile,
All Galloway he gave Cumming in hand,
Wist none but God how long that state should stand
With the gentle Lord Bishop Lambertown,
Of Sainct-Andrews was Dowglas of renown,
Before that time young Iames, wight and wise,
To him was come from schooles of Parise,
A private favour the Bishop to him bare,
But Englishmen was so great masters there,

He

He durst not well in plaine show him kindnesse,
While on a day he took some hardinesse.
Dowglas he called and can to Striviling fare,
Where king Edward was dealing Lands there,
He proferred him unto the kings service,
To brooke his own fra he will in this wise,
Dowglas he was, then he forsooke plainlie, (me.
Sweares by Saint-George he brookes no land of
His Father was in contrare of my Crown,
Therefore as now he bides in our prison,
To the bishop, none other answer he made,
But as he pleased dealt on their lands braid,
To the Lord Soulles all whole the Mers gave he,
And Captaine als of Berwick for to be,
Oliphant then that he in Striviling land,
When he him had he would not keep his band,
The which he made ere he Striviling him gave,
Deceitfully the king could him deceive,
Into England sent him in prison strong,
In great distresse he lived there full long.
When king Edward had dealt this Region,
His leave he took to England made him bown,
Out of Striviling Southward as they can ryde,
Cumming happed near hand the Bruce to byde,
Thus said he, Sir, and ye can keep counsell,
I can you learn which may you best availe.
The Bruce answered, what ever ye show to me,
As for my part shall well concealed be.
Lord Cumming said, Sir, ye know not this thing,
Of all this Realme ye should be righteous King,
Then said the Bruce, suppose I righteous be,
I ha no time to take such thing on me,

I am holden into mine enemies hand,
Under great Oath when I came in Scotland.
To part from him for profit nor requeſt,
Nor for no ſtrength, but if death me arreſt.
Ye height again to give this land to me,
Now finde I well it is but ſubtiltie,
For this thou ſæs he deales mine heritage,
To Sutheron part, and ſome to traytours wage,
Then Cumming ſaid, will ye therefore concord,
Of my lands and ye like to be Lord,
Ye ſhall them have for your right and the Crown,
Or and ye like, Sir for my ranſon,
I ſhall you help with power at my might.
The Bruce anſwered, I will not ſell my right,
But on this wiſe, what Lordſhip thou would crave,
For thy ſupply I height thou ſhalt it have,
Come from yon king, Sir with ſome jeopardie,
Now Edward hath all Galloway given to me,
My nevoy Soullis that keeps Berwick town,
At your command his power ſhall be bown,
My nevoy als a man of miekell might,
The Lord of Lorne hath great rowme in the hight,
My third nevoy a knight of great renown,
Will riſe with us of Brechin the Barron,
Then ſaid the Bruce, ſell there ſo fore a chance,
That we might get again Wallace from France,
By wit and force he could this kinrike win,
Alace we have bene over long in twine.
To that language Cumming made no record,
For old done deeds did in his minde remord.
The Bruce and he compleated forth their band,
Then that ſame night ſealed it with their hand.

This

This ragment left the Bruce with Cumming there,
With Edward king in England home could fare,
And there remained while his ragment was known
Thræ yære and more ere Bruce claimed his own,
Some men dæmes Cumming the ragment send,
Some men again the contrare doth defend.
None may say well that Cumming was sakeleſſe,
Becauſe his wyfe was Edwards Couſeneſſe:
He ſerved death, by right law of the king,
He recklesly miskæped ſuch a thing.
Had Bruce paſt by but dode to Sain&-Iohnſtone,
By whole aſſent, and had received the Crowne,
On Cumming then, he might have done the Law,
He could not thole from tyme that he him ſaw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perpleritie,
Of Wallace more in ſome part ſpeak will we.

THE TUELFTH BOOKE.

Chap. I.

How *VVallace* conqueſt the land of *Gwyan*, and how he was made Lord thereof.

The ſore travell, the earneſt buſineſſe,
The feil labour he had in many place:
To win the land that the good king him gave,
Into his Reigne he would no Sutheron ſave.

In

In Guyane land Wallace was still at weir,
Of Scotlands losse it did his heart great deir:
Of true Scots in minde he had great pitie,
He thought to helpe, his time when he might see.
Of set battells fyve he discomfist baile,
With jeopardy, and many strong assaile:
Then they forsooke, and durst not him abide,
The Sutheron fled from thence on either side:
To Bourdeous into great multiply,
The towne they stuffe with victuales by the sea,
All Guyane land Wallace tooke to his peace,
To Burdeous hee past, ere he would cease:
On out-biggings full great maistrie hee made,
Still twentie dayes at strong assatlyeing bade:
Fozts and wozkes that were without the towne,
They brake, and burnt, and put to confusion,
Hedges and alleyes by labour that was there,
Foiled and spoiled, they would na fruits spare.
The Englishmen made great defence againe,
With shot and egle that meikell were of maine:
Of Guns they were, and Ganzeis stuffed well,
All artailzie and weapons of fine steele,
With men and meat within was busked baine:
The great Captaine was wise, cruell and keene,
Of Gloceſter the yongo Lord and heire,
The Earle had beene aye used into weir:
Kæped his men by wit and hardiment,
Without the towne there durst none from him wont:
The land without was neare wasted away,
War men soleng into the Countrey lay,
In Wallace hoste such scant was of victuall:
They might not bide no longer to assaile.

Then this wise Lord, the Duke of Orleance,
To VVallace said, Sir, ye should know this chance:
It stands over well with this false Sutheron blood,
For on no wise can we now stop their ood:
The haben they habe and ships at their will,
From England comes nittaile anough them till:
The land is powr of nittaile should us bield,
And ye see well that they forsake the field.
Ye may with peace pleniss these lands wide,
They will not fight though ye all year should bide,
My counsell is in plaine anent this thing.
That ye would passe with worship to the King.
By his assent ye may at leasure waile,
With provision against them to assaile.
VVallace inclined, and thanked this wise Lord,
Then they returned all with one good accord:
Past up in France with honour to the King,
And showde him whole the veritie of this thing,
And he thereof in heart was wonder glad,
Frenchmen before that hundreth year not had,
Of Guyan half so mickell in their hand,
Whitting by then was new comming of Scotland,
From part of Lords and good bishop Sinkler,
Besought this King into these tearmes faire:
Of his gentrice and of his goodly grace,
For their supplie to counsell good Wallace,
To come again and bring them from bandon,
And take to weare the Crown of that Region.
This writ as then he would not to him shaw,
Right loath he was for friendship, feid, or aw,
VVallace should passe so sone from his presence,
A dwelling place he tooke for his residence.

In

In Shemon Hill Wallace his dwelling made,
And held about right liking lands braid.
A kæn Captaine then claimed in heritage,
Office of it, and great lands into wage,
Therefore he thought good Wallace for to ha,
Under collour such maistrie for to ma,
Long time he sought to get a day and place,
Said he desird then service with Wallace.

A Tryst they set, with fiftæn on the tide,
Fourtie thereby he gart in bushment bide,
Of men in armes. When he with Wallace met,
Right awfully he bade them on him set.
No armour had Wallace men in that place,
But sword and knife they bare on them through case.
Part of his men left near a Forrest side,
Right bousteously the Captaine said that tide,
That Wallace held of his lands with unright:
Right soberly he said to that French knight,
I have no lands but what the King gave me,
My self therefore have bæne in jeopardie.
The knight then said, Thy life shall be forborne,
Or else that land, the contrare who had sworne,
Aback he lap, and out a sword he drew,
The bushment broke when he that token blew,
Good Wallace thought that matter stood not well,
He gripped soone a shearing sword of stæle,
And at one stroke the knight to death he drave,
About fiftæn then lapped all the lave.
Wallace and his so worthilie have wrought,
Full feill they slew, that forest on them fought,

The Knights brother that stalwart was and strang
And thought they should bee venged ere they gang,
Of VVallace men some part hee wounded sare:
Mowing there was into a Medow there:
Nine stout Carles, all servants to that Knight,
Sythes then they tooke, and ran in all their might,
To the fighters, ere they came neare that place,
But them perceived right well hath good VVallace.
So awfull thing of such wee never saw,
Them to resist, himselfe can to them draw.
Into that stour left his men fighting still,
To meet those Carles that came with eager will.
The first let draw at Wallace with his Syth,
Deliver he was, and high over-lap the swyth.
An acward stroake hit the Churle on the head,
Deadly on ground hee hath him left for dead:
The other hee mæt, over-lap the Syth so kæne,
On the shoulder als stroake him in that tæne:
Through all the coast the noble sword it share,
The third hee met with a full awfull fare,
The grounden Syth at VVallace hee let draw,
This good Chiftaine cleanly over-lap them aw:
With his good sword he made an hideous wound,
Left him for dead, then on the fourth can sound:
On the right bone in great yre can him tae,
Cleaved the coast right cruelly in twa:
Three formost Sythes this good VVallace over-lap,
And foure hee slew, they saw such was his hap.
For aye a man hee slew at every each straike.
The last fled first, thus can their power slaike.
Wallace fast followed, and wone the fifth over tass,
Straake him to death, that no further hee gass:

Then

Then sped him soone unto his men againe,
By then they had the knights brother slaine,
Fiftie and fiue deerly to death were dight,
Except seuen men that fled out of their sight:
Fiue Powers als that VVallace selfe with met,
To French-men since no such tryst was set:
Because that they him brought to such a case,
The King heard tell well scaped was VVallace:
Sent for him soone, and prayed him to bee,
Of his house-hold, and liue in good safetie:
For well hee saw they had him at envie,
Still with himselfe hee gart him byde for thy:
Two yeares there Wallace with mirth abade,
Still into France many good iourney made:
The King him pleased in all his goodly maine,
From him hee thought hee should not part againe,
Lords and Ladies honoured him reverently,
Wretches and shrewes aye held him at envie.

Chap. II. How *Wallace* slew the two Champions.

TWo Champions that time dwelt with ȳ King,
Had great despite at VVallace in all thing,
Together yeede aye those two Champions,
Of fellon force and froward of conditions,
Right great despite they spake aye of Scotland,
While on a day it hapned upon hand:
Wallace and they were leaued them alone,
By aventure into an house of stone,
They used to beare no weapons in that Hall,
They trowed therefore amisse they might not fall:

There communed they of Scotland scornefully,
Then Wallace said, Ye wrong us utterly:
Since we are bound in friendship to your King,
And he of us is pleased of all thing.
As Scots men hath helped this Realme from dread
We thinke ye should give good word for good deed:
What may ye speake of our enemies but ill?
In lightlinesse they made answere theretill:
And him despited in their language als,
Ye Scots, they said, have ever yet bene false.
Wallace tooke one on the face in his tene,
With his good hand, while mouth, nose, and ene,
Through the braith blow all bushed out of blood,
Groslings to ground he smote him where he stood.
The other hint to Wallace in that stead,
For weill he weind his fellow had bene dead.
And he againe in griefe him gripped sore,
While his spite failed, that he might doe no more.
The first freike rose, and smote on Wallace fast,
Both to the death he brought them at the last.
Upon a pillar their braines out he dang,
And with his hands out at the doores them flang.
And said, What devill moved you Carles at me?
Long time in France I would have let them be.
Trust well in truth, thus were they done to dead,
Though French-men now likes not thereof to read:
As I will cease, and put it out of Ryme,
Better it is, who right, can loke in time:
Many great Lords was displeased in France,
But the good King who knew all the whole chance
Right good despite of Scotland spoken had they,
This passed over, while that upon a day:

Was

Was none of them that durst it undertake,
Hee had done wrong, or therefore battell make.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* slew the Lyon in the Barrace.

THis royall Roy an high worship him gave;
As Conquerour him honoured ouer the lave:
A fell Lyon this King gart bee bought,
Within barrace for great harme that hee wrought:
Tirlzed with yron, and no more power him gave,
Of woodnesse hee exceeded ouer the lave:
But hee was faire, and right fellon indeed,
In that strong strength hee gart men him feed.
Keped him close, for men and beastiall.
In Court there dwelt two Squyers of great baile.
That Cousens were to the Champions twa,
The which before VVallace hapned to slay,
A band they made in priuie conclusion,
At their power to worke his confusion:
By any meanes through fraud and subtiltie,
After therefore they thought not for to die.
To death or shame so that they might him bring.
Upon a time they went unto the King:
This Scot, they said, that they so well fare make,
Hee fees nought here, but hee would undertake:
By his great force to put to confusion,
Now hee desires to fight with your Lyon.
And bade us aske of you the battell strange,
Hee grant him leave in the barrace to gang.
Sadly againe to them answered the King,
Sore mee fore-thinkes hee desires such a thing.

But I will neither for right nor yet pleasance,
Denye Wallace what hee desires in France:
Then went they forth, and soone met with Wallace,
A figured tale they told him in that case:
Wallace, they said, the King desires that yée,
Direnze battell so cruell for to sée:
And charged you to fight with this Lyon,
Wallace answered in hastely conclusion:
And I shall doe what hée the Kings will,
At my power, right gladly to fulfill.
Then passed hée unto the King but mare,
A Lord in Court when hée approached there.
Unwisely asked, without provision,
Wallace dare yee goe fight with our Lyon?
And hée said, Yea, so the King suffer mée,
Or with your selfe, if yée ought better bée.
What will yee more? This thing admitted was,
That Wallace should unto the Lyon passe:
The King charged to bring him good harnesse,
And hée said, Nay, God shield mee from such case.
I should it take if I fought with a man,
But for a dog, that nought of armes can,
I will have none, but single as I gae,
A great mantle about his hand can tae,
And good sword, with him hée tooke na mare,
Abandounly in barrace entred there.
Great chaines were brought in the gate with a gin,
And pulled to, when Wallace was therein.
The wood Lyon on Wallace where hée stood,
Ramping hée brayed, for hée desired blood:
With his round polles in the Mantles wrought sae,
A thort the backe good Wallace can him taet.

With

With his good sword that was of bryniſht ſteele,
His bodie in two it cutted ever each deale.
Then to the King he raked in great yre.
And ſaid on loud, Was this all your deſire.
To ware a Scot thus lightly into vaine?
Is there moe dogs that ye would yet have ſlaine,
Goe bring them forth, ſince I muſt dogs quell,
To doe bidding while that I with you dwell:
It gaines me well to graith mee in Scotland,
For greater deeds there men hath tane in hand:
Then with a doge in battell to enchieve,
At you and France for ever I take lieve.
The King perceived that *W*allace grieved was,
So earneſtly he aſked leave to paſſe:
Rewed in his minde that it was hapned ſo,
So lewd a deed to let him undergo:
Knowing the worſhip and the great nobleneſſe,
Of him which ſprang that time in many place:
Homely hee ſaid, it ſhould diſpleaſe you nought,
Yee it deſired, it breed never in my thought:
And by the faith I owe the Crowne of France,
I thought never to charge you to ſuch chance:
But men of Baile that aſked it for you,
*W*allace anſwered, To God I make a vow,
I liked never in ſuch battell to bee in,
Upon a dog no worſhip is to win. (wrought
The King conceived how this falſe-boode was
The Squyers both were to his preſence brought,
Could not deny, when they came him before,
All their treſpaſſe they told withoutten more.
The King commanded they ſhould bee done to dead,
Smote off their heads without any remead:

The

The Champions, loe, for envie cauſeleſſe,
To ſudden death VVallace them broght throgh caſe
The Squyers als, from their falſeneſſe was kend,
Envie them brought both to a ſudden end.
Lords behold, envie the evil Dragon,
In cruell fire hæ burneth this Region:
For whoſoever abounds in envie,
To ſome miſchiefe it brings him haſtily:
Forſake envie, thou ſhalt the better ſpæd,
Hereof as now I will no further ræd.
But in my matter as I before began,
I ſhall declare as plainly as I can.

VVHen Wallace ſaw they had him at envie,
Longer to byde he thought not then plainly
Better him thought in Scotland for to bæ,
And adventure take, either to live or die:
To helpe his owne, he had far more pleaſance,
Than there to byde, with all the wealth in France.
Then his whole minde, man-hood and courage,
Was plainely ſet to win out of bondage.
Scotland againe from paine and meikell chore,
Hæ vowed hæ ſhould, or elſe to die therefore,
The King hath ſæne how good VVallace is ſet,
The Letter then him gave withoutten let:
The which of late from Scotland was him ſend,
VVallace it ſaw, and well their harmes kend.
By the firſt writ thereto accordiall,
Them to ſupply hæ thought hee would not faile,
Wherefore ſhould I hereof long proceſſe make?
Wallace of France a goodly leave can take.

The

The king hath seene, that it would not else bee,
To Chamber went, behold him might not hee:
For great langour. When VVallace can remove,
The King to him kept aye kindnesse and love:
Iewels and Gold his worship for to save,
Hee bade them give as much as they would have:
Lords and Ladies wæped wonder fast,
When VVallace there so tooke his leave and past:
No man hee tooke, but whom hee thither brought,
Againe with him Longaveill forth sought:
For paine nor blisse that good Knight left him never
For care befell, while death made them dissever.
Towards the *Sluce* in goodly feir past hee,
A vessell got, and made him to the sea:
Eight ship-men hyred, and goodly wage them gave
To Scotland sure, the firth of Tay they have.

Chap. IIII. How *VVallace* came in *Scotland* againe at the Battell of *Elchock Parke*.

VPon the night Wallace the land hath tane,
At Ernis-mouth, and is to Elchocke gane:
He gart the ship in covert saile away,
So out of sight they were ere it was day.
At Elchocke dwelt then Wallace Cousen deare,
That Crawfurd hecht: the house when they came
On the back-side Wallace a window fand: (near
And in hee called, then Crawfurd came at hand,
From time hee wist that it was good VVallace,
Into his barne he ordainde them a place,
A mow of corne hee builded them about,
And clozde it well, none might perceive thereout:

But

But at one place where meat was to them brought,
And bedding tw, as goodly as he mought:
Unto the water whereof Wallace was glad,
A derne hole forth on the North side they had,
Foure dayes or five in rest sojourned there,
While meat was gone, Crawfurd bouned for mare
To Saint-Johnstoun their purveyance to buy,
Englishmen thought hé toke more abundantly.
Than hé was wont in any time before,
They have him tane, and put in prison sore:
What Guests hé had, to tell made him request?
Hé said, It was but to a kirking feast:
Yet they presumed the comming of Wallace,
Knowledge to get they set a subtill case:
They let him passe with thing that he had bought,
Then after soone in all the baste they mought,
To harnesse yéd the power of the towne, (bown
Eight hundreth men with Butteller made them
Followed on dreigh, while ỳ this man came hame
Wallace him saw, and said, Hé served blame:
In my sléping a fell vision mé told,
Till Englishmen that thou should mé have sold.
Crawfurd said, Hee had beene tormented sare
With Englishmen, that put him to despaire,
Therefore rise up, and soone some succour see,
I dread full sore they set watches on mé.
The worthie Scots graithed them in good spéd,
Their weapons took, then from that house they yéd
Thus suddenly feill Sutheron they saw,
Tw few they were to fight against them all:
That kenly came with young Butteller the knight
Then Wallace said, In plaine lands is not right,

But

But Elchocke Park that is neare here beside,
The first sayle wee thinke there to abide:
Nineteene they were, and Crawfurd with good will,
The twentieth man, the number to fulfill:
The Park they took where Wallace a place hath seen
Of great Holine, that grew both high and greene,
With thorowe trees a manner of strength made hee
Ere they were won, they thought to gare feill die.
The wood was thick, but little of breadth and length
And they had meat, they thought to hold ỳ strength
The Englishmen then past to Crawfurds place,
Found in the Barne the lodging of VVallace.
Then Craufurds wife in hands soon have they tane,
And asked at her, what way the Scots were gane?
Right well they trowd that VVallace should there be
From France to Tay hee was come thorough the sea:
Shee would not tell for boast, nor yet reward,
Then Butteller said, Wher long thou hall bein spard,
And gart them big a full broad burning fire,
Therewith hee grew in mat alent and ire:
The Sutheron swore therein she should burnt bee,
Then VVallace said, She shall not end for mee:
Great sin it were pon sakeleile wight to slay,
Ere shee should end, in faith there shall die mae.
Hee left the strength, and the plaine field can tae,
On loud hee cryed, and said, Loe, here thy fae:
Thinkes thou no shame for to torment a wife,
Come forth to mee, and make end of our strife:
Fra Butteller had on field good VVallace seene,
For old malice hee bore neare wood for teene:
Upon the Scots they shulp all with great maine,
Good Wallace sone the strength hee tooke againe:

A

A fell bicker the Englishmen began,
Assailzied sore with many cruell man.
But they within were noble of defence,
Gave great debate with force and violence,
At the entrie fifteene they put to dead,
Then all the rest removed from that stead:
Yard to array againe to sailyie new,
Wallace beheld which well in war him knew:
Fellowes hee said, Againe all at this place,
They will not faile, but this stands the case:
Yon Knight thinkes for to divide his men,
In seir places the sooth yee shall well ken,
Againe on us to prove how it may bee,
As now behoves some other way to see:
Contrare their might a good defence to make:
Now Longaveill thou shalt fire with thee take,
William mine Eme as many with you goe,
And five with mee, as now wee have no moe:
Knight Butteller then parted his men in three,
Wallace visied where Butteller ship to bee,
Thither then past that entrie for to weare,
Which side they did assailyie with great feare.
VVallace let part on the entry begin,
But none went out that on the Scots came in.
Seven formell was that in the front first yeed,
Wallace five men that doughtie were indeed:
Eace one slew one, and VVallace gart two die,
Butteller was next, and said, This will not bee.
Abacke hee drew, and let his courage slake,
The worthie Scots prov'd well for Scotland sake:
Good Longaveill his counter mate so sore,
And Crawfurd als they sailyied them no more.

Right neare by then approached the darke night,
And Starrs to appeare began into their sight.
Sutheron set watches, and to their supper went,
The Butteller was sore grieved in his intent,
Yet sure they well of good stuffe, aile and breade,
VVallace and his, they still of no remead:
But cold water that ran out through a strand,
In that lodging none other food they fand:
Then Wallace said, God fellowes thinke not long,
Still God wee shall be some out of this throng:
Suppose we fast a day or yet a night,
Take all in thankes this paine for Scotlands right:
The Earle of Yorke was in Saint-Johnstoun still:
To Butteller sent, and bade him bide at will.
To him full some there should come new power,
And als himselfe this told the Messenger:
Butteller would faine that Wallace had yeelden bein
Ere the Earle came, and for this cause was seene,
His Godsyre and his father both hee slew,
The knight therewith toward the Parke him drew
What cheare they made upon the Scots he cald,
Then VVallace said, far better then thou wald
The Butteller said, I would faine speake with thee,
Then VVallace said, Thou mayst for little fee,
Wallace, he said, Thou hast done mee great skaith,
My Father, and my Godsyre thou slew baith.
Then VVallace said, For that fate thou art in,
It were my debt for to undoe thy kin,
And I thinke als as God of heaven me save,
That my two hands shall graith thee to thy grave:
Then Butteller said, That is not likely now,
But wee thee have, wee shall gar sydes sow.

Of this I aske, and thou would make mée grant,
What I thée beght, that thing thou shalt not want:
Say forth, quoth hée, bée thy desire reasonable,
I shall it grant withoutten any fable:
The Butteller said, VVallace thou knowes right,
Thou may not scape by power nor by slight,
And since thou sées it may no better bée,
For thy gentrice thou would thée yéld to mée:
Then VVallace said, Thy wilbumskilfull is,
Thou would mée doe which is ouer hie amisse,
Yélden I am, to better I can prove,
To whom? hée asked, to the great God aboue:
For ever each day, since I had wit of man,
Before my worke to yéld mée I began.
And als at night when that I failed light,
I mée betaught to the maker of might:
The Butteller said, mée thinkes thou hast done well,
Yet of one thing I pray thée let mée fele:
For thy manhood this to me manifest,
When thou sées thou may no longer last:
On this each place which I have tane to wear,
That thou come forth, and all other forbear:
Then VVallace leugh at his cruell desire,
And said, I shall though thou were wood as fire:
And all England the contrarie had sworne,
I shall come out thereat each place the morne:
Or else this night, trust well that I thee say,
I bide not here till nine houres of the day:
Butteller sent forth the chaine wateh on the side,
In that each place boldly hée bowned to bide:
Thus till they bode, while day began to peare,
A thicke mist fell, the Planet was not cleare.

VVallace

VVallace assayed all that place about,
Like as hee would at an some place breake out.
While Butterlers men away from him could goe,
To helpe the lave when they saw it was so,
VVallace and his fast sped them to that stead,
Where Butteller bode feill men they brought to dead
The worthie Scots some passed through that mellie,
Crawfurd therewith was sore hurt on the knee,
At earth hee was good VVallace turned againe,
And at one stroake the Butteller hath hee slaine,
Hint up that man under his arme so strong,
Defending him out of that fellon throng:
Good rowme he made amongst them where he goes
With his right hand hee slew five of his foes:
Bure out Crawfurd by force of his person,
Nine aiker broad ere ever he set him downe.
The Sutheron found that their Chiftaine was dead,
Hembled him about, but then was no remead,
Thirtie with him of the wightest hee brought,
Dead on that place, whereat the Scots out sought.
Wallace and his by then was from their sight,
Sutheron bode still for great losse of that knight,
The mist was mirke, that Wallace liked well,
Himselfe was glad, and said to Longoveill,
At Methven wood is my desire to bee,
For there is bestiall to get in great plentie,
By then they were well come unto the hight:
The mist slaked, the Sun shynde faire and bright,
Some were they ware a little space them by,
Of foure and thirtie in a companie.
Then VVallace said, See yon men friends or foe,
Wee will them see since that they are no moe.

When they came neare, a noble knight it was,
The which to name hecht Sir Hew of Dundasse.
And Sir Iohn Scot a wise and worthy knight,
Into Stratherne a man of meikell might.
For there hé had great part of heritage:
Dundasse sister he had in mariage:
Passing they were, and might no longer lest,
To Englishmen their fewtie for to fest:
The Lord of Brechin such command had them made,
Of king Edward to hold their lands braid:
But fra they saw that it was wight VVallace,
Held up their hands, and thanked God of grace:
Of his great helpe which he had sent them there,
To Methven wood with one assent they fare:
Soone got them meat of bestiall that they fand,
Rested that day when night was come on hand:
To Birnane wood but resting are they gane,
Where they have found the Squyer good Ruthven:
In out-law use hee had long lived there,
Of bestiall while hé might get na mare:
They tarried not, but into Athole yéd, (dread
Where meat was scant, there VVallace had great
Passed to Lorne, right little found they there,
Of wylde and tame that Countrey was made bare:
But in the strengths there food was leaved none,
These worthie Scots then made a piteous moane:
Sir Iohn Scot said, Hé had far rather die,
Into good name, and leave his heires frée:
Than for to byde as bound in subjection.
When Wallace saw these good men of renowne,
With hunger stad, almost might live no more,
Wit ye for them hé sighed wonder sore.

Good

Good men, he said, I am the cause of this,
At your desire I shall amend this misse,
Or leave you free some obedisance for to ma,
All him alone bee bowned for to ga:
Prayed them bide while he might come againe,
Out over an hill he passed into plaine.

Out of their sight into a Forrest syde,
He set him downe under an Oake to bide,
His bow and sword, he leaned to a tree,
In anguish great on groufe then turned he:
This piteous mone was for his men so wrought,
That of himselfe little thing he then thought:
O wretch! he said, that never could be content.
Of over great might that the great God the lent.
But thy fierce minde, wilfull and variable,
With great Lordship thou could not so byde stable:
And wilfull wit, for to make Scotland free,
God likes not that which I have tane on me.
Far worthier than I of birth was borne,
Through my desire for hunger are forlorne:
I aske at God them to restore againe,
I am the cause, I should have all the paine:
While studying thus, while syting with himself,
While at the last upon a sleepe he fell,
Three dayes before there had him followed five,
The which was bound, or else to losse their live.
The Earle of Yorke bade them so great guardowne,
That they by thift thought to put VVallace downe.
Three of them was borne men of England,
And two was Scots that tooke the deed on hand:

And some men said the third brother betrayed,
Kildromie east, where great sorrow was raised,
A childe they had which used to beare meat,
In wildernesse among the mountaines great,
They had all seene the disseverance of VVallace,
From his good men, and where he bode on chace,
Among thicke wood in covert held them law,
While they perceived he could on sleeping saw:
And these five approached VVallace neare,
Whats best to doe at other fast they spier?
One man said thus, it were an hie renowne,
And we might lead him quicke to Saint-Iohnston,
Loe how he lyes we may our grips waile,
Of his weapons he shall have none availe,
We shall him binde in contrare of his will,
And lead him thus on backe-side of yon hill:
So that his men shall nothing of him knaw,
The other foure assented to that saw,
And then those five made them unto VVallace,
And thought, through force to bind him in that place
What? trowed these men for to hold Wallace down?
The manliest man, the starkest of person,
Living he was: als, stood into such right,
We trust great God his deeds hath in sight.
They gryped him, and out of sleepe he braid:
What meanest this? then sadly Wallace said,
About he turned and up his armes thrang:
On these traitours with knightly force he dang.
The starkest man into his hands hint hee,
And all his braines he dang out on a tree:
His sword he got soone after that hee rose:
Champion like amongst the foure he goes.

Ever

Ever a man hee gart dieat a dint,
When two were dead, the other three wold not ſtint
Have them to flee, but then it was no bwt,
Was none living might paſſe from him on fwt,
Hee followed faſt, and ſcone to death them brought,
Then to the childe ſadly againe hee ſought.
What didſt thou here? the childe with a pale face,
On knees did fall, and aſked Wallace grace,
With them I was, and knew nothing their thought
Into ſervice, as they me bade, I wrought.
What beareſt thou there? but meat the child can ſay
Goe take it up, and paſſe with me away.
Meat in this time is far better than gold,
Wallace and hee forth founded on the fold,
Who brought Wallace from his enemies bold?
Who? but great God that hath this world to hold.
Hee was his helpe in many fellon thrang,
With glad chear, thus unto Erne can hee gang.
Both roaſted fleſh there was, als bread and cheeſe,
To ſuccour them that were in point to leeſe,
And her it deales to foure men and fiftie,
Which had before faſted ovet dayes three:
Then take his part, he had faſted as long,
Where heard ye ever any in ſuch a throng?
In hunger ſo ſleeping, and weaponleſſe,
So well recovered as Wallace did in eaſe:
Plainly by force vanquiſht his enemies five,
Men of wit this queſtion will deſcrive:
Withoutten gloze I will tell forth my tale,
How came this meat? this fellowſhip aſked hale:
To their deſire Wallace no anſwere yold,
Where five were dead, he led them forth and told,

Great

Greatly displeased was all the Chevalrie,
To a Chiftane they held it fantaſie,
To walk alone: VVallace with ſober mood,
Said, hereof hath come nothing now but good.
To the low-land again full faſt they ſought,
Askt at the child if he could with them ought?
Where they might beſt of purveyance for to win?
Of none he ſaid was this Countrey within,
Nor all about in as far as I know,
While that ye come down to the Rannach haw,
That Lord hath ſtuffe, but baile, bread, and vernage
Of King Edward he takes full mickle wage.
Then VVallace ſaid, My ſelf ſhall be your guide,
I know that ſtead, about on either ſide,
Through the wilde land he guided them full right,
To Rannoch hall he brought them that ſame night,
A watch was ſet, and that full ſone they tae,
He was a Scot, yet would he not him ſlae,
But gart him tell the manner of that place:
Thus entred they within a little ſpace,
The gate they wan for Caſtle there was none,
But mud-wall wight, without ten lime or ſtone:
Wallace in haſte ſtroke up the chamber dore,
With his right foot, that ſtalwart was and ſtour,
Then they within awaked ſuddenly,
The Lord got up, and mercy can he cry,
Fra time he wiſt that good Wallace was there,
He thanked God, then ſaid theſe words mare,
True man I was, and win againſt my will,
With Engliſhmen, ſuppoſe I like it till:
All Scots we are that in this houſe are now,
At your command all boldly ſhall we bow.

Of our nation good Wallace had pittie,
Tooke oathes of them, and then meat asked he:
Good chear they made while day light on the morne,
This true man soone sembled him before:
Three sons he had that stalwart were and bold,
And twenty men of kin, in his household.
VVallace was blyth they made him some supply,
Said, I thank God, that we thus multiply,
All that day over, in good lyking they rest,
Watches they chose to keep them that could best.
Upon the morne, the light day when they saw,
Then VVallace said, Our power for to knaw:
We will take field, and up our banner raise,
In right of Scotland, and contrare of our foes,
We will no more now us in covert hide,
Power to us will semble on each side.
Then horse they got, the best that could be there,
Towards Dunkeld the gainest way they fare,
The bishop then got him to Saint-Johnston,
The Scots slew that were of that Nation,
Both poore and rich, and servants that they fand,
Left none alive that born was of England:
The place they tooke, and made them well to fare,
Of purveyance that bishop had brought there.
Jewels they got, both gold and silver bright,
With good chear there five dayes sojourned right,
On the first day Wallace to counsell went,
Gart call the best and showd them his intent:
No men we have to assault Saint-Johnston,
Into the North therefore let us make bown.
In Rosse ye know, good men a strength hath made,
Bear they of us, they come withoutten bade:

Als into Bute is gwd Bishop Sinklair,
Fra hæ got wot, hæ comes withoutten maire,
Gwd west-land-men of Arrane and Rouchlie,
Fra they hæ warned, they will all come to mæ.
This purpose toke, and in the North they ride,
No Englishmen durst in their gate abide.
Whom Wallace tooke, they knew the old ransoun,
Fra hæ came home to flæ they made them bowne:
And Scots men semblid to Wallace fast,
In awfull feare out through the land they past;
Strengths were left, wot yee, all desolate,
Against these folke no man durst make debate:
In arayed battell they rode to Aberdene,
In whole number, seven thousand then were seene:
But Englishmen had left the towne all waste,
On ever each side away then can they haste.
In all the land left neither more nor lesse,
Lord Bewmount toke the sea at Buchan-nesse:
Through Scotland then was manifest in plaine,
The Lords that fled, in heart was wonder faine,
The knight Clement of Rosse came suddenly,
In Murray Land, with their gwd Chevalrie.
The house of Narne that gwd knight well hath tane
Slew the Captaine, and gwd men many ane:
Out of Murray and Buchane Land came they,
To seeke Bewmount, but hæ was past away,
Then these gwd men to Wallace passed right,
When Wallace saw Sir Iohn Ramsay the knight,
And other gwd that had bæne from him long,
Great courage then was raised them among:
The land hæ ruled as that him liked best,
To Saint-Iohnstoun then rode ere they would rest.

The

The siedge of Saint-Iohnstoun.

At every Port a stalwart watch hé made,
Confirmed a siedge, and stedfastly abade:
Bishop Sinkler in all gwd hacke him dight,
Came out of Bute with sœmely men in sight:
Out of the Iles of Rauchly and Arrane,
LINDESAY and Boyd, with gwd men many one.
Adam VVallace, Barron of Richartown,
Full sadly sought to VVallace of renowne.
At Saint-Iohnstoun bode at the sattzie still,
For Sutheron men they might well passe at will,
For in their way there durst no enemies bé,
But fled away by land, and eke by sea:
About the towne thus sembled they but more,
For they had bæne with gwd VVallace before:
Seton, Lawder gwd Richard of Lundie,
In a gwd Barge they past about the sea,
In S. Iohnstoun haven their Ankers have they set,
Two Englisch ships they tooke withoutten let:
The one they burnt, and stuffed the other well,
With artaillzie, and stalwart men in stœle.
To kæps the Port, there should come no victuall,
Into the towne, nor men that might availe,
From South and North many from Scotland fled,
Left Castles waste, feill left their lives in wed.
The Sutheron Bishop that before left Dunkell,
To London past, and told Edward him sell:
In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance,
Then sent he soone for Aymer the Vallance:

And

And asked him, What then was best to doe,
Hee beght to passe, and take great Gold thereto,
Into Scotland, some meanes there to make,
Against VVallace on hand thus can hee take,
Hee said, Hee would undoe King Edwards crowne,
Except hee might through treason put him downe.
King Edward beght what thing that Vallance band
Hee should it keepe, thereto hee gave his hand:
Vallance tooke leave, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell came, then cast in his intent.
What man there was might Wallace best beguile,
And sone hee found within a little while.
Sir Iohn Menteith that VVallace Gossop was,
A messenger Sir Aymer hath gart passe:
At Rugline Kirke those two together met,
Him to betray the bargane there was set:
Then Vallance said, Sir Iohn, thou knowest this thing
VVallace againe riseth contrare the King:
And thou mayst have what Lordship thou wilt wail
And thou wouldst worke as I would thee counsell:
Yon tyrant holds the Realmes at trouble bath,
To thrifte men it doth full mickell skath:
Hee trusteth thee, thou mayst full well him take,
Of this matter I reede an end thou make:
Were hee away, wee might at liking reigne,
All as Lords, and live under a King.
Then Menteith said, Hee is our Governour,
For us hee bode in many fellon stour.
Not for himselfe, but for our heritage,
To sell him thus, it were a great outrage:
Then Vallance said, And thou well understood,
Great merite it were, hee spilles so mickell blood:

Of

Of chriſten men, putteth ſoules in perill,
I binde mee als hee ſhall bee holden haile.
As for his life, and kept into priſon,
King Edward would have him in ſubiection:
Then Menteith thoght, ſo they would keep cunnand
Hee would full faine have had him off Scotland.
Vallance ſaw him in a ſtude bee,
Three thouſand pound of fine Gold let him ſee.
And hecht hee ſhould the Lennox have at will,
Thus treaſonably Menteith granted theretill.
An obligation with his owne hand hee made,
Then tooke the Gold, and Edwards Seale to braid:
And gave them his, When hee his time might ſee,
To take Wallace over Sulway gif him free,
To Engliſhmen, by this treaſonable concord,
Sir Iohn ſhould bee of all the Lennox Lord.
Thus Wallace ſhould in England keeped bee,
So Edward might make Scotland to him free:
There Covetiſe was over great maiſter ſeene,
None example takes how another hath beene.
For Covetiſe put in paines ſtrong and fell,
For Covetiſe the Serpent is in hell:
For Covetiſe good Hector tooke the dead,
For Covetiſe there can bee no remead:
Through Covetiſe good Alexander was loſt,
And Iulius als for all his reiſe and boaſt.
Through Covetiſe died Arthur of Britaine,
For Covetiſe there hath died many ane:
For Covetiſe the traitor Ganillion,
The flowre of France hee put to confuſion.
For Covetiſe they poyſoned Godefray,
In Antioch, as the Authour will ſay.

For covetise Menteith upon false wise,
Betrayde Wallace who was his Gossop thrice,
Vallance in haste with blyth will and good heart,
To London past, and shewd it to Edward,
Of their contract he had far more pleasance,
Than of fine Gold given in the ballance:
Of greater weight than his ransome might bee,
Of VVallace worth yet speake some part will wée.

AT Saint-Iohnstoun yet was the siedging still,
In a morning the Sutheron with good will,
Five hundreth men in armes right egerly,
They issued forth to make a jeopardie,
At the South Port upon Scot and Dundasse,
Who in their time right wise and worthie was:
Against their foes right sharply fought and fore,
In that counter seven score to death they bore:
Yet Englishmen that cruell were and kéene,
Full derfly fought, where doughty déeds were séene:
From the West-side drave all the Scots baile,
To the fighters. When they saw nought availe:
But in againe full fast they can them spéed,
The knight Dundasse full doughtie proved indéed:
Over near the Gate full bandonly he bade,
With a good sword full great mastrie he made,
Nought knowing well his fellowes were him fra,
In at the Gate the Sutheron can him ta:
Unto the Earle they led him hastily:
When he him saw, he said he should not die,
To slay this one it may us little remead:
He sent him forth to Wallace in that stead.

Unto

Unto the North his battels hath hee brought,
While hee him saw, of this he wist right nought:
Sent to the Earle, and thanked him largely,
Heght for to quite when hee such cause might see:
But yet therefore soverance hee would not grant,
Though they were yelden, and come recryant.
For Gold nor good hee would no tribute take,
A great assault then they began to make,
The Earle of Fyfe dwelt under trewes long,
Of King Edward and then he thought it wrong,
That Wallace so was kedging Saint-Iohnstoun.
But if hee come in right helpe of the Crowne:
To Englishmen hee would not keepe that band,
Then came hee come with good men of the land:
And Iohn Wallance was then Shyreffe of Fyfe,
To Wallace past, and sterked him in that strife.
The Earle was come of good true noble blood,
Of the old Thane, which in his time was good,
Then all about to Saint-Iohnstoun they gang,
The fellon fault was hideous and strang:
Full fetill Faggets into the Dyke they fast,
Hather and Hay about the Stakes they cast:
With treis and earth a great passage they made,
Out over the wals they yed in battell braid:
The Sutheron then made great defence againe,
While at the wals there was a thousand slaine:
VVallace and his yed raged in battell right,
All Sutheron men derfly to death they dight:
To save the Earle Wallace the Heraild send,
Good Iop himselfe the which before him kend:
For Dundasse sake hee said, hee should not die,
Wallace himselfe thus ordainde for to bee:

A small Hackney to him hee gart betake,
Silver and Gold his charges for to make.
Set on his Cloake a token for to see,
A Lyon in ware that should his conduct bee:
Convoyed him forth, and no man him with-all,
Women and Bairnes, Wallace gart free them all.
And then hee cryed, True Scots to their owne,
Plenisht the land which long had been overthrowne
Then Wallace past the South-land for to see,
Edward the Bruce in his time right worthy:
That yeare before hee had in Ireland beene,
And there with him were cruell men and keene,
Fifty in feire were of his mothers kin,
At Kirkcubright in Galloway entred in,
With those fifty hee had vanquisht nine-score,
And then past withoutten tarrie more.
To Wigton sone, and that Castle hath tane,
Sutheron were fled, and left it all alone:
Wallace him met with true men reverently,
To Lochmabane went all that Chevalrie:
They made Edward both Lord and leader there,
This condition Wallace made him but mare.
But a short time to byde Robert the King,
If hee came not in this Region to reigne:
That Edward should receive the Crowne but faile,
This beght Wallace, and all the Barnage haile:
In Lochmabane Prince Edward leinded still,
And Wallace past to Cumnocke with good will:
At the Black-Bog, where hee had wont to bee,
Upon that stead a royall house held hee.
English Wardans to London past but maire,
And told the King of all their great mislare:

How Wallace can Scotland from him reduce,
And how he had received Edward Bruce,
The commons swore they should come never mare,
Upon Scotland and Wallace living were.
Then Edward wrote to Menteith prively,
Prayed to haste, the time was passed by.
Of the promises to which hé was bounden,
Sir Iohn Menteich into his wit hath founden,
How he should best his purpose to fulfill,
His Sister Sone in haste he called him till.
And ordaind him in dwelling with Wallace,
An Oath againe hé gart him make on case,
What time he wist Wallace in quyet draw,
Hé should him warne what a venture might faw.
This man granted that such thing should be done,
With Wallace thus he was in service sone,
But of treason, Wallace had little thought,
His laborous minde in other matters wrought,
Thus Wallace thrise hath made all Scotland frée,
Then hé desired in lasting peace to bee.
For as of weare he was in some part irke,
Hé purposed to serve God and the Kirke,
And for to live under his righteous King,
That he desird above all earthly thing.

Chap. V. How *Wallace* was betrayed by Sir *Iohn Menteith*, and had in *England*, and was martyred there.

The Herauld Iop in England sone he send,
And wrote to Bruce right heartily his commend
Beseeching

Beſæching him to come and take his Crowne,
None ſhould gainſtand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barron
The Herauld paſt, when Bruce ſaw his credence,
Thereof hæ tooke a perfit great pleaſance.
With his owne hand againe wrote to Wallace:
And thanked him of lawty and kindneſſe:
Beſæching him this matter to conceale,
For him behoved out of England to ſteale:
For long before was keeped the Ragment,
Which Cumine had to byde the Parliament,
Into London, and if they him accuſe,
To come from them hæ would have ſome excuſe.
Hæ prayed Wallace on Glaſgow mure to
The nexte firſt night of Iuly for his ſak
And bade hæ ſhould but into quyet
For hæ with him might bring few
VVallace was blyth, when hæ th
His houſe-hold ſone hæ gart to G
That moneth there hæ ourtaried
Keirlie hæ tooke each night with
And this young man that Menteit
Wiſt none but they what way that
The which gart warne his Eme
Sirty full ſone Sir Iohn Menteith ga
Of his owne kin and allaya was borne,
To his treaſon hæ gart them all ſwarne:
From Dumbartane they ſped them haſtily,
Neare Glaſgow kirke they buſked them prively,
Wallace paſt fourth where that the tryſt was ſet,
A ſpy they made and followed him but let.
Robreſton was near the way beſide,
And but an houſe where VVallace uſed to byde.

Hæ

Yæ woke on sote while passed was a nonight,
Keirlie and he then for sleep them sight,
They bade this man that he would waike his part,
And waken Wallace came neir from any eard.
When they sleipes the traitour took gud heid,
Yæ met his Cute, and bade him haue no dreid.
On sleip he was and with him but one man,
Yæ may him hald for any craft he can,
Without the toune their weapons tuke coursedly,
For well they wist got Wallace one at thay,
And on ye last ye cautouns thoms be fand,
Thus semblyd they about that sable bord,
[illegible] traitour wairy from Wallace then he staill,
[illegible] nise, and drowe, his Bold and Arrows all,
[illegible] in hands they have him taine,
[illegible] Alay no man with him but ane,
[illegible] and leuyn from that place,
[illegible] with pastell longer space,
[illegible] Wallace with strengthy steg
[illegible] feill Englishmen among,
[illegible] but no weapon he fand,
[illegible] that on his backs him stand,
[illegible] one he hurlled in the thang,
[illegible] another the harbes out he wang,
And als mony as hands could on him lay,
By force him fra to have him away,
But that power on sote might not him leid,
Out of that house while they or he were deid.
Sir Iohn saw well by force it might not be,
Ere he were taine rather he thought to die.
Menteith bade come, and then spake to Wallace,
And shewed him weyly a full right fundrill case,

Beſæching him to come and take his Crowne,
None ſhould gainſtand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barron
The Herauld paſt, when Bruce ſaw his credence,
Thereof hæ tooke a perfit great pleaſance.
With his owne hand againe wrote to Wallace:
And thanked him of lawty and kindneſſe:
Beſæching him this matter to conceale,
For him behoued out of England to ſteale:
For long before was keeped the Ragment,
Which Cumine had to byde the Parliament,
Into London, and if they him accuſe,
To come from them hæ would have ſome excuſe:
Hæ prayed Wallace on Glaſgow mure to walke,
The next firſt night of July for his ſake:
And bade hæ ſhould but into quyet bee,
For hæ with him might bring few Chevalrie,
VVallace was blyth, when hæ this writting ſaw,
His houſe-hold ſoone hæ gart to Glaſgow drawe.
That moneth there hæ ordained them to byde,
Keirlie hæ tooke each night with him to ride:
And this young man that Menteith to him ſend,
Wiſt none but they what way that Wallace wend:
The which gart warne his Eme ỹ eighténe night,
Sirty full ſoone Sir Iohn Menteith gart dight:
Of his owne kin and allaya was borne,
To his treaſon hæ gart them all bee ſworne:
From Dumbartane they ſped them haſtily,
Neare Glaſgow Kirke they buſked them prively,
Wallace paſt forth where that the tryſt was ſet,
A ſpy they made and followed him but let.
Robreſton was near the way beſide,
And but an houſe where VVallace uſed to byde.

Hæ

Hee woke on foote while passed was midnight,
Keirlie and he then for a sleep them dight,
They bade this man that he would waike his part,
And waken VVallace came men from any art.
When they sleepes the traitour tooke good haue,
Hee met his Eme, and bade him haue no dreid.
On sleep he was and with him but one man,
Hee may him bide for any craft he can,
Without the house their weapons laid them fra,
For well they wist got VVallace one of tha,
And on his feit his cankome shoulds be sold,
Thus semibled they about that feeble hold,
This traitour watcht from Wallace them he stall,
Both knife, and sword, his Bow and Arrows all,
After midnight in hands they haue him tane,
Slumbred on sleep no man with him but ane,
Keirlie they tooke and ledyim from that place,
Dio him to death without en longer space,
They thought to bind VVallace with strengths strang
On foot he got thefe fell Traytours among,
Hee gripped about but no weapons he fand,
Yet with a stule that sis beside him stand,
The backe of one he buckled in the thrang,
And of another the harnes out he dang,
And als many as hands could on him lay,
By force him hint for to haue him away,
But that power on foote might not him leed,
Out of that house while they or he were dead,
Sir Iohn saw well by force it might not be,
Ere he were tane rather he thought to dis,
Menteith bade cease, and then spake to Wallace,
And shewes him shortly a full right forthcall case,

Ye haue so long here vsed you alone,
While wit thereof is into England gone.
Therefore hear me and sober your cowrage,
The Englishmen with a full great barnage,
Are semblid here and set this house about,
That ye by force on no wise can win out.
Suppose ye had the strength of good Hector,
Among the hoast ye may not long endure:
And they you take in haste your death is dight,
I haue spoken with Lord Cliffurd that knight,
Their Chiftaine is and well meaned for your life,
They ask no more but be quite of your strife.
To Dumbartane ye shall passe forth with me,
Then in your house ye may in safetie be.
Sutheron such use with Menteith long had they,
That Wallace trowed some part that he would say.
Menteith said Sir, lo, weapons none we haue,
We come in traist, your life if we might saue,
Wallace trowed well, and be his gossop thrise,
That he would nought by no manner of wise,
Him to betray for all Scotland so wide,
An oath of him he asked in that tide,
There wanted wit, what should his oathes more,
For sworn to him he was long time before.
The oath he made, Wallace came in his will,
Right fraudfully all thus he shewd him till.
Gossop he said, as prisoner they must you see,
Or else through force they will take you from me,
A courch with slight upon his hands they laid,
And vnder then with sicker cords they braid,
Both sharp and teugh and fast together drew,
Alace the Bruce might sore that binding rew.

Which

Which made Scotland soone broken upon case,
By Cummings death and losse of good Wallace.
They led him forth in feire among them aw,
Keirlie he mist, and then the Sutheron saw,
Then wist he well that he betrayed was,
Toward the South with him when they can passe.
Yet they him said, in truth he should not die,
King Edward would keep him in good safetie.
For the honour of war that he had wrought,
But the sore bands so troubled all his thought,
Credence thereto forsoth he could not give,
That he wist well they would not let him live,
A false foule case that Menteith hath him sald,
When on this wise good Wallace he was cald,
Some men sayes it was to save his Lord,
They lied all out that made that false record,
At the Fawkirk the good Stewart was slaine,
Our Chronicles rehearses that in plaine,
On Magdalane day the eighteen year before,
Cummings death therefore it witnesseth more,
And at Restoun Y Wallace was treasonablie,
Thus saftly stolne from his good Chevalrie,
In Glasgow lay, and wist not of this thing,
Thus was he lost, in byding of his king.
South they him led, aye holding the waste land,
Delivered him in haste over Sulway sand.
The Lord Cliffurd and Wallance tooke him there,
To Carlile town full fast with him they fare,
In prison him set, that was a great dolour,
That house after they called Wallace towre.
Some men then said that knew not well the case,
In Barwick town to death they put Y Wallace,

Contrare is knowne by this opinion,
That Sntheron men had not then Barwicke town,
To Scotland frée it was, till Soullis it gaue,
For Lord Cumming to England with the laue,
Another point is, the traytours durst not passe,
That sold him so where Scots men master was,
The third point is the Commons of England,
What they deny they will not understand,
That thing be done for witnesse that may be,
No nor credence giue further then they may sée.
To sée him die Edward had more desire,
Than to be Lord of all the whole Empyre,
And for this cause they képed him so lang,
While the commons might unto London gang.

¶ Alace Scotland to whom shalt thou complaine?
Alace from paine who can thée now refraine?
Alace thine helpe is sadly brought to ground,
Thy best Chiftaine in braith bands is bound.
Alace thou hast now lost thy guide of light,
Alace who shall defend thée in thy right?
Alace thy paine approacheth wonder near,
With sorrow some thou must be left on frear,
Thy gratious guide, thy greatest Gouernour,
Alace ouer near hath come thy fatall houre.
Alace who shall now bót thée of thy baile?
Alace when shall of harmes thou be haile,
Who shall defend? who shall thée now make frée?
Alace, in warre, who shall thine helper bée?
Who shall thée kéepe? who shall thée now reuéme,
Alace, who shall the Saxons from the stéeme?
I can no more but beseech God of Grace,
Thée to succor in haste to Weale and Peace.

So

So good VVallace may succour thée na maire,
The losse of him increaseth mickell care.
Now of his men in Glasgow still they lay,
What sorrow raise when they mist him away,
The cruell pain the woefull complaining,
Thereof to tell it were an heavie thing,
I will let be and speak of him na maire,
Little rehearse is ever mickell care.
And principally where redemption is none,
It helpes not to tell their piteous moane,
The death thereof is yet in remembrance,
I will let talk of sorrow the Wallace.
But Longovell to Lochmabane can passe,
And there beght he where good prince Edward was,
Out of Scotland he should passe never more,
Losse of Wallace sought to his heart full sore,
The Realme of France he vowed never to sée,
But revenge VVallace or else therefore to die,
There he remained while comming of the King,
With Bruce in war this good Knight worthy did ring.
Remembrance since is in the Bruces booke,
Second he was when they Sainct-Iohnstowne took
Followed the King at winning of the towne,
The Bruce therfore gave him full great Guardown
All Chartris land the good King to him gave,
Charteris since then of him come are the lave.
Whereto should I farre in this Storie wend?
But of my booke to make a finall end.

Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,
In Scotland after that Wallace was away,
To Lochmabane where he found good Edwart,
Whereof he was greatlie rejoyced in heart,

But

But fra he wist Vallace away was led,
So mickell batle into his breſt was bred,
Near off his wit he worthed for that deed,
Edward full ſone then to his brother yeed.
A ſuddaine chance this was in wo from weale,
Good Edward ſaith, this helpeth not a deale,
Let mourning be, it may be no remead,
Ye have him tint, ye ſhould revenge his dead,
But for your cauſe he tooke the warres in hand,
In your defence and thrise hath fred Scotland,
The which was loſt from us and all our kin,
Were not Wallace we had never entred in.
Mirrour he was of lawtie and manhead,
In warres the beſt that ever power ſhall lead,
Had he liked for to have tane the Crown,
Would none him let that is in this Region,
Had not bene he, ye ſhould had none entreſſe,
Into this Realme for treaſon and falſeneſſe.
That ſhall ye ſee the traytour that him ſolde,
From you he thinkes Dumbartane for to holde,
Some comfort take, and let ſtaike of this ſorrow,
The king charged Edward on the morrow,
Redreſſe to take of wrong that wrought him was,
To Dalſwyntown he ordainde him to paſſe,
And men of armes if they found Cumming there,
Put him to death for no dread they would ſpare.
They found him not the king him after flew,
Into Dumfreis where witneſſe were anew,
That hapned wrong ober great haſte in a king,
To work by law it may ſkaith mickell thing,
I need not here no further for to ſhaw,
How that was done is known to you aw.

But

But young Dowglas first to the King can passe,
In all his war that wight and worthy was:
Nor how the King hath tane on him the Crown,
Of all that here I make but short mention.
Nor how Lord Soullis gave Berwick town away,
How after soone als tint was Galloway.
How Iohn of Lorne againſt his right King rose,
On either ſide how Bruce had many foes.
How bold Brechin contrare the King could ride,
Right few was then in weare with him to bide,
Nor how the North was given from the good King
Which made him long in painefull war to reigne,
But true to him was Iames the good Dowglas,
For Bruces right bode well in many place.
Under the King he was the beſt Chiftane,
But Wallace I ſet a Chiftane him alane,
Therefore to him is no comparison,
As of one man, ſave reverence of the Crown,
But ſo many as of the Dowglas hath bæne,
Good of one thing was never in Scotland ſæne,
Comparisons I cannot well declare,
Of Bruces bookes as now I ſpeake no maire.
Maiſter Iohn Barbour which was a cunning clark,
Hath of the Bruce ſaid miekell in his wark,
In this matter I am prolixt almaiſt,
To my purpoſe briefely I will me haſte:
How good Wallace was ſet amongſt his foes,
To London with him Cliffurd and VVallance goes,
Where King Edward was right faine of that fang,
They have him ſet faſt in a priſon ſtrang.
Of VVallace end my ſelf would leane for dread,
To ſay the worſt, but righteouſneſſe me lead.

We finde his lyfe was also very true,
His fatall houre I will not fenzie now:
Mentcith him sold, and that ouer well was knowin,
Fell of that kin in Scotland then was sown.
Charged to bide under the great iudgement,
That king Robert acted in his Parliament.
Thereof I make no longer continuance,
But VVallace end in mony displeasance,
Therefore I cease, and put not into ryme,
Scotland may think the blessed happie time.
That he was borne, by principall points two,
This is the first ere that we farther go:
Scotland he freed, and brought it from thirlage,
And now in heaven he hath his harberage.
Whereof we have right stedfast confidence,
Since for his Countrey he made so great defence.

An Admonition to the Reader.

¶ These things which follow, savouring of the superstitious credulity of the people, and deceitfull cousenage of the Monks of these times, we have notwithstanding insert, lest we should seeme at our own hand rashly to omit any thing which wee found in our copie: to the end, that they may admonish me to studie to be thankfull to our blessed LORD, who hath now opened our eyes to see through the mist wherewith these former ages were blinded.

A Monk there was in Buric Abbay then,
Into that time a right religious man:

A young man als, with him in order stood,
Who knew his life, was clean, perfect, and good:
This Father Monke was visited with sickneſſe,
Out of the world as he should passe on case,
His Brother saw his spirite lykely to passe,
A bande of him right earnestly could he aske,
To come againe, and show him of the meed,
That he should aske of God for his good deed.
Hé granted him at his power to prieve.
To come againe if God will give him leave:
His spirite changed out of this worlds paine,
In that same time come to the Monke againe.
Such thing hath bán as is by voice and sight,
Where he appeard there shyned meikell light:
Like to Lanterns they illuminat so clear,
That worldly light thereto might be no peare.
A voyce thus said God hath me granted grace,
That I shall kép my promise in this place.
The Monke was blyth of this clean figure faire,
But a fire-brand in his fore-head he bare,
As that him thought misslyked all the lave.
Where art thou spirite? Answered so God me save:
In Purgatorie. How long shalt thou bide there?
But halfe a year to come and little more:
Purgatorie is, I let thée well to wit,
In any place where God will it commit:
An houres space I was there judged to be,
And that passeth suppose I speak with thée.
Why hast thou that and all the reſt so whole?
For in Science, I thought me most availe:
Who prydes therein, their labour is in waſte,
For Science comes but of the holy Ghaſt.

After

After thine houre where is thy passage eben?
When time comes, he said to lasting heaven.
What time is that, I pray you now declare?
Two are on life must be before me there.
Which two are they, the verity me ken?
The first hath bene a great slayer of men,
Now they him kep to martyre in London town,
On wednesday, before the King and Common:
Is none on lyke that hath so many slaine.
O brother he said, this tale is but in vaine,
For slaughter is to God abhominable.
Then said the spirite, Forsoth this is no fable,
He is VVallace, Defender of Scotland,
For righteous war that he toke upon hand.
Righteousnesse there is loved over the lave,
Therefore in heaven he shall that honour have:
Syne a pure priest is mickle to commend,
He toke in thanks what thing that God him send,
For godlinesse and good devotion,
Heaven he shall have to lasting warison.
I am the third granted through Gods grace,
Brother he said, tell I this in our place,
They will but deme I either dreame or rave,
Then said the spirit, this witnesse thou shalt have.
The belles shall ring for ought that ye do may,
When they him slay half an houre of the day,
And so they did the monk wist what they ailed,
Through broad Britane the word thereof was scailed
The spirite toke leave at Gods will to be,
Of VVallace end to hear is great pitie.

And

And I would not put men in great dolour,
But lightly paſſe out over this fatall houre,
On wedneſday fierce Sutheron forth him brought,
To martyre him as they before had thought.
Wallace was martyrde the truth to you to tell,
As were Oſweld, Edmond, Edward, with paine fell,
With men of armes led him a full great rout,
With a bold ſpirit then Wallace blent about,
A prieſt he aſked for him that died on tree,
King Edward then commanded his Clergie.
And ſaid, I charge in paine of loſſe of life,
None be ſo bold yon tyrant for to ſhrife,
He hath long rung in contrare of mine hienelle,
A bleſſed biſhop ſoone preſent in that place.
Of Canterberie he then was righteous Lord,
Againſt the King he made his right record.
And ſaid my ſelf ſhall hear his confeſſion,
If I have might in contrare of thy Crown,
Or thou through force ſhall ſtop me from this thing,
I vow to God, which is my righteous King,
Over all England I ſhall thee interdite,
And make it known thou art an heritike:
The ſacrament of Kirk I ſhall him give,
Then take thy choiſe to ſterve or let him lieve,
It were more vaile in worſhip of thy Crown,
To keep ſuch one on life in thy bandoun,
Than all the land, and good that thou hath reft,
But covetiſe thee ay from honour dreft,
Thou hath thy life rung long in wrongous deed,
That ſhall be ſeene on thee, or on thy ſeed.
The King gave charge they ſhould the biſhop tas,
But wiſe Lords counſelled to let him gae.

All

All wise men said, that his desire was right,
To Wallace then he raiked in their sight,
And fully heard his confession to the end,
Humbly to God his spirit he did commend.
Lawtie him served with heartie devotion,
Upon his knees, and said an orison,
His leave he take, and to VVestminster rade,
The Clughmen there they bare Wallace but bode,
Unto a place his martyrdome to take,
For to his death he willed them furthering make,
From the first night he was tane in Scotland,
They keeped him into the samine band.
Nothing he had that would have done him good,
But English men him served of carefull food.
The worldly life desires the sustenance,
Though he it got in contrare of pleasance,
These thirtie dayes his hands they durst not slaike,
While he was bound to a scamyle of aike,
With yron chaines that were both stark and keene
A clark they set to hear what he would meene,
Thou Scot, he said, that so great wrong hath done,
Thy fatall houre thou sees approacheth soone,
Thou should in minde remember thy misdeed,
That Clarks may when they the Psalmes reed,
For Christen soules which oft makes them to pray,
In their number thou may be one of thay,
For now thou sees on force thou must decease,
Then VVallace said, for all thy round rehearse,
Thou hast no charge suppose thou had done mis,
Yon blessed bishop hath beght I shall have blisse,
And I trow well that God shall it admit,
Thy simulate words shall not my conscience smit.

Comfort

Comfort I have of way that I thould gang,
Moft paine I fele that I bide here fo lang,
Then faid the Clerke, our king fent oft the till,
Thou might have had all Scotland at thy will,
To hold of him, and ceafe of thy ftrife,
So as a Lord to reigne thrugh all thy life.
Then Wallace faid, thou fpeakes of mighty thing,
Had I lafted and gotten my rightfoune king,
And worthy Bruce recouerd had his crown,
I thought have made England at his bandoune;
That utterly it thould beene at his will,
What pleafed him to fade, or elfe to fpill.
Well faid the Clerk, I fe thou repents nought,
Of wickednefs thou haft a fellon thought,
Is none in worldis that hath fo many faine,
Therefore to ask me thing thou thould be faine,
Grace at our king and thou at his dasnage,
Then Wallace fmiled a litle at his language,
I grant he faid, fome Englifhmen I flew,
In my quarrell me thought not half aneow,
I moved no war but for to win our own,
Both God and man the right full well hath knowin,
Thy frufrate words both nought but fyes me,
I the command in Gods Name let me be.
A fhyr eik gart this Clark fone from him paffe,
Right as they durft granted what he would affe.
A Pfalter book Wallace on him had ever,
From his child hood with him he would not fever,
The better he trowed in his voyage to fpeid,
But when he was difpoyled of his weid,
This grace he afked at Lord Clifford than knight,
To let him have the Pfalter book in fight.

He

He gart a preist open before him hold,
While they to him had done what that they would,
Stedfast he ren for ought they did him there,
Feill Sutheron said, that VVallace felt no fore,
Good devotion so was his beginning,
Continued therewith, and so was his ending,
While speach and Spryte at once all can faire,
To lasting blisse we trust forevermare.
I will not tell how he devyded was,
In fyve parts and ordainde for to passe,
Bot his Spryte thus by liklinesse was well,
Of VVallace life who hath a better fæle,
May schow forth more with wit and Eloquence.
For I to this have done my diligence,
After the prose given from the Latine booke,
Which Maister Blair in his time undertooke,
In faire Latine compyled to an end,
With good witnesse which more is to commend.
Bishop Sinkler that Lord was of Dunkell,
He got this book and confirmed to him sell,
For very truth thereof he had no dread,
Himself had heard great part of Wallace déed,
His purpose was to have sent it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirk therein to give his dome,
But Maister Blair and als Sir Thomas Gray,
After VVallace they lived many a day,
These two knew best of Sir VVilliams déed,
From sixteen year while nine and twenty yeid:
Fourty and five VVallace of age was cald,
That time that he was to the Sutheron sald,
Though this matter be nought to all pleasance,
His sothfast déed is worthy to advance.

All

All worthy men that reads this rorall dite,
Blame not this Book though I be imperfite:
I should have thanks since I no travell spaire,
For my travell no man beght me reward:
Nor charge I had of King, nor other Lord,
Great harme I thoght this good deed thold be mor
I have said here near as the processe goes,
And feigned not for friends, nor yet for foes.
For coll hereof was no man bound to me,
In this sentence I had no will to lie,
But in as much as I rehearsed nought,
So worthily as noble VVallace wrought.
But in one point, I grant, I said amisse,
These two knights thould blamed be of this,
The knight VVallace, of Craigie righteous Lord,
And Liddaill tw, causde me make wrong record.
On Allartoun mure the Crown he toke one day,
To get battell, as mine Author will say.
These two causde me say on an other wise,
To Master Blair we did part of suppryse.

FINIS.

Thus endeth *VVilliam Wallace* wight,
Behinde him left not such a knight:
Of worthinesse, and deed of hand,
From thraldome thrise he fred this land.

THE CONCLUSION OF THIS BOOK.

GO Noble book, fulfilled of sentence,
Suppose thou be barren of Eloquence:
Go worthy book, fulfilled of worthy deed,
But thee to help, of language thou hast need:
When good makers rang well into *Scotland*,
Great harme it was that none of thé thee fand:
Yet there is part that can thee well advance,
Now bide the time, and be in remembrance,
I you beseech of your benevolence,
Who will not love, lacke not mine Eloquence
It is well known I am a rurall man,
And here have done as goodly as I can:
My tongue did never ornate termes embrace,
I beseech God, that giver is of grace.
Made hell and earth, and set the heaven above,
That he till us grant his dear lasting love.

FINIS.